TV COMIC

ANNUAL

TV COMIC ANNUAL

1968

THE kids are getting restless at the circus. To see what happens next, turn to the inside back cover.

TV COMIC ANNUAL

CONTENTS

HUMOUR

Beetle Bailey 12-13, 18-19, 39, 73, 78, 83
Mighty Moth 16, 38, 48, 66-67, 80, 82, 88
Pick of the Jokes ... 30, 72
Popeye 9, 33, 81, 93
Diddymen 10-11, 46-47
Mad Movies 24-25, 34-35, 42-43
TV Terrors 22, 32, 36-37, 40, 76-77, 79
Tivvy 20-21, 41, 63, 84-85

ADVENTURE

Doctor Who 5-8, 68-71
Orlando 26-29, 89-92
The Three Musketeers ... 55-62
Adam Adamant 49-54

PUZZLES AND GAMES

How 14-15
Puzzle Pages 17, 23, 31, 64-65, 74-75, 86-87
Game 44-45

Published for the Proprietors by TV Publications Limited, Bishop's House, High Holborn, W.C.1
Printed in Great Britain by Taylowe Limited, Maidenhead, Berks © TV Publications 1967

9/6

DOCTOR WHO AND THE DALEKS

THE TARDIS WHIRLS THROUGH TIME AND SPACE TAKING DOCTOR WHO AND HIS COMPANIONS INTO THE UNKNOWN...

WE'VE MATERIALIZED! LET'S TAKE A LOOK OUTSIDE!

HMMM! GOOD SHOW! THIS PLACE WILL DO JUST FINE FOR THE TEST I HAVE IN MIND.

NOW BE CAREFUL WITH IT! IT TOOK ME A LONG WHILE TO MAKE THIS PEDAL-COPTER!

YOU'RE QUITE MAD YOU KNOW! THIS THING WILL NEVER FLY...

WE'LL SOON SEE WHETHER IT'LL FLY OR NOT... NOW START PEDALLING

YES, DOCTOR. HE. HE.

KEEP IT UP! WE'RE STARTING TO LIFT OFF!..

I THINK HE'S RIGHT!

THIS IS A USEFUL INVENTION... WE CAN TOUR THIS PLANET FROM THE AIR.

PLEASE ACCEPT MY APOLOGIES, DOCTOR! YOUR FLYING BIKE IS BRILLIANT!

A LITTLE LATER...

OH, NO! ONE OF THE BLADES HAS BROKEN OFF... WE'RE OUT OF CONTROL!

HELP!

© BBC tv 1967

WHOAH! I'VE HAD TO MAKE A CRASH LANDING!

AH!

HELP! I CAN'T HOLD ON.. GET ME UP!

JOHN HAS GONE OVER THE EDGE... QUICK, DOCTOR!

WE'RE COMING, MY BOY!

DON'T WORRY, JOHN! WE'LL SOON HAVE YOU UP HERE!

MY ARMS ARE ACHING!

GREAT POWERS! LOOK DOWN THERE!

IT CAN'T BE THEM ...

DALEKS!... AND THEY'VE SEEN US!

THERE ARE INTRUDERS ON THE ROCK FORMATION OPPOSITE ...THEY MUST BE D-E-S-T-R-O-Y-E-D!

GET DOWN! THEIR EXTERMINATOR RAYS ARE SHATTERING THE ROCK FORMATION!

WE'LL USE THESE SHATTERED PIECES OF ROCK TO BOMBARD THE DALEKS BELOW! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!

ROCKS ARE NO MATCH FOR EXTERMINATORS.

DIRECT HIT!

A-A-A-A-K! AM TOTALLY IMMOBILIZED! HAVE SUSTAINED CRITICAL D-A-M-A-G-E!

LET ME TRY A SHOT!

ROCKS BY THEMSELVES ARE USELESS WEAPONS... BUT FROM THIS HEIGHT THEY ARE DEADLY!

TRAIN YOUR EXTERMINATORS ON OUR ENEMIES ABOVE! THEY MUST BE OBLITERATED!

THIS'LL SETTLE ONE OF THOSE METAL PEPPER-POTS!

AAAAAH! HAVE BEEN SERIOUSLY D-A-M-A-G-E-D!

DESTROY! RETALIATE! DESTROY!

LET'S GIVE THEM A FEW TONS OF ROCKS TO THINK ABOUT!

KICK FOR ALL YOU'RE WORTH, GILLIAN!

THE ENEMY IS TOO STRONG! RETREAT! WE MUST TRY NEW TACTICS!

A-A-R.

AAARK!

AM TOTALLY IMMOBILIZED!

LATER...

HURRY, CHILDREN! WE MUST SEAL THE DOOR IN THAT ROCK FORMATION, BEFORE THE DALEKS REAPPEAR!

WE COULD USE ONE OF THOSE LARGE BOULDERS!

BY THE TIME THEY PIERCE THIS ROCK WE WILL BE SAFELY OUT OF THE AREA!

IT'S A LONG WALK BACK TO THE TARDIS ... IT'S A PITY WE WRECKED YOUR PEDAL-COPTER!

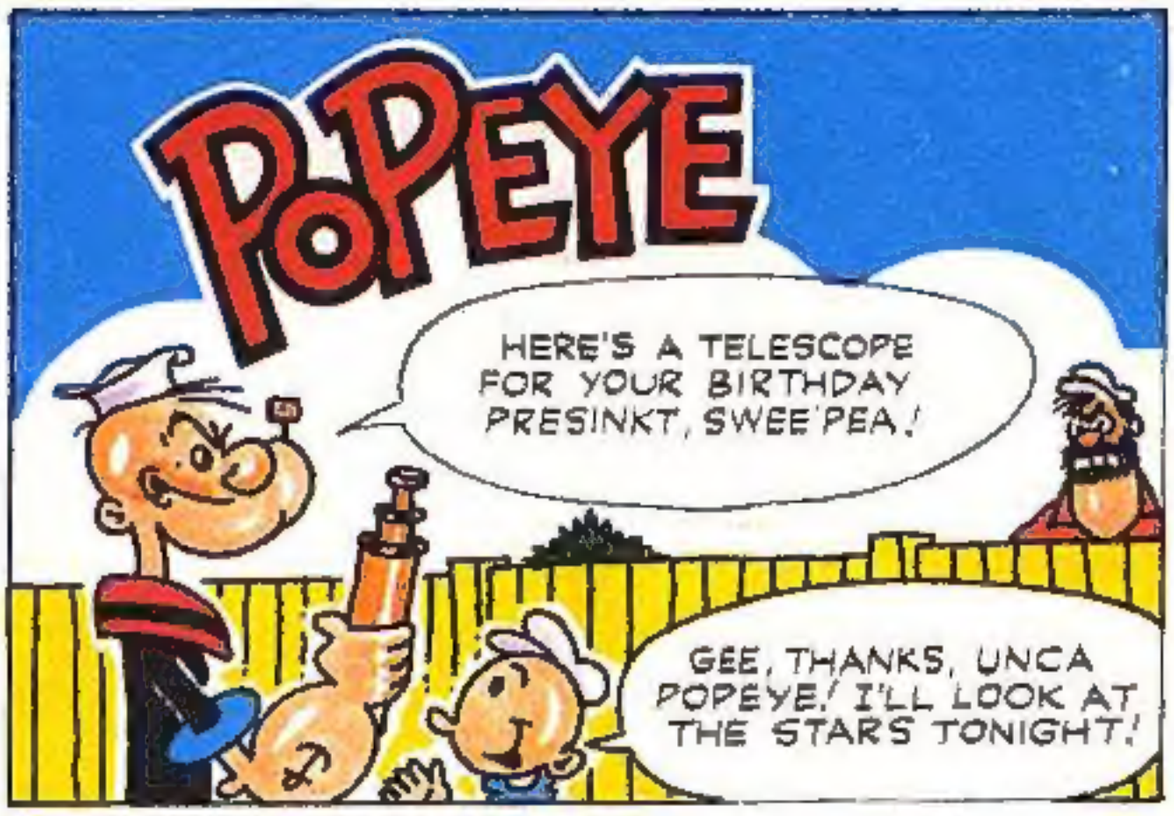
I THINK WE MAY BE ABLE TO GET BACK TO THE TARDIS MORE EASILY THAN YOU THINK!

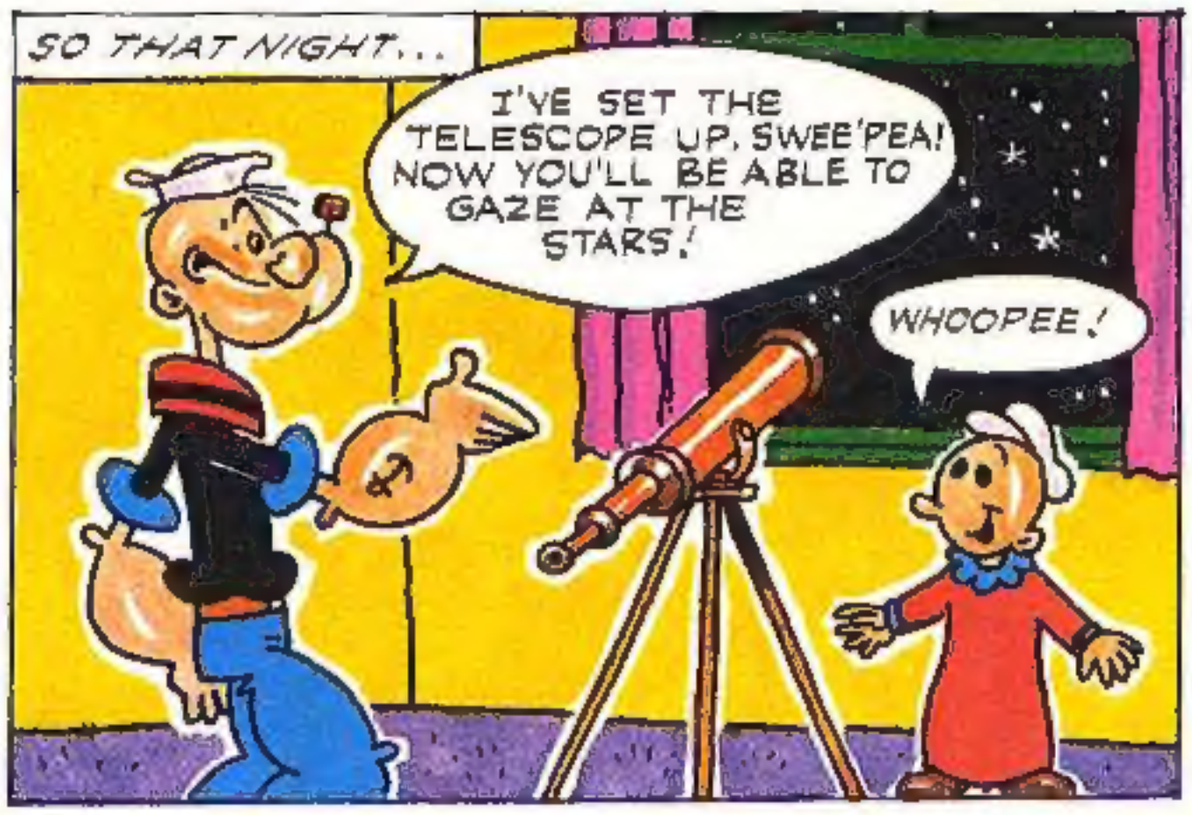
ANYTHING THE DALEKS CAN FLY, I CAN FLY BETTER. LET'S BORROW THEIR SPACE CRAFT FOR THE TRIP TO THE TARDIS!

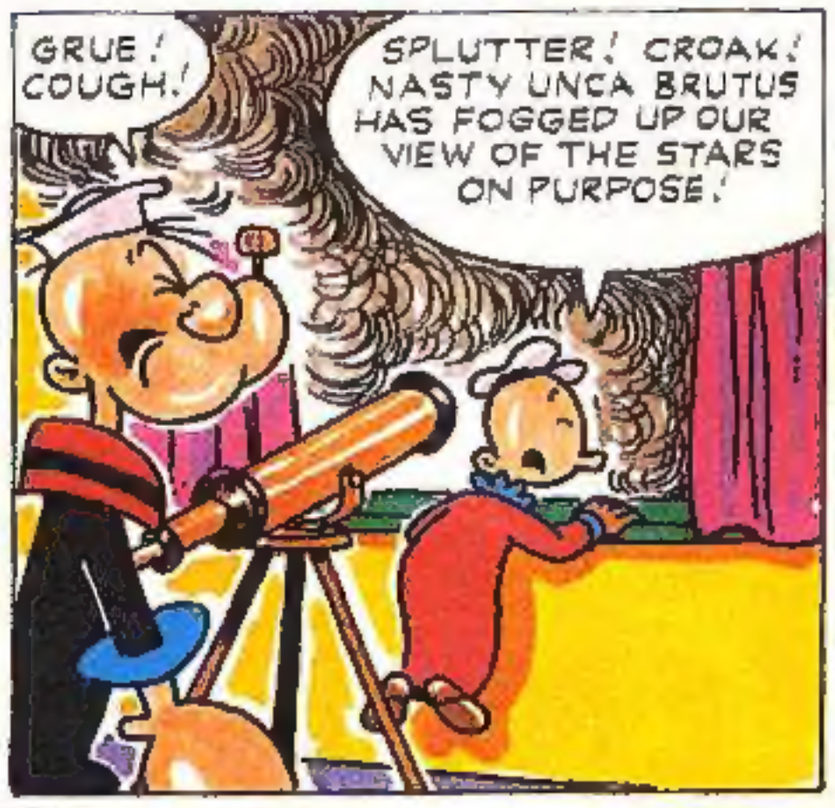
SUITS ME!

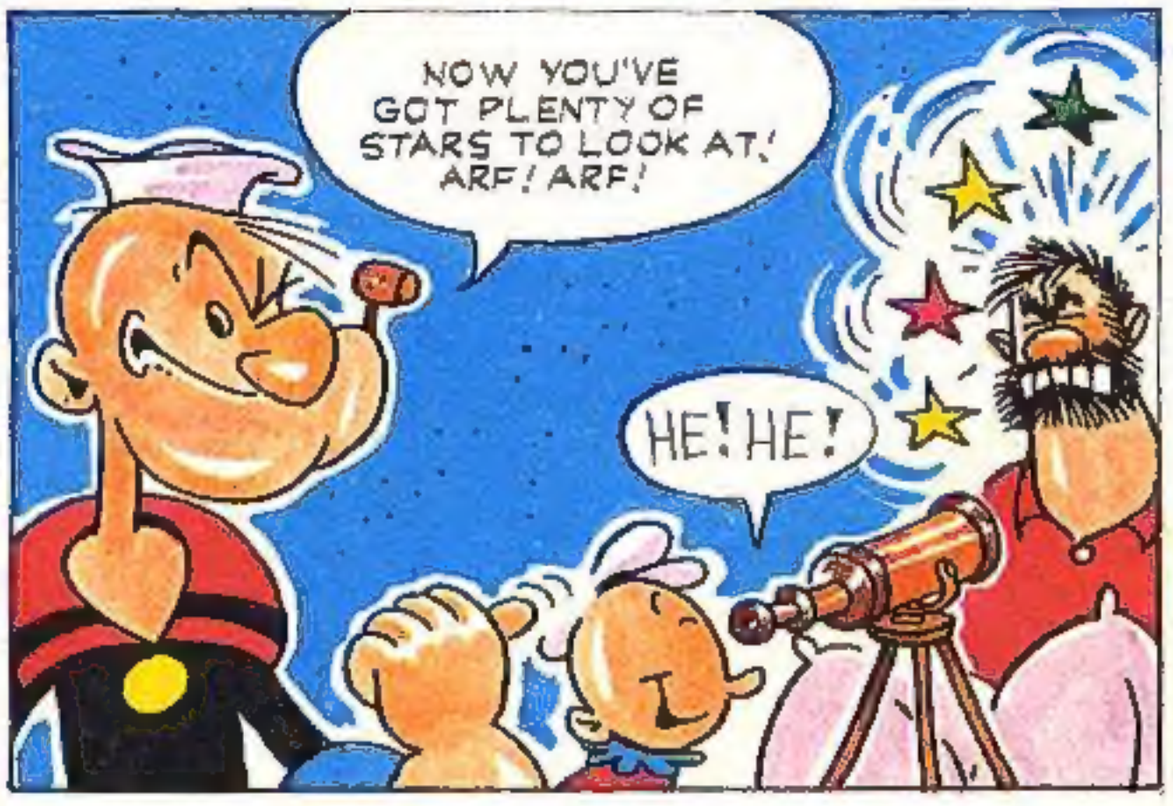
WE CAN TOUR THE PLANET BY AIR AFTER ALL!

YES ... AND THIS MACHINE IS A LITTLE BETTER THAN MY OLD BIKE. AT LEAST YOU DON'T HAVE TO PEDAL! HE! HE!



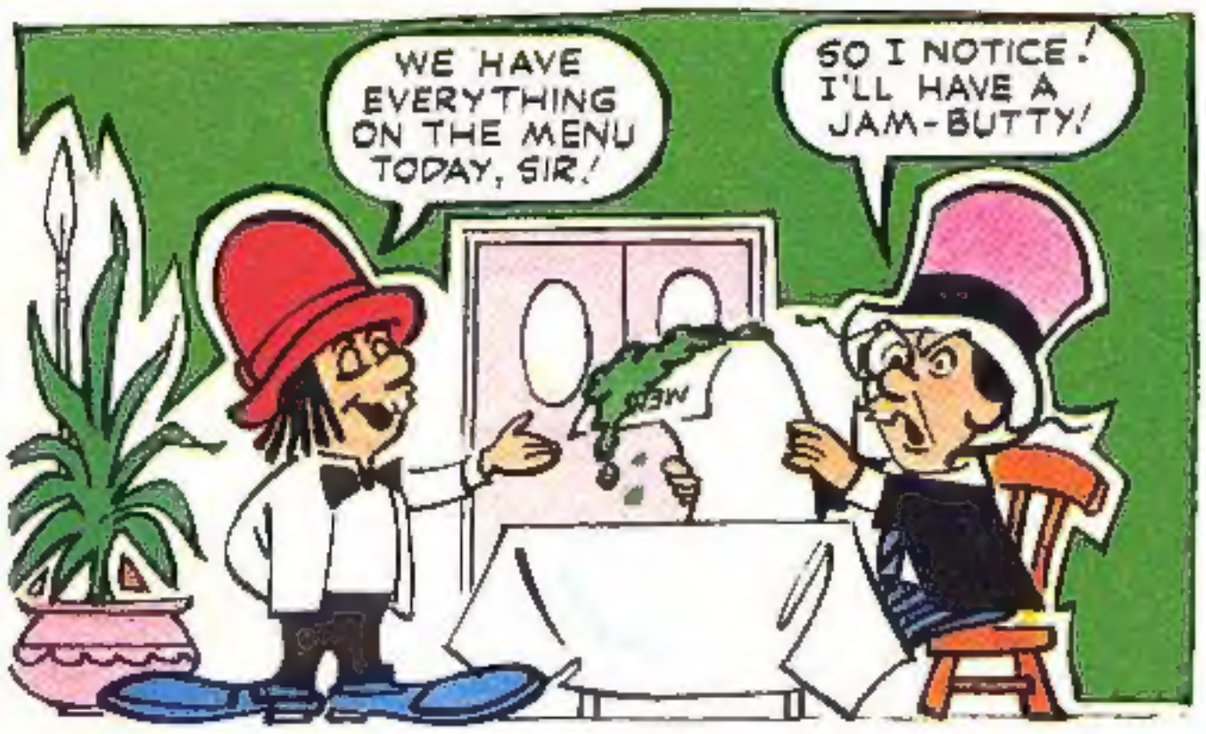




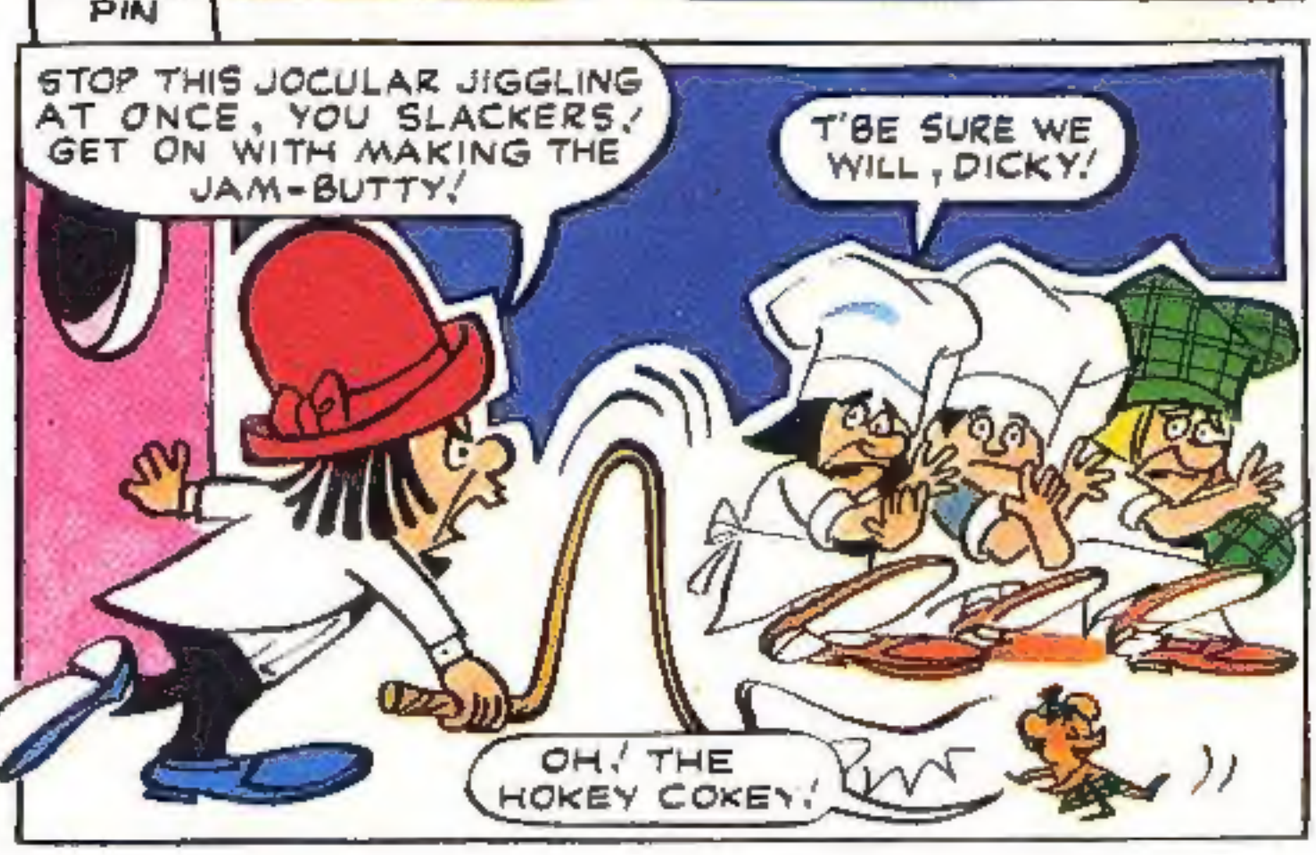


© 1967. King Features Syndicate Inc.

KEN DODD'S DIDDYMEN



ONE JAM-BUTTY A LA CARTE! DON'T SPARE THE COOKERS, MEN, I WANT THIS ONE READY IN RECORD TIME!
IT MAY TAKE A LITTLE WHILE, DICKY! HAMISH GRILLED THE COOKERY BOOK A FEW MINUTES AGO ...WE HAVEN'T A RECIPE!
FLOUR



OUR CUSTOMER HAS BEEN WAITING FOR HOURS! HE TRIED TO GET AWAY AND I HAD TO TIE HIM TO THE CHAIR!

YOU GO AND MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T GET AWAY, DICKY! WE'LL SOON HAVE THE JAM-BUTTY FINISHED!

DICKY LEAVES THE KITCHEN JUST IN TIME TO PREVENT HIS CUSTOMER FROM LEAVING...

OH, NO YOU DON'T! YOU ORDERED A JAM-BUTTY A LA CARTE AND BY GEORGE YOU'LL EAT IT!

BUT I'M STARVING! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR HOURS!

TRY OUR TURTLE SOUP

WAY OUT

HAVE A WINEGUM TO BE GOING ON WITH... I KNOW YOU CAN'T GET YOUR ARMS FREE TO EAT IT, BUT MAYBE LOOKING AT IT WILL HELP!

IT'S TORTURE I TELL YOU! I MUST HAVE FOOD!

TRY OUR EGGS ON TOAST

NEXT MORNING THE JAM-BUTTY IS FINISHED AND DICKY HAS BROUGHT IT BEFORE PONSONBY...

IT'S READY! I TRUST IT WILL BE TO SIR'S LIKING!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT! FOOD AT LAST!

SEEING AS YOU'VE GONE TO ALL THIS TROUBLE, WHY DON'T YOU JOIN ME?...

WE'D LOVE TO! CHARGE!

OH, NO! THEY'RE TAKING MY MEAL!

BILL

HALF AN HOUR LATER ALL TRACES OF THE JAM-BUTTY HAD BEEN REMOVED BY THE RAIDING KNOSH BAR STAFF...

PINCH MY FOOD, WOULD THEY? THOSE BOOTLACES HAVE GIVEN ME AN IDEA!

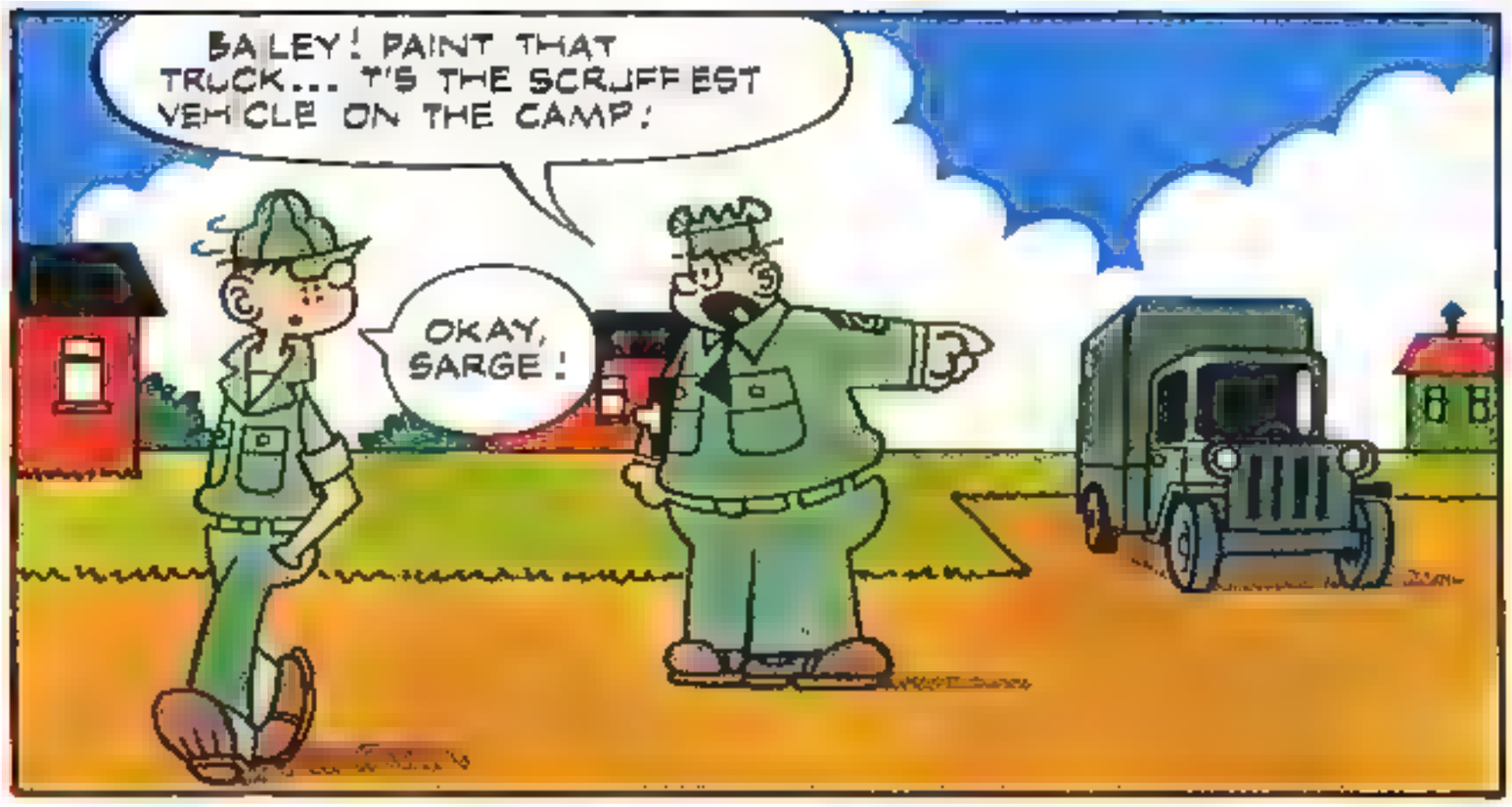
LEAVING THE JAM-BUTTY THIEVES TO SLEEP OFF THEIR TUMMY ACHES, PONSONBY COOKS HIMSELF A SPECIAL MEAL IN THE KITCHEN...

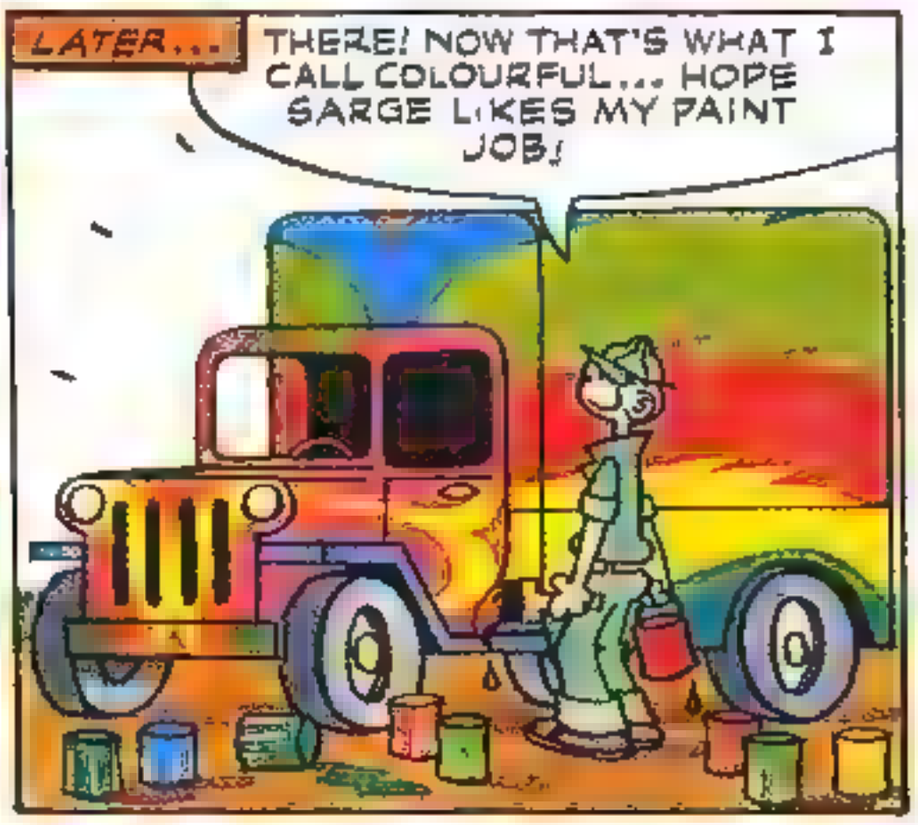
I'M SO HUNGRY THIS BOOTLACE SPAGHETTI I'M MAKING WILL PROBABLY TASTE DELICIOUS.

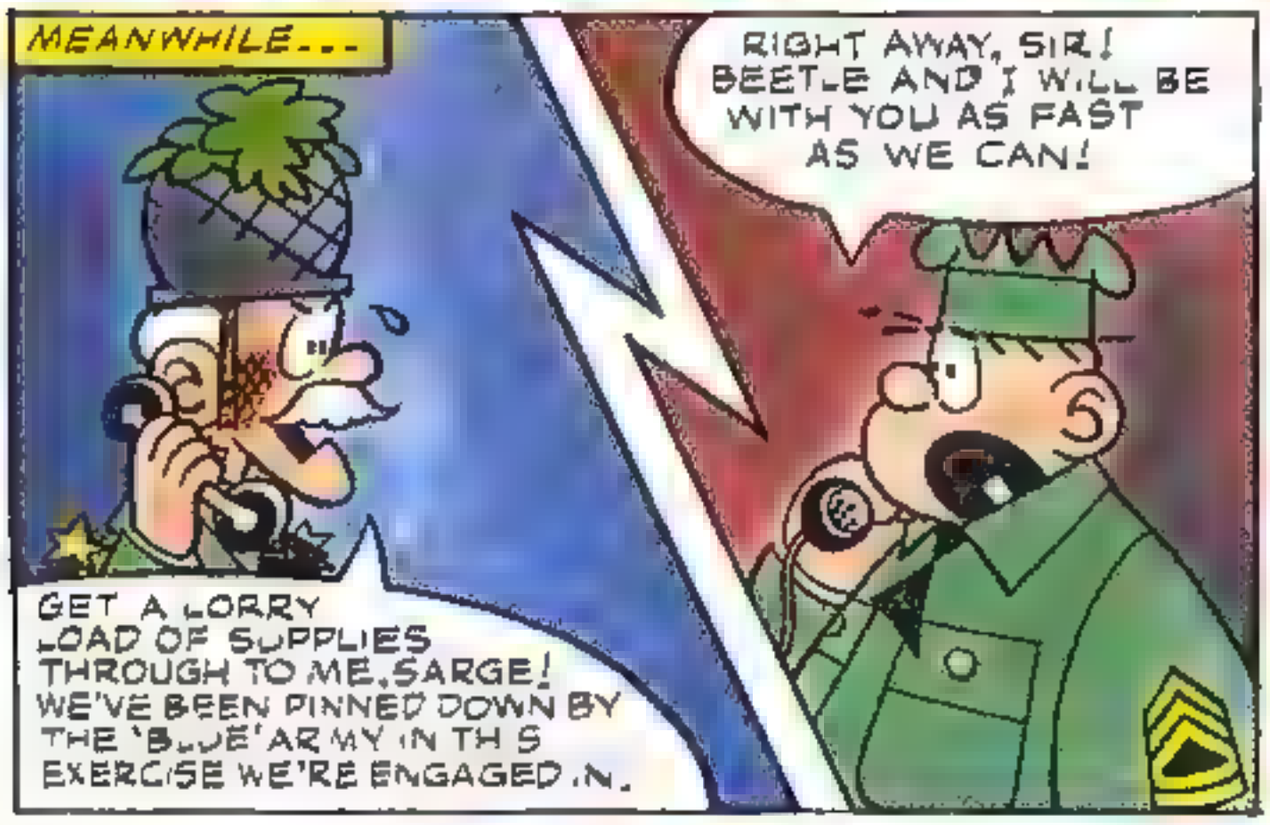
JUGGED HARE

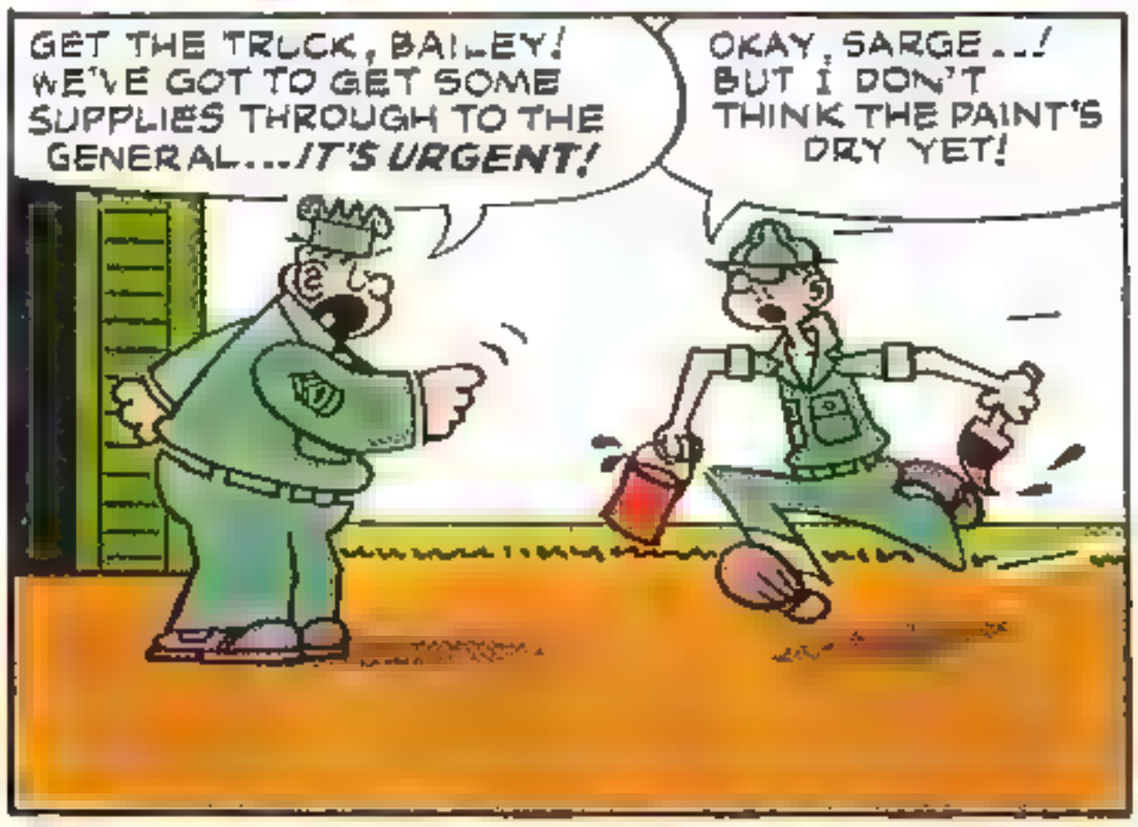
CAN OPENER

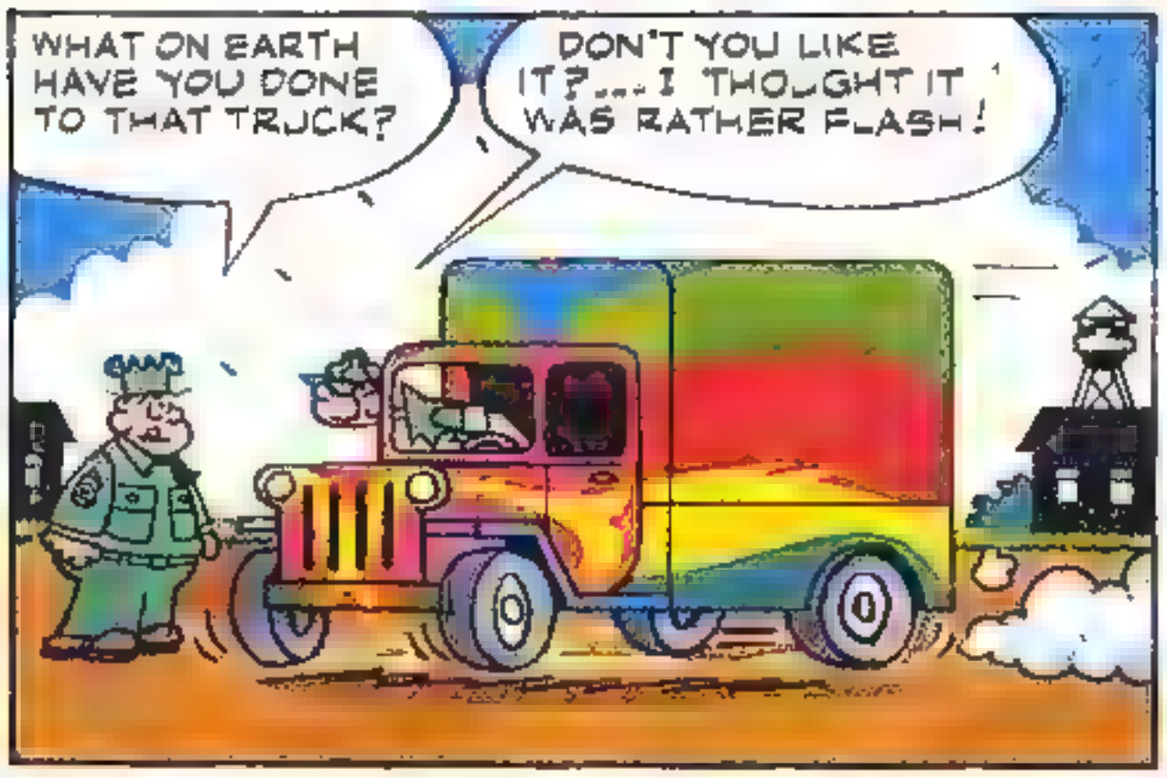
BEETLE BAILEY

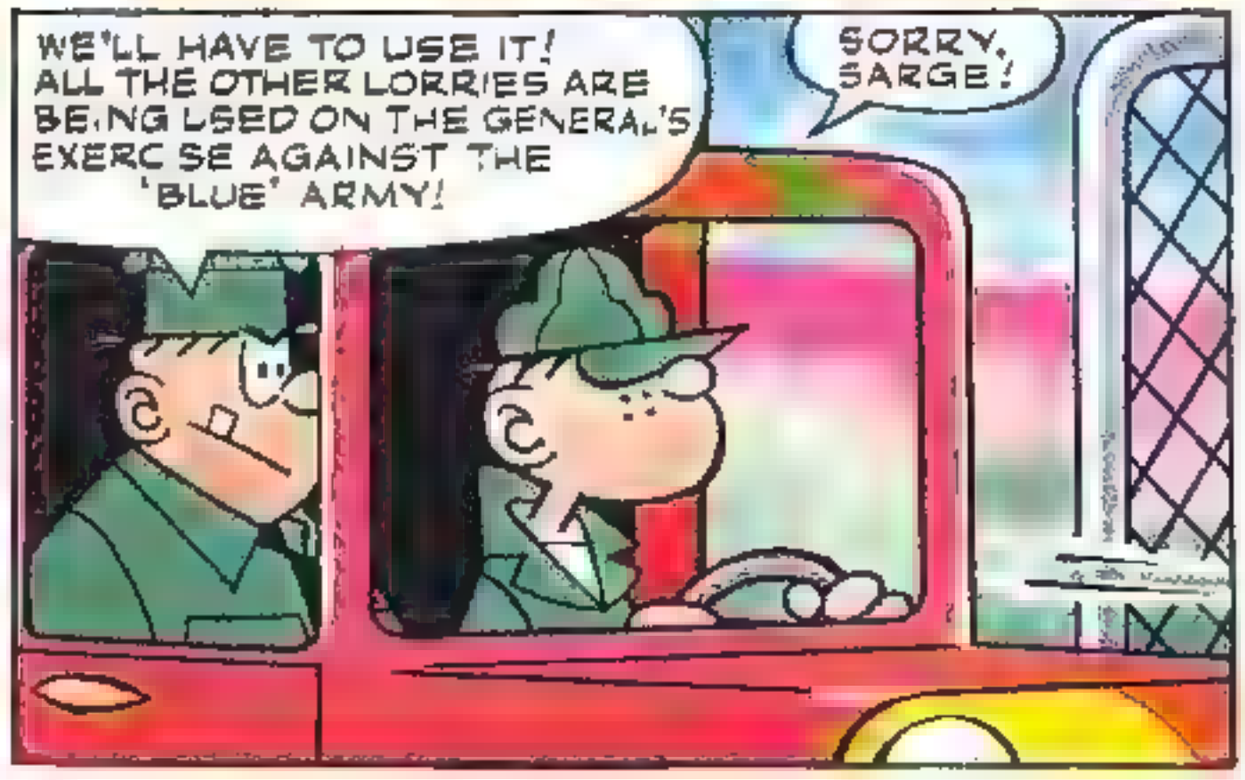





MEANWHILE...
RIGHT AWAY, SIR! BEETLE AND I WILL BE WITH YOU AS FAST AS WE CAN!
GET A LORRY LOAD OF SUPPLIES THROUGH TO ME, SARGE! WE'VE BEEN PINNED DOWN BY THE 'BLUE' ARMY IN THIS EXERCISE WE'RE ENGAGED IN.


GET THE TRUCK, BAILEY! WE'VE GOT TO GET SOME SUPPLIES THROUGH TO THE GENERAL... IT'S URGENT!
OKAY, SARGE...! BUT I DON'T THINK THE PAINT'S DRY YET!





© 1967. King Features Syndicate Inc.

A LITTLE LATER, SARGE AND BAILEY NEAR THE 'BLUE' ARMY'S TERRITORY...

THE 'BLUE' ARMY'S ARTILLERY WILL SPOT US FROM MILES AWAY AND BLOW US SKY-H GH!

D-D-DO YOU REALLY TH-TH NK SO, SARGE?

AT THE 'BLUE' ARMY'S OBSERVATION POST...

ANY SIGN OF ENEMY SUPPLY WAGONS?

NO!

THERE'S A VEH.CLE OUT THERE BUT I THINK IT'S A...

MEANWHILE, BAILEY'S TRUCK IS ZOOMING UNDER THE ENEMY'S GUNS...

THEY'RE NOT F R NG AT US...THEY MUST BE BLIND OR SOMETHING!

WHAT A PIECE OF LUCK!

WE'VE MADE IT! WE'RE IN OUR L.NES!

HOORAY!

GENERAL HALFTRACK'S POSITION

THE SUPPL.ES ARE HERE, SIR!..WE MANAGED TO BREAK THROUGH!

WE WE'RE LUCKY TO GET HERE ALIVE, SIR... **BAILEY** PA NTED THE TRUCK AS YOU CAN SEE! I THOUGHT THE 'BLUE' ARMY'S ARTILLERY WOULD SPOT US FROM MILES OFF...

PHEW!

SO T WAS YOUR IDEA TO PA.NT THE TRUCK ALL THOSE COLOURS!..

E-ER... YES... I'M AFRAID IT WAS!

...WELL DONE! WE .NTERCEPTED A RADIO MESSAGE FROM THE ENEMY'S OBSERVATION POST... THEY DIDN'T F.RE ON THE LORRY BECAUSE THEY THOUGHT T WAS AN ICE CREAM VAN! *HA! HA! HA!*

OF ALL THE...!

GENERAL HALFTRACK

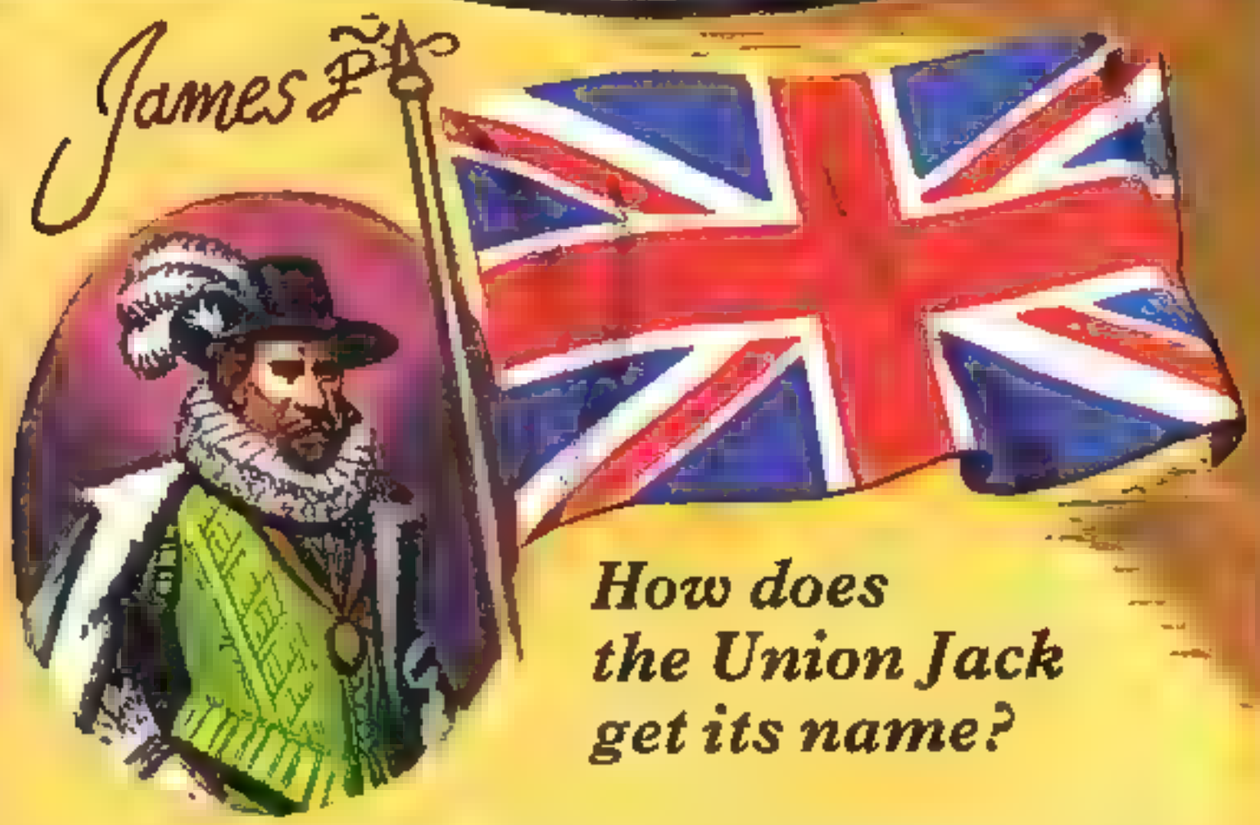
HOW

How many letters has the world's longest place name?

83 letters for the little place of Taumatawhakatangihangakoauotamateaturipukakapikimaungahoronukupokaiwhenuakitanatahu in the Hawk's Bay district of the North Island of New Zealand.

The name, in Maori, means: 'The place where Tamatea, the man with the big knee who slid, climbed and swallowed mountains known as Land-eater, played on his flute to his loved one.'

Longest place name in Britain is the 58-letter village of Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwllllantysiliogogogoch in Anglesey. It means: 'St. Mary's Church in a hollow of white hazel close to a rapid whirlpool and St. Tysilio's Church.'

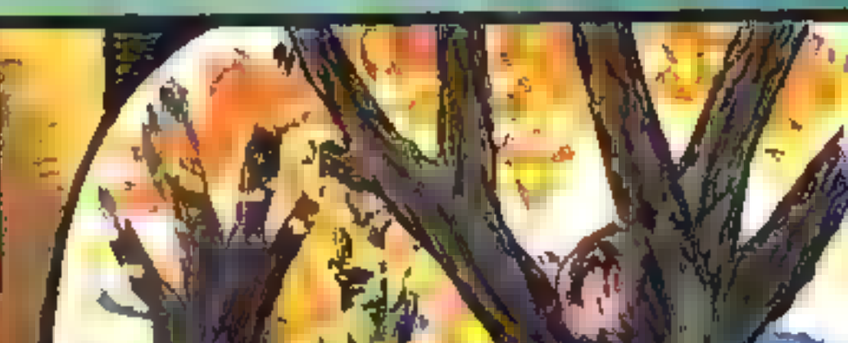


How does the Union Jack get its name?

The word 'Jack' is really the name of King James the First, who signed himself 'Jacques' and was the first man to rule in England and in Scotland. The word 'Union' comes from the Union of the two kingdoms, in the year 1603.

For the first three years of Union there were quarrels, because Scottish sailors did not like to sail in ships flying the English flag—the red cross of St. George, on white. On the other hand, English sailors would not sail under the Scottish flag, which was the white cross of St. Andrew, on blue. To end these quarrels, a Union flag was introduced in 1606, carrying the red and white crosses.

In 1801 the Irish flag, the red cross of St. Patrick, was added to make our present-day Union Jack.



How can you pour out two different liquids from the same bottle?

As long as two liquids are of different weights and cannot chemically react with one another, they can be put together in the same container and poured out separately.

The classic example is salad oil and vinegar to take on your picnic. The oil being lighter will float on top of the vinegar and not mix with it.

To pour out salad oil, take out stopper and pour out carefully.

To pour out vinegar, gently rotate bottle to horizontal position and ease stopper to let vinegar out.

How big is the biggest dog in the world?

The English Mastiff is probably the largest all-round dog in height *and* weight. The St. Bernard is heavier but not higher and the Irish Wolfhound is taller but not as heavy. In fact, Mastiffs can stand as high as 34 inches at the shoulder with a girth of 50 inches and they can weigh up to 16 stone.

We like to think of the Mastiff as a wholly British dog, but it appears in Babylonian and Assyrian art about 1,000 B.C. and the breed was also known in ancient Egypt, Greece and in Malta.

When the Romans landed in force at the beginning of the 1st century A.D. they found the Mastiffs already here and being used by the tribes for hunting and warfare. The Romans appointed an official, called Procurator of Dogs, to send Mastiffs to the Roman amphi-theatre for fighting.

If you should be looking for one, a really well-bred Mastiff has a large and square head, its muzzle is deep, square and blunt, ears are small and eyes wide apart. The hindquarters should be broad and wide and the tail carried low. You will find that they are either apricot or silver fawn in colour, or brindle with a black mask.

How to make a garden without any living plants

You will need a glass jar, or aquarium tank, copper sulphate waterglass, water crystals of metallic salts, sand.

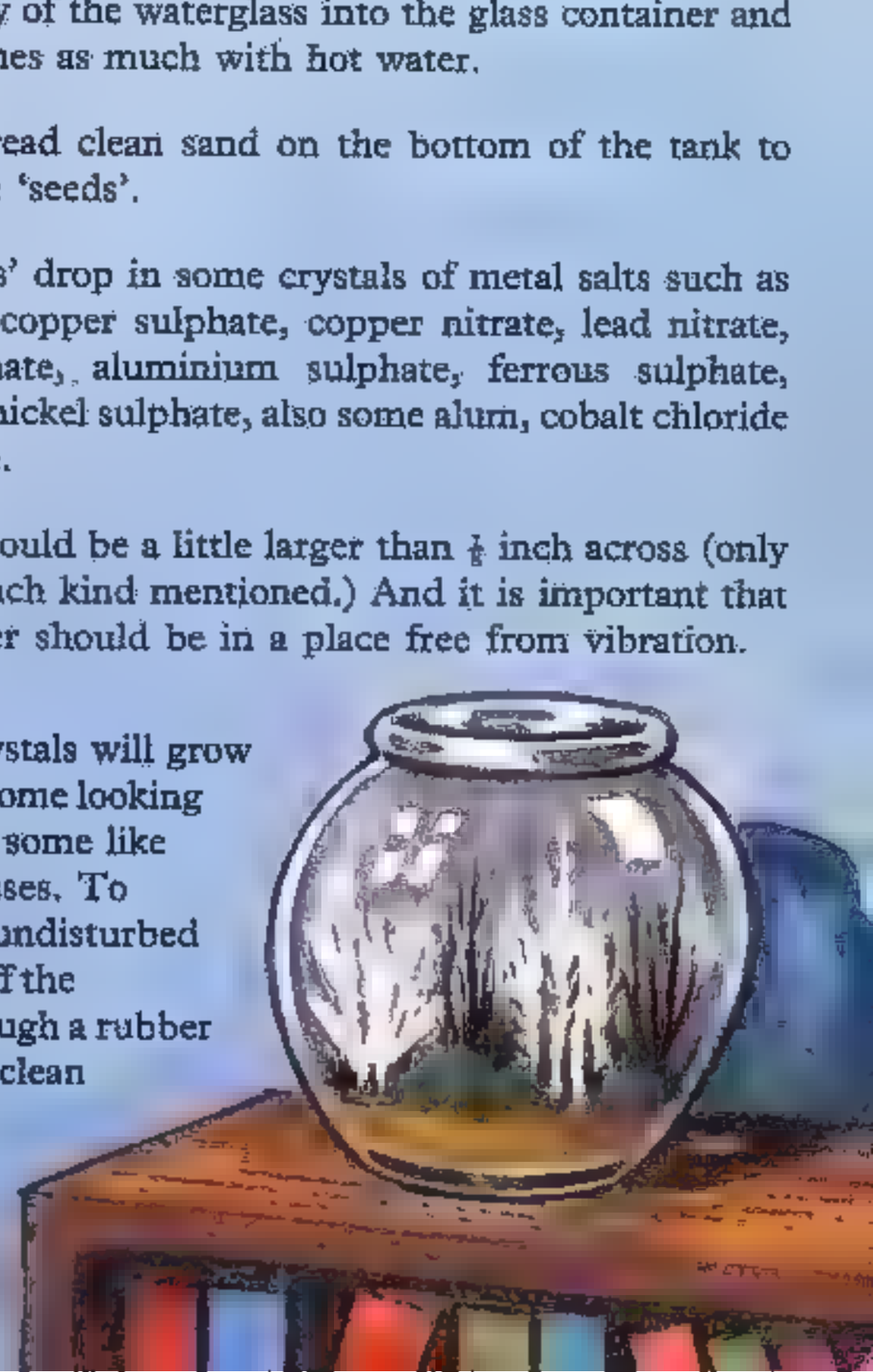
Pour a quantity of the waterglass into the glass container and dilute it three times as much with hot water.

When cold spread clean sand on the bottom of the tank to 'sow' or hold the 'seeds'.

For your 'seeds' drop in some crystals of metal salts such as copper chloride, copper sulphate, copper nitrate, lead nitrate, manganese sulphate, aluminium sulphate, ferrous sulphate, ferrous chloride, nickel sulphate, also some alum, cobalt chloride and cobalt nitrate.

The crystals should be a little larger than $\frac{1}{8}$ inch across (only two or three of each kind mentioned.) And it is important that the glass container should be in a place free from vibration.

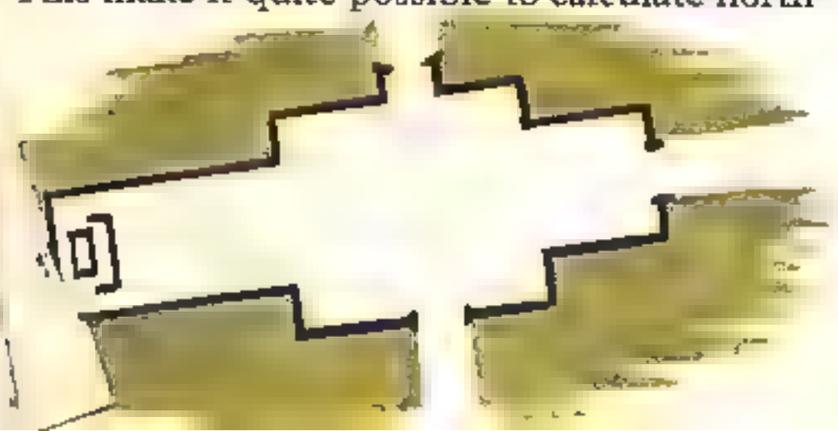
In a few days the crystals will grow with plant-like ability, some looking like weeds and mosses, some like graceful corals and grasses. To make it last, let it stand undisturbed for a day, then siphon off the waterglass solution through a rubber tube and replace it with clean or distilled water. This must be done extremely carefully so that the crystals are not broken.



How can you find North?

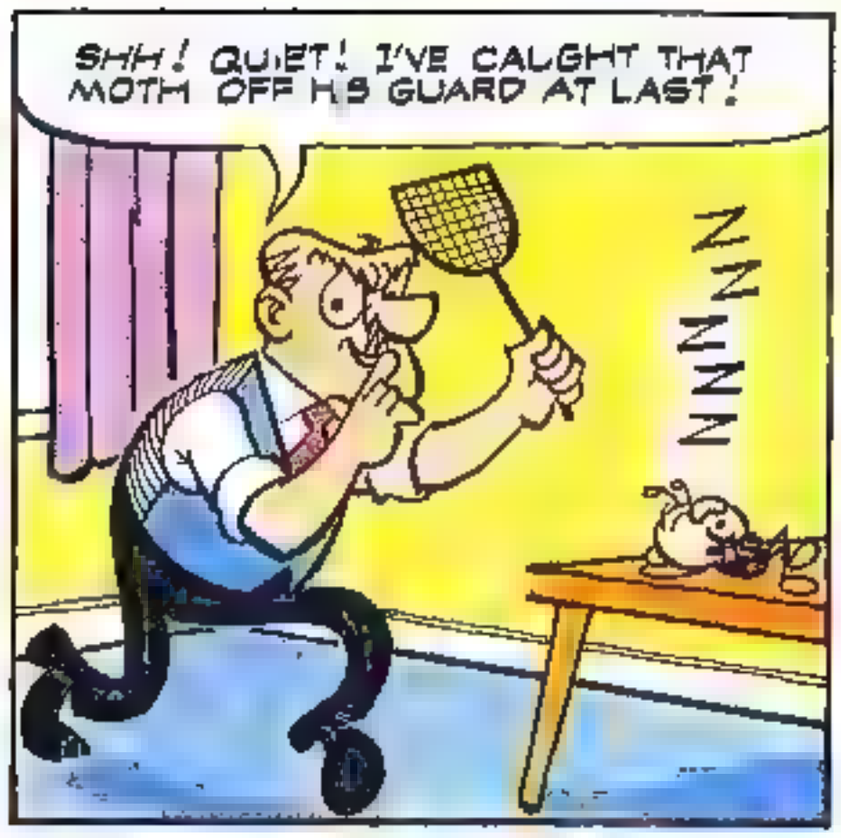
There are, of course, many different ways—here are some of them:

1. Use a compass—the magnetised pointer will show north. You can make your own compass by magnetising a needle (stroke it with a magnet) and floating it on water (lay it on a cigarette paper, which will sink). The needle will point north.
2. Point the hour hand of your watch towards the sun. Bisect the angle between the hour hand and 12 and you have south. North is then opposite!
3. Moss and lichens tend to grow in the north or north-east side of trees as this is usually the side that remains wettest. This constant moisture is vital for moss etc., to thrive.
4. Churches nearly always have the altar at the east end. This make it quite possible to calculate north



MIGHTY MOTH

DAILY GLOBE


SHH! QUIET! I'VE CALGHT THAT MOTH OFF HIS GUARD AT LAST!
NNNNN

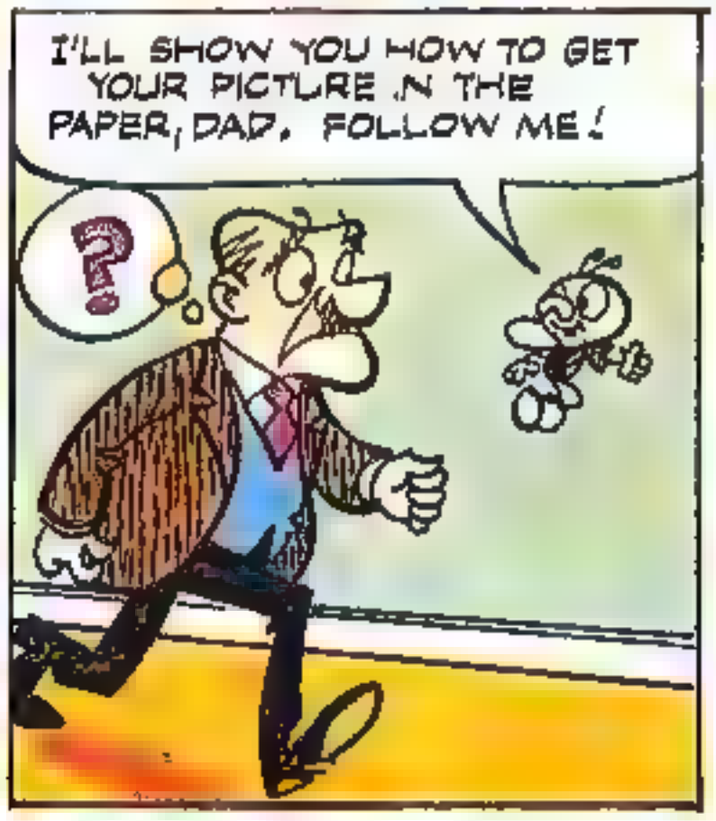
WHACK!
Splat!
BIFF!

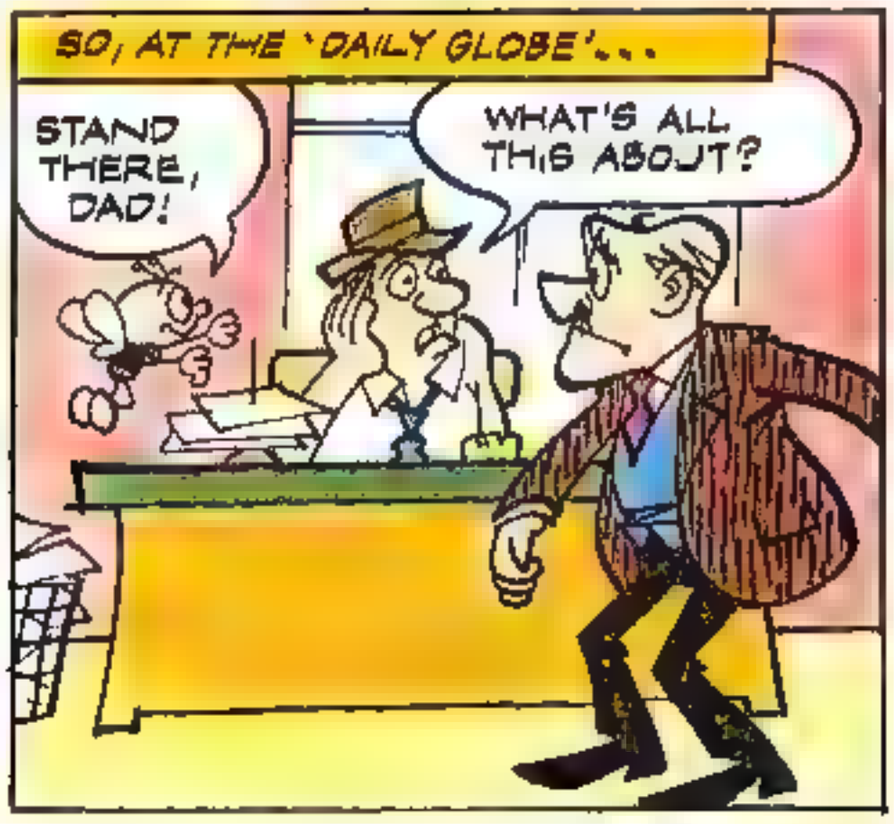
I'VE DONE IT! I'VE WHACKED MIGHTY MOTH! THE WHOLE WORLD MUST KNOW!

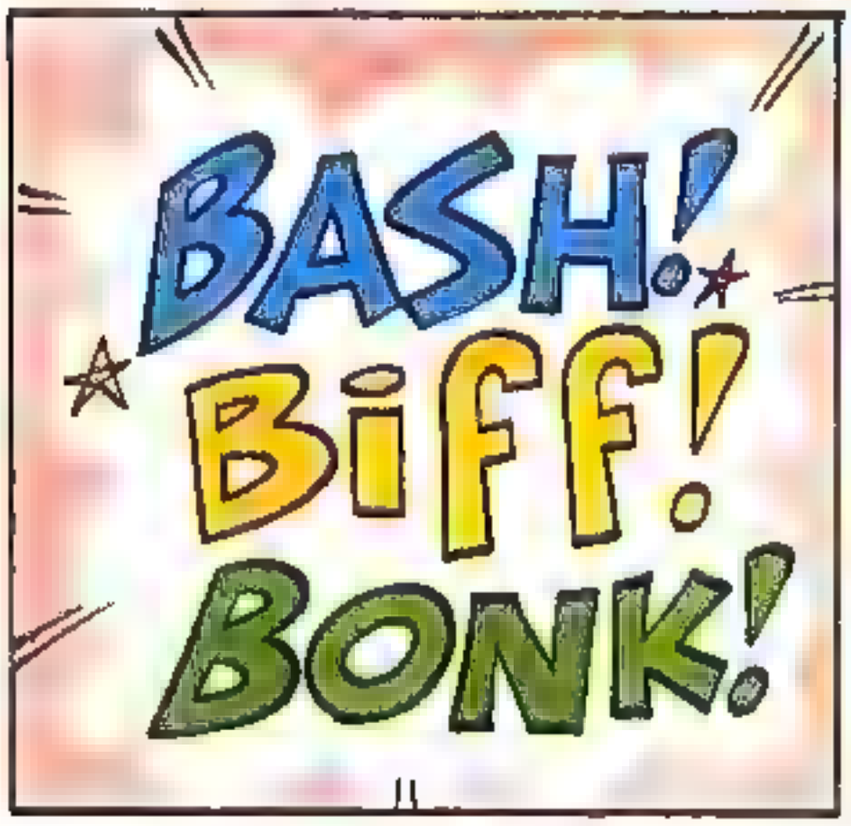
IS THAT THE 'DAILY GLOBE'? I'VE GOT A SENSATIONAL STORY FOR YOU! I'VE WHACKED A MOTH!

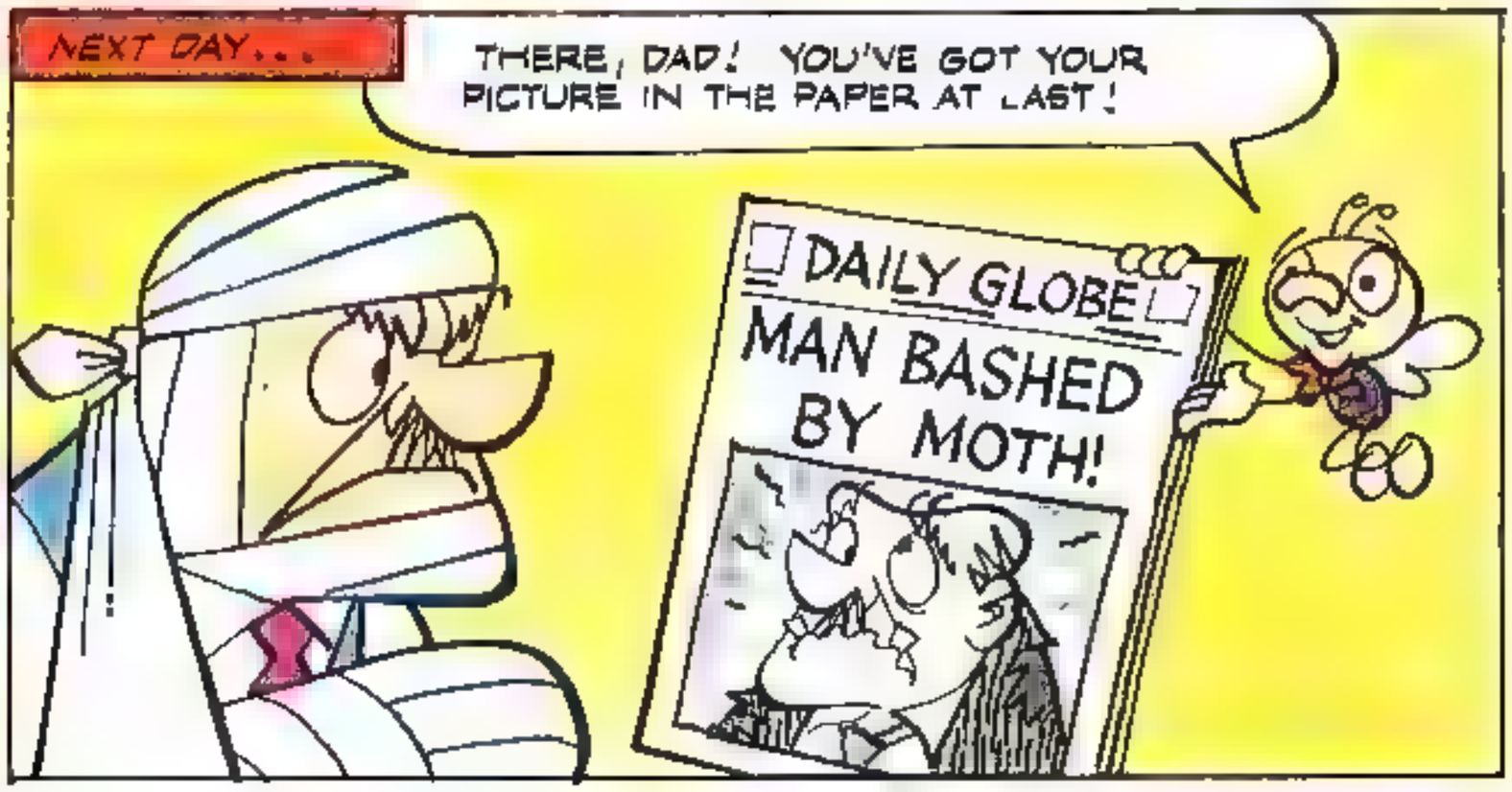
YOU DON'T SAY? HOW EXCTING!

NEXT MORNING...
HUH! THEY DIDN'T PRINT MY STORY AND I WANTED TO SEE MY PICTURE IN THE PAPER!

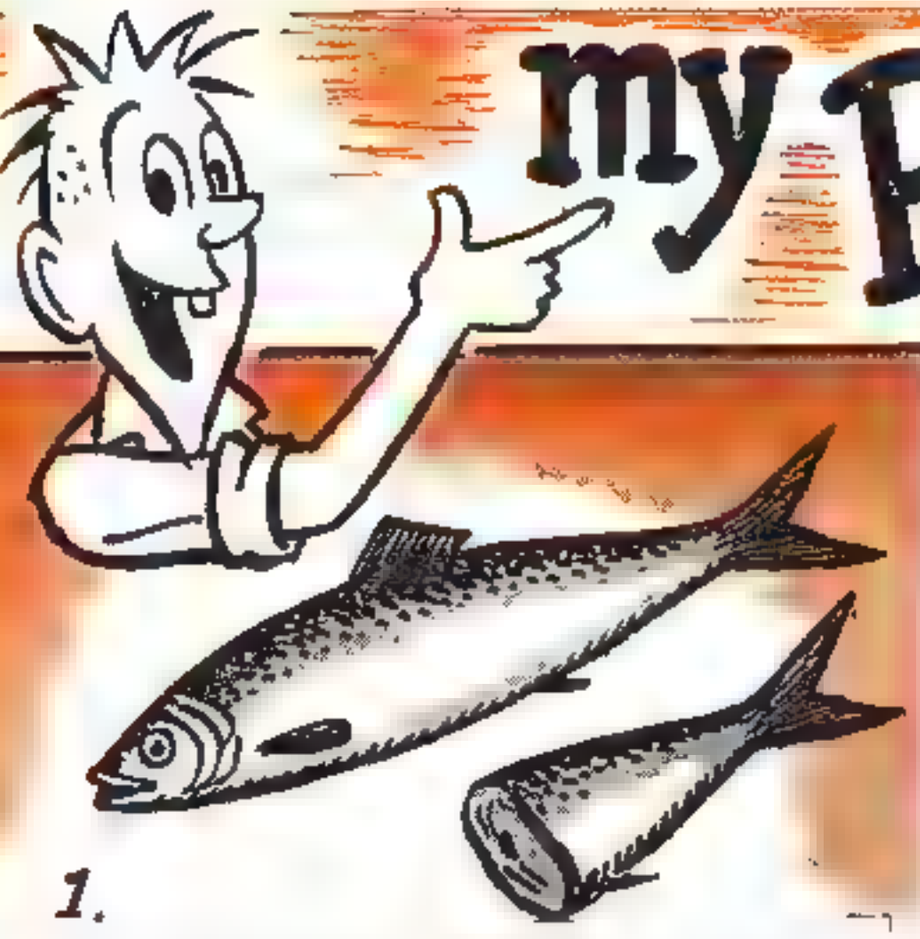

I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO GET YOUR PICTURE IN THE PAPER, DAD. FOLLOW ME!
?


SO, AT THE 'DAILY GLOBE'...
STAND THERE, DAD!
WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT?


BASH!
Biff!
BONK!

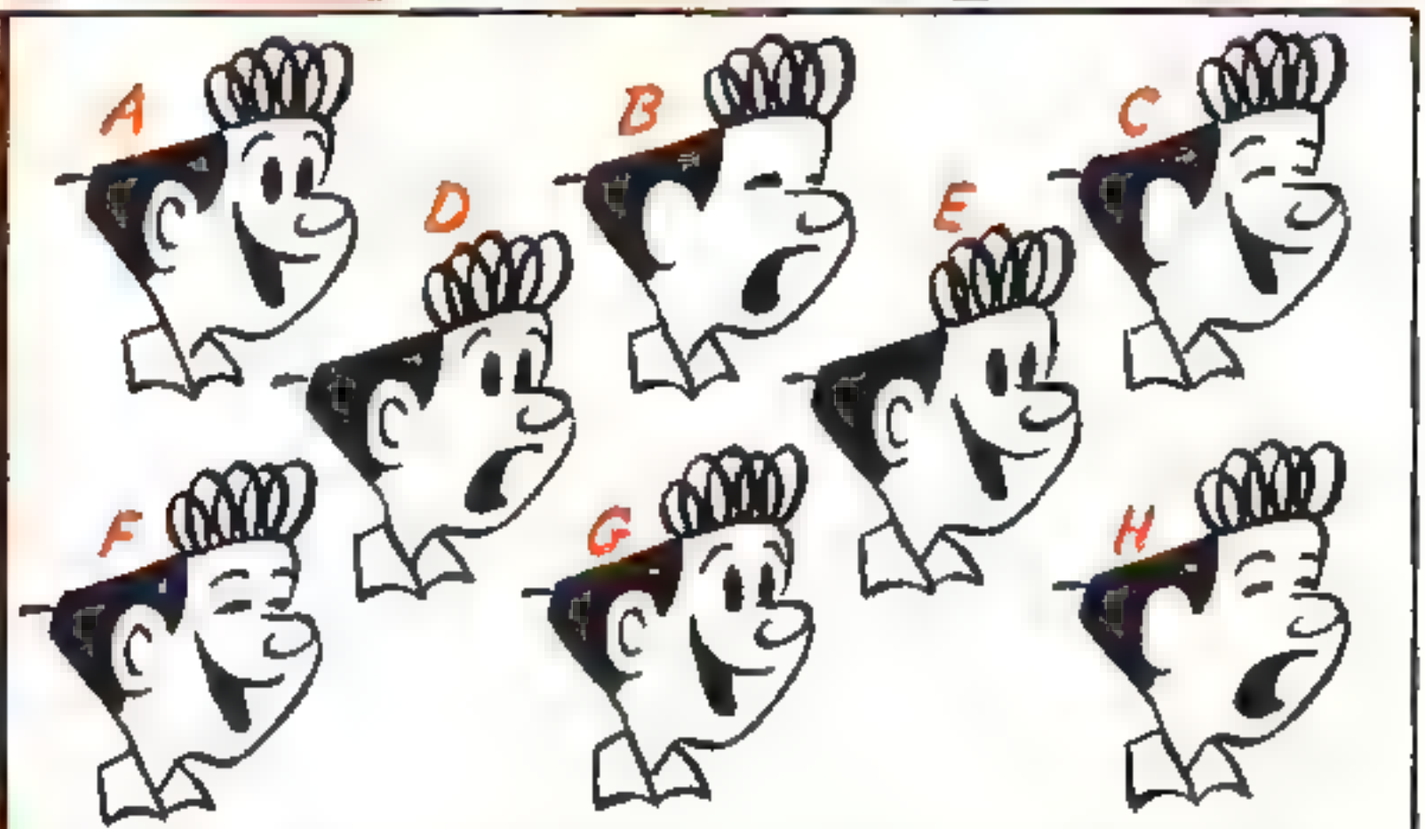

NEXT DAY...
THERE, DAD! YOU'VE GOT YOUR PICTURE IN THE PAPER AT LAST!
DAILY GLOBE
MAN BASHED BY MOTH!

my Puzzle Page



1.

IF A HERRING WEIGHS 4 OUNCES AND HALF A HERRING, WHAT IS THE WEIGHT OF A HERRING AND A HALF ?

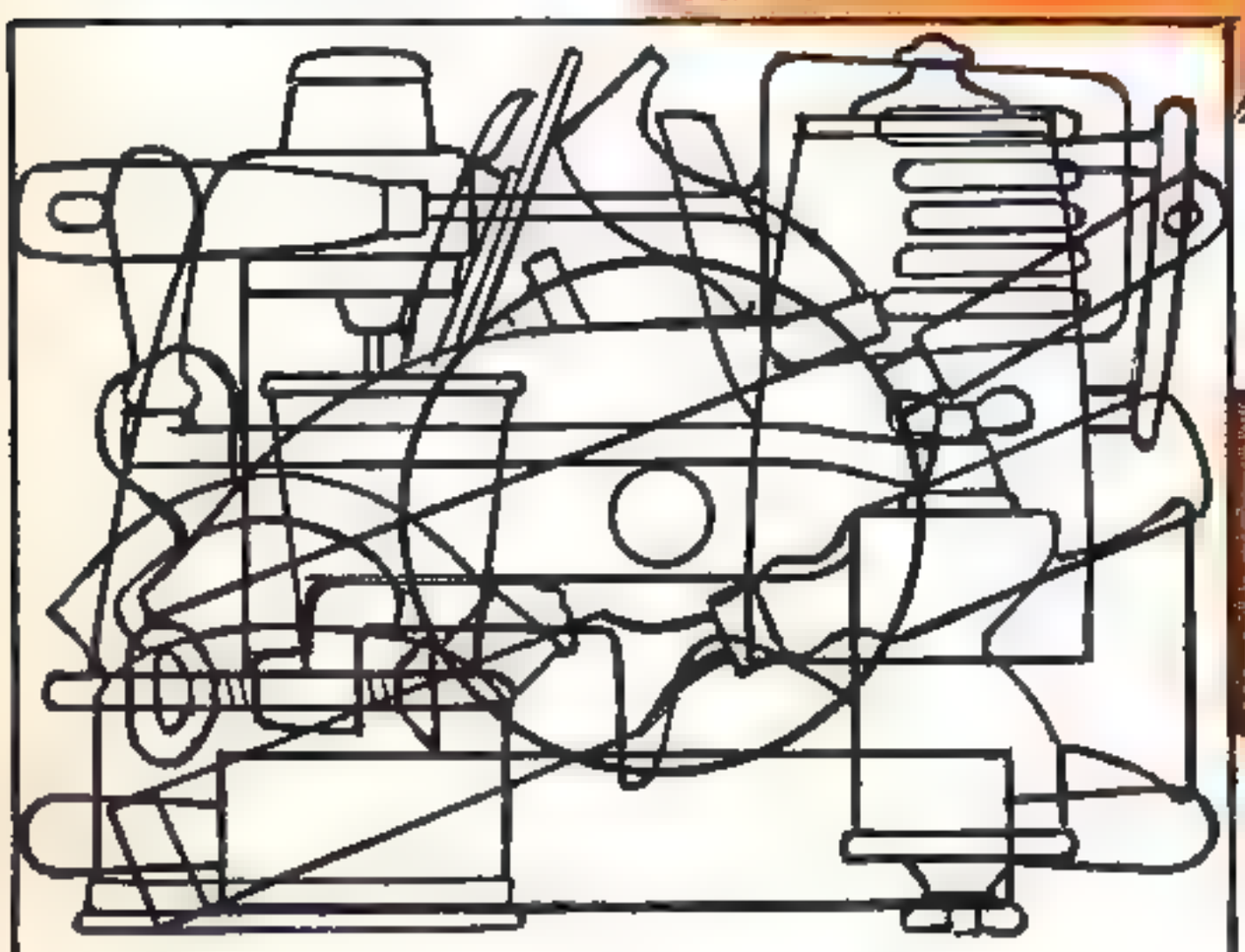


2. ARE THESE PICTURES OF CUTHBERT ALL ALIKE ? ALL DIFFERENT ? OR ARE SOME EXACTLY THE SAME AS OTHERS ?

3.

TIE TWO WHITE HANKIES AND A COLOURED ONE TOGETHER LIKE THIS. THEN ASK IF ANYONE CAN PUT THE COLOURED HANKIE BETWEEN THE WHITE ONES WITHOUT UNTYING ANY OF THE KNOTS. *DO YOU KNOW HOW IT CAN BE DONE ?*

4. SHADE IN THE SHAPES WHICH HAVE A DOT IN THEM TO SOLVE THIS SHADOW PUZZLE.



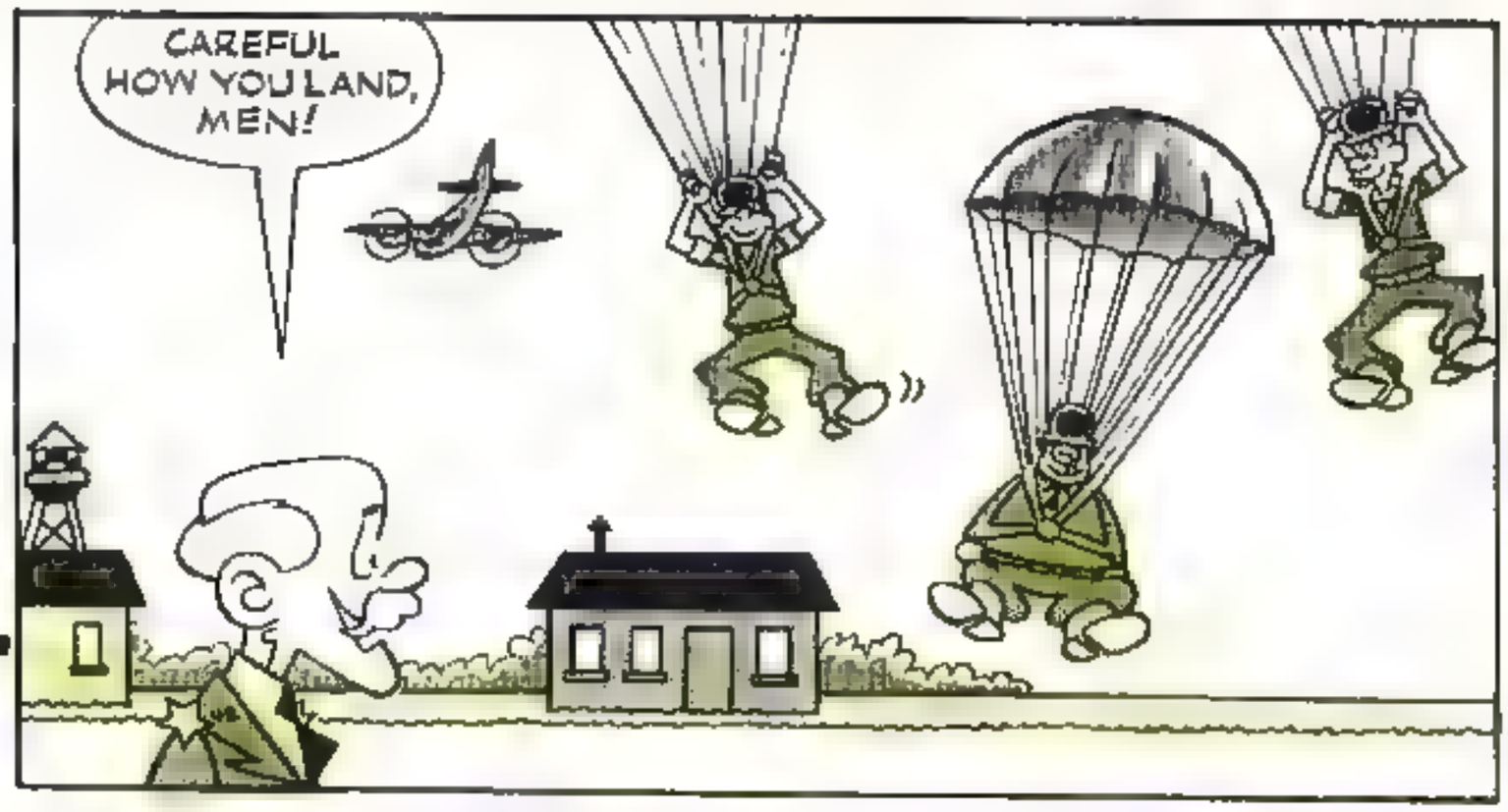
5. FIRST FIND THE NINE OBJECTS IN THIS JUMBLE. THEN SAY WHY TWO OF THEM ARE OUT OF PLACE ?

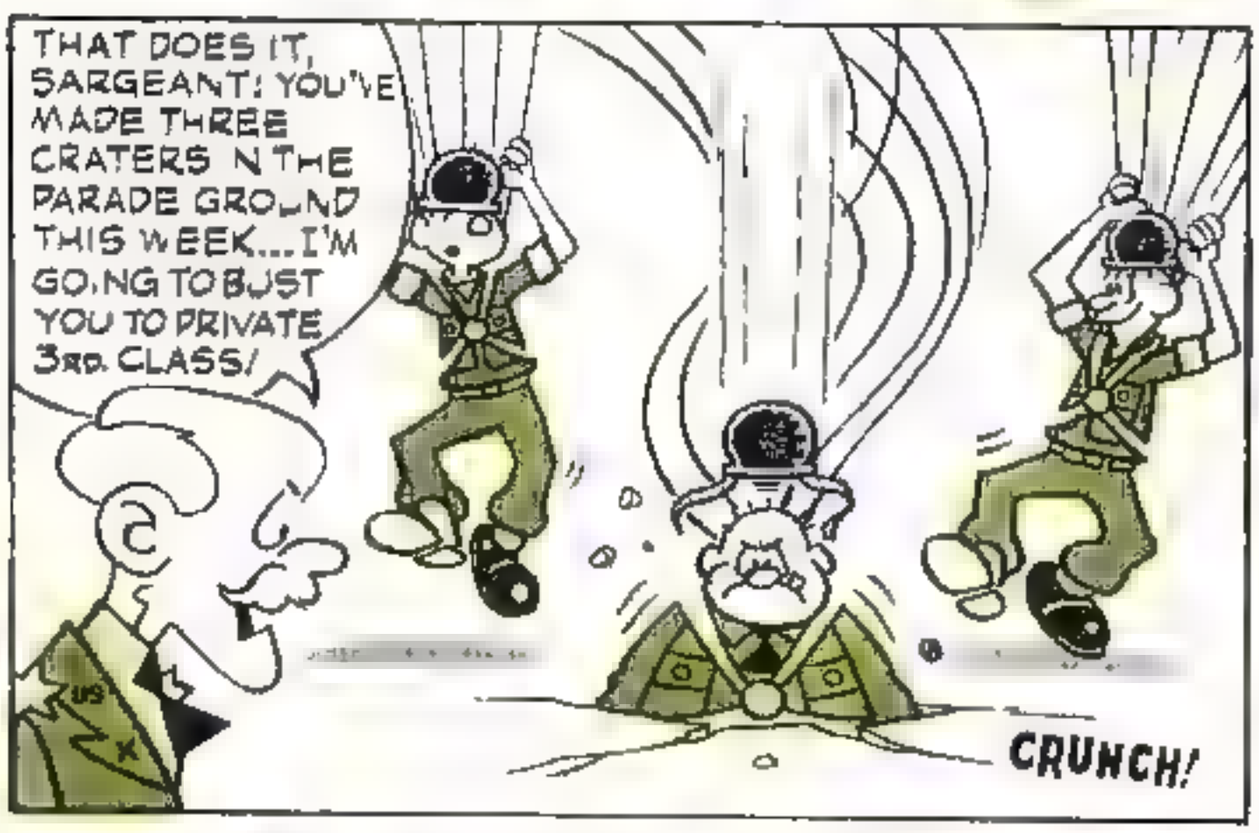
WHY IS THE LETTER 'F' LIKE A BANANA SKIN ?

ANSWERS

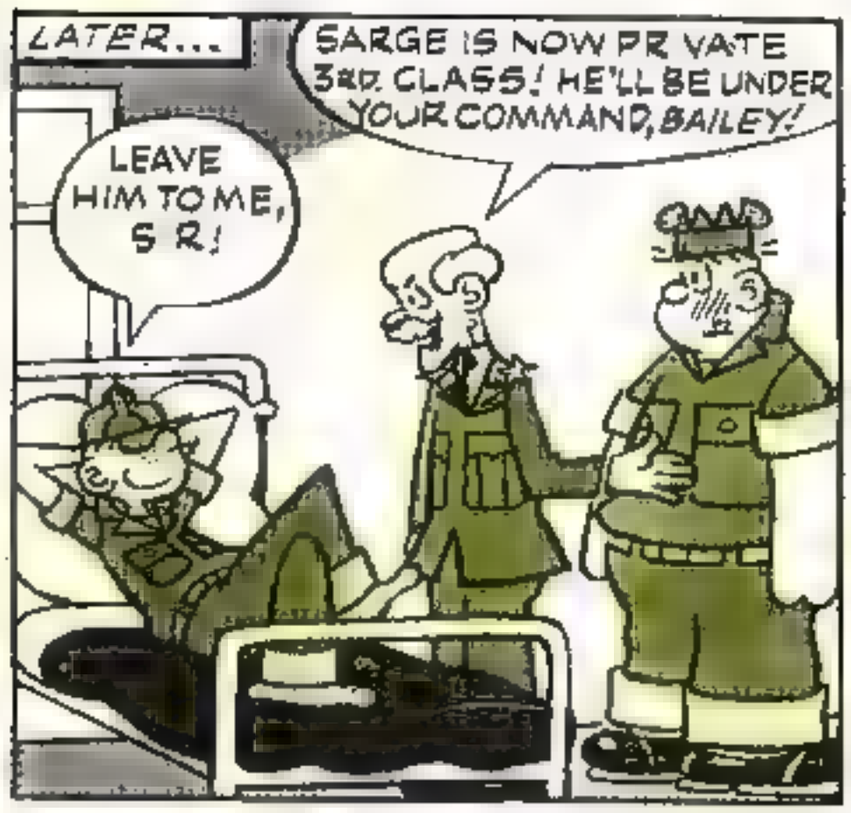
1. THE HERRING AND A HALF WEIGHS 12 OUNCES
2. A. AND G. ARE ALIKE.
3. MAKE A THIRD KNOT SO THAT ALL THREE HANDKERCHIEFS ARE TIED TOGETHER IN A CIRCLE
4. IS MONICA. *RIDDLE* - THEY BOTH MAKE ALL FALL.
5. FOOD MIXER. FISH SLICE. COFFEE POT. MINCER SAUCEPAN. ROLLING PIN. KETTLE. THE PLANE & CHISEL ARE NOT CONNECTED WITH COOKING.

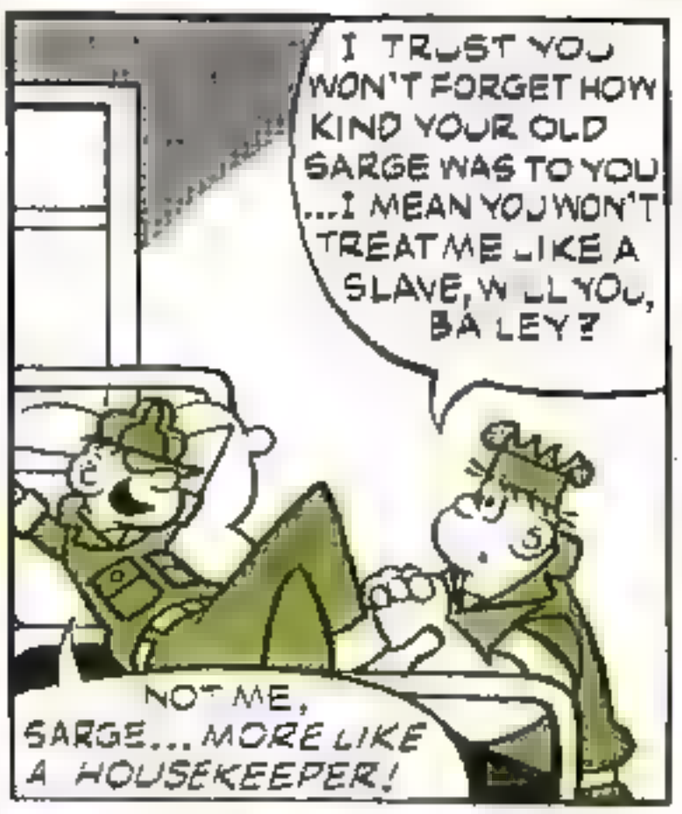
beetle bailey

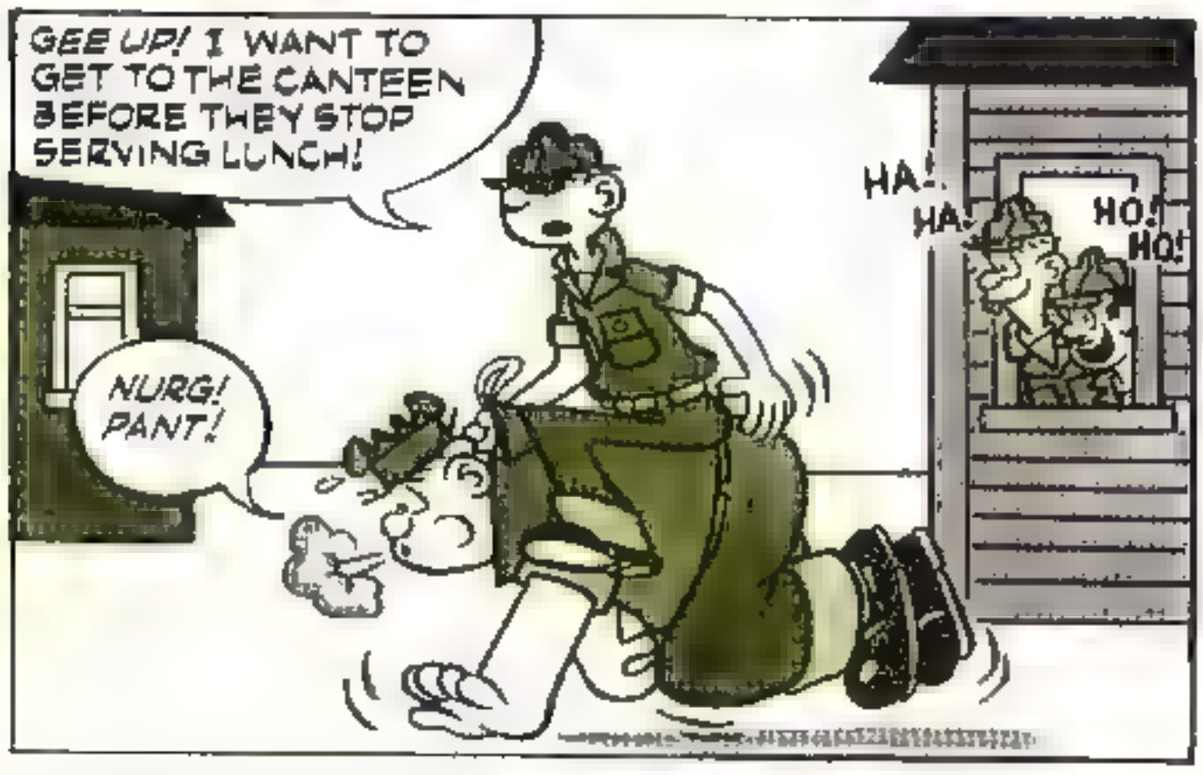


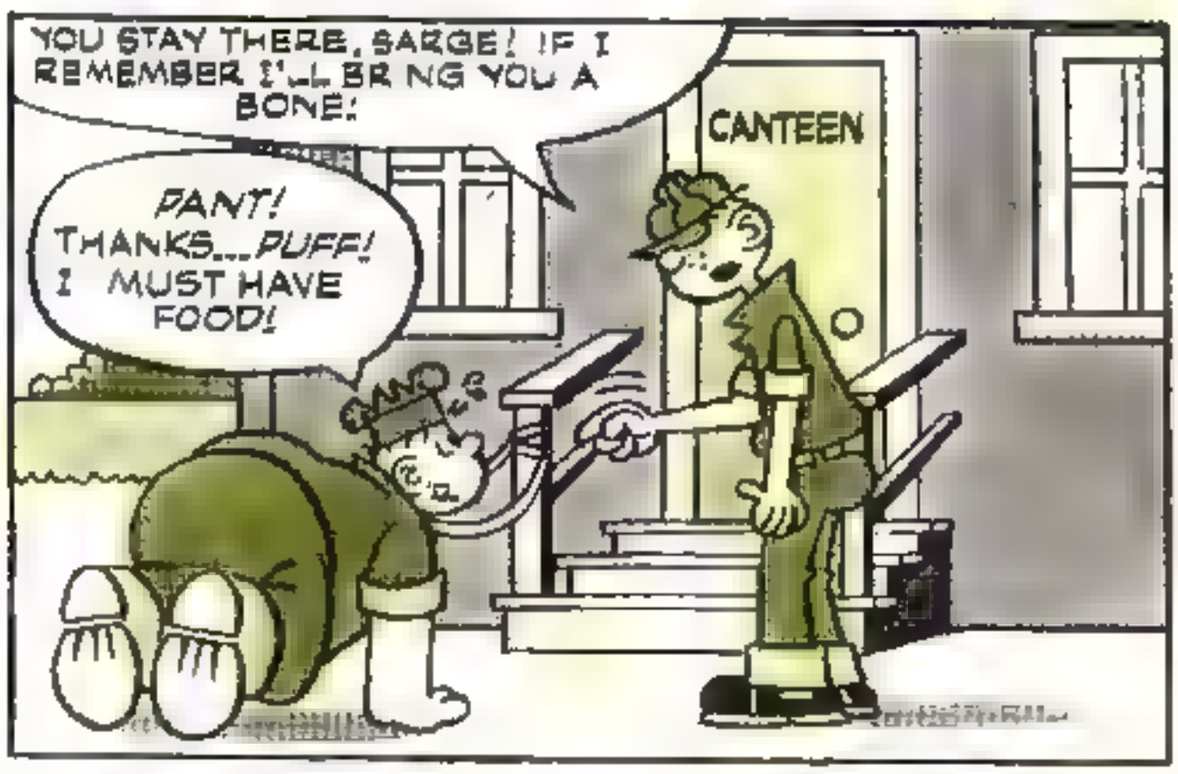

THAT DOES IT, SARGEANT! YOU'VE MADE THREE CRATERS IN THE PARADE GROUND THIS WEEK... I'M GOING TO BUST YOU TO PRIVATE 3RD. CLASS!
CRUNCH!

SO, NEXT MORNING ON PARADE, SARGE HAS HIS STRIPES RIPPED OFF...
THIS WILL MAKE YOU LESS IMPORTANT THAN, BAILEY!
HE! HE! WE'LL BE ABLE TO USE SARGE AS A SERVANT!
RIP!




I TRUST YOU WON'T FORGET HOW KIND YOUR OLD SARGE WAS TO YOU ...I MEAN YOU WON'T TREAT ME LIKE A SLAVE, WILL YOU, BAILEY?
NOT ME, SARGE... MORE LIKE A HOUSEKEEPER!





© 1967. King Features Syndicate Inc.

I'M NOT THAT HARD, SARGE! COME IN AND COLLECT SOME STEW! YOU CAN EAT IT BACK AT THE HUT!

GEE, THANKS A LOT!

I WANT YOU TO GET BACK TO THE HUT AT THE DOUBLE! COME ON... *MOVE IT!*

EN

B-BUT I-I'M LOSING ALL MY STEW!

IT'S NOT FA R... I CAN'T STAND BEING BULLED BY BAILEY!

MEANWHILE...

WHOAH! THE CONCRETE'S G VING WAY!

HMM! MAYBE I WAS A BIT HARD ON SARGE... TH.S PARADE GROUND SEEMS TO G VE WAY VERY EASILY!

SO THE NEXT MORN.NG ON PARADE...

I'VE DEC.DED TO MAKE YOU A SARGEANT AGAIN!

OH, NO!

A LITTLE LATER...

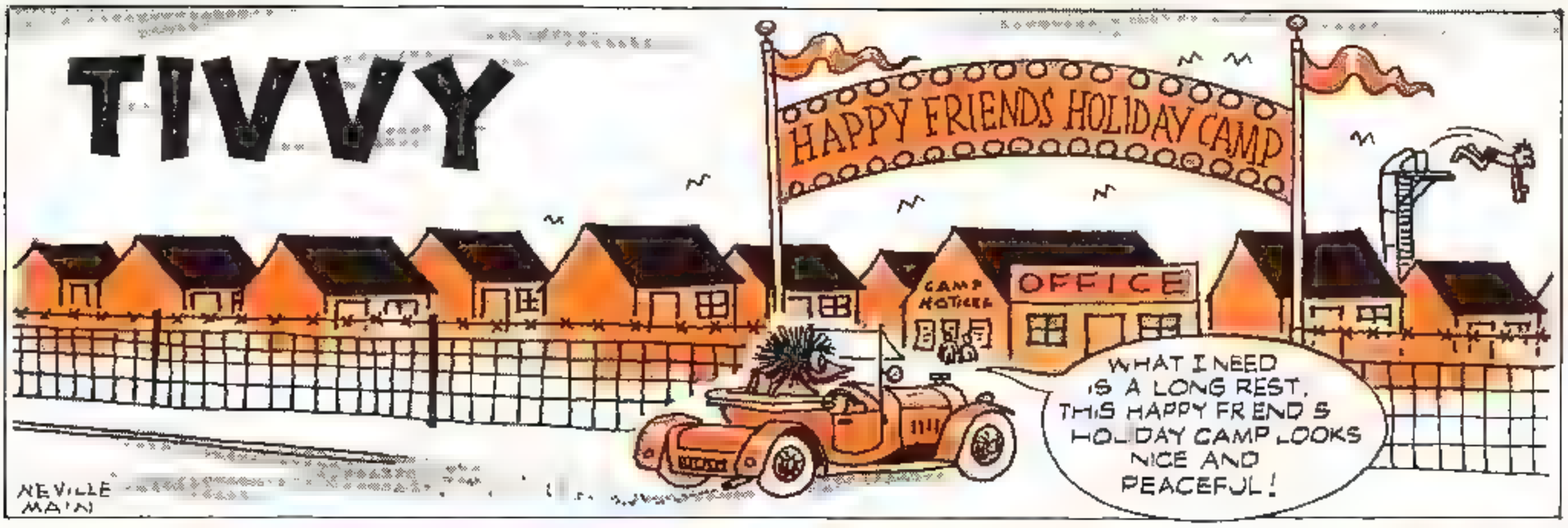
GRR! SNARL!

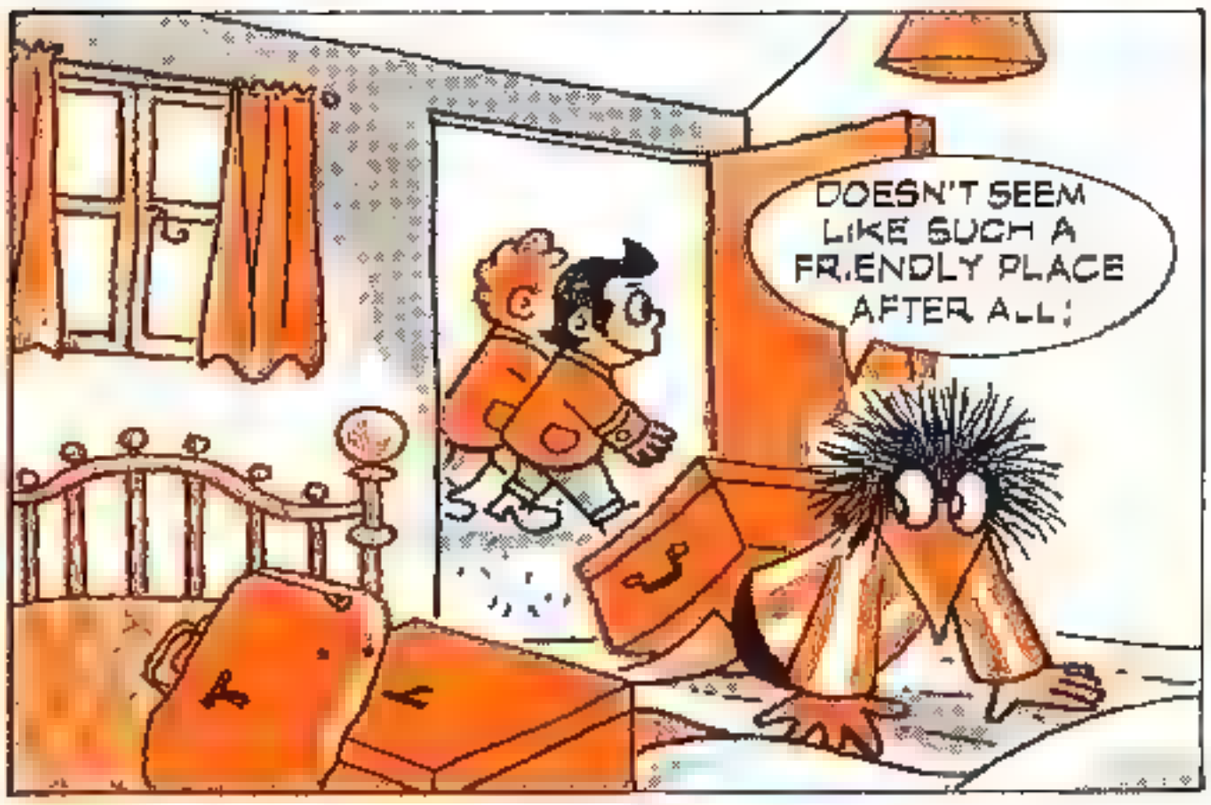
AW, SARGE! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO HAVE HARD FEELINGS ABOUT THE NICE WAY I LOOKED AFTER YOU?

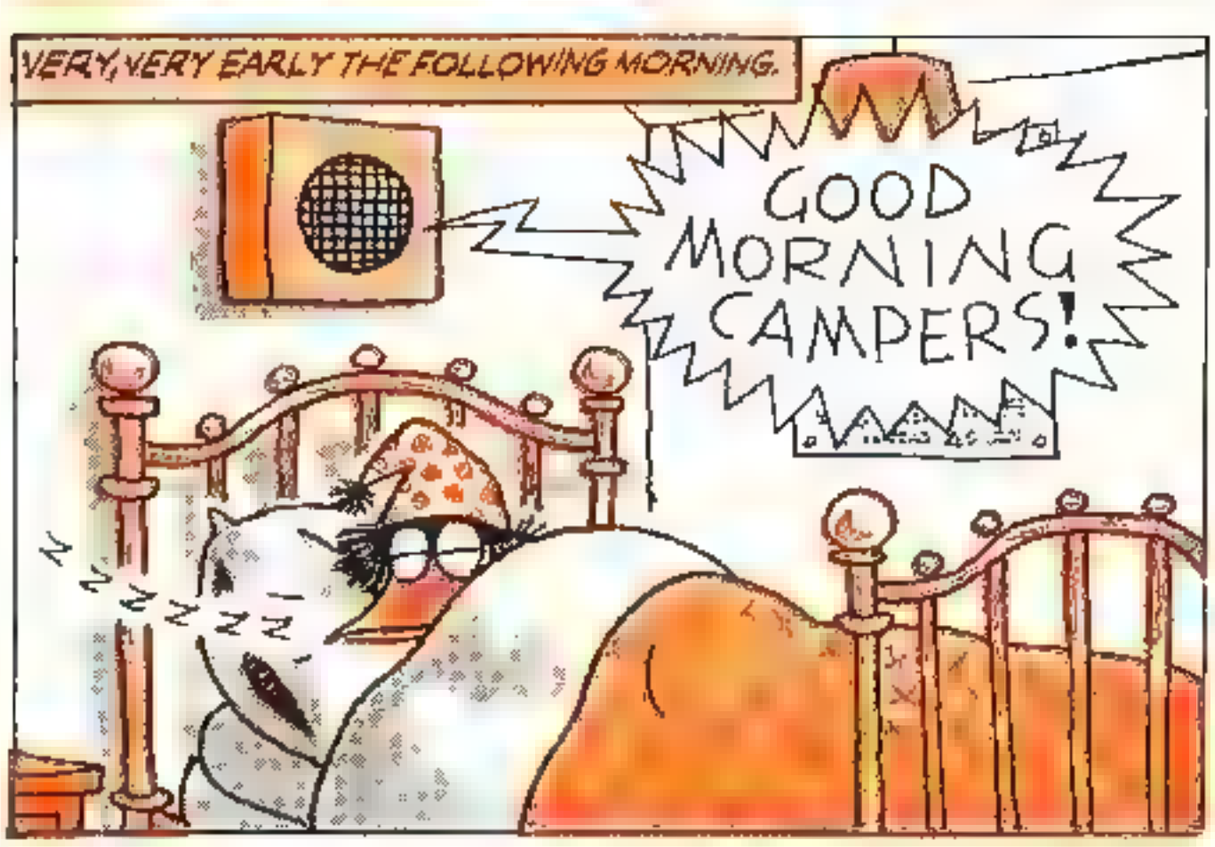
CRACK!

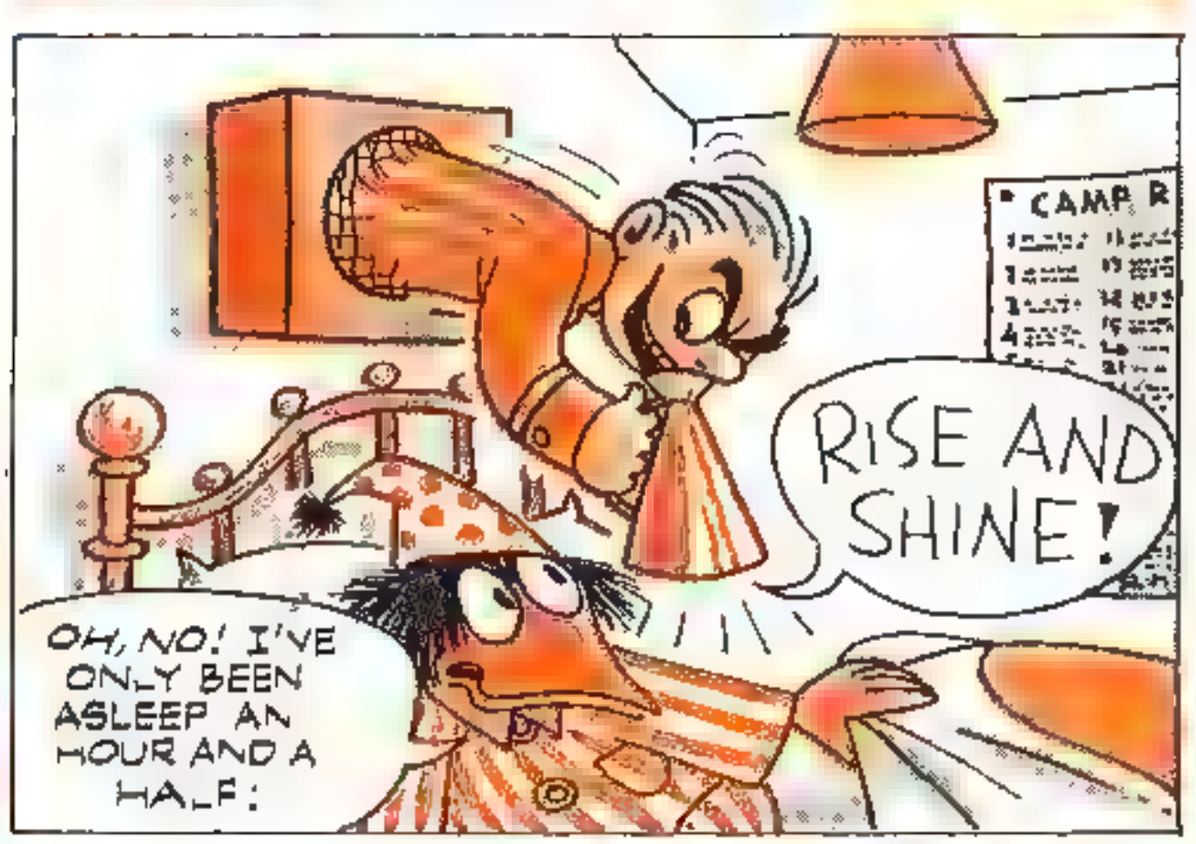
HARD FEELINGS? GOOD OLD SARGE? *NOT ME! PEEL! WASH! SCRUB!*

TIVVY


HAPPY FRIENDS HOLIDAY CAMP
CAMP NOTICES
OFFICE
WHAT I NEED IS A LONG REST. THIS HAPPY FRIENDS HOLIDAY CAMP LOOKS NICE AND PEACEFUL!
NEVILLE MAIN







Tivvy created by Atelier Fauni, Finland

TWO MINUTES LATER...

COME ON, NO TIME FOR SLEEP... IT'S OUR JOB TO GIVE YOU A GOOD TIME!...

...YOU AND THE OTHER CAMPERS ARE GOING FOR AN EARLY MORNING RIDE.

AT THE CAMP STABLES...

CLIMB ONTO THE HORSE, YOU'LL ENJOY THE RIDE!

B-BUT I CAN'T RIDE A HORSE! I'M SCARED!

YOU'LL ENJOY YOURSELF AT THIS HOLIDAY CAMP WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT!

EEEYAAAH!

YIKE! THE ROPES ARE WORKING LOOSE... I'M GOING TO FALL OFF!

AWK! NURGH! OUCH!

A LITTLE LATER...

YET ANOTHER CAMPER FOR THE CAMP HOSPITAL! FRIENDLY NURSE BOOT'EM WILL SOON HAVE HIM UP ON HIS FEET AGAIN.

GROAN! BLUBBER!

AT THE CAMP HOSPITAL...

I'M YOUR FRIENDLY NURSE AND I SAY YOU'LL EAT YOUR SOUP WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT!

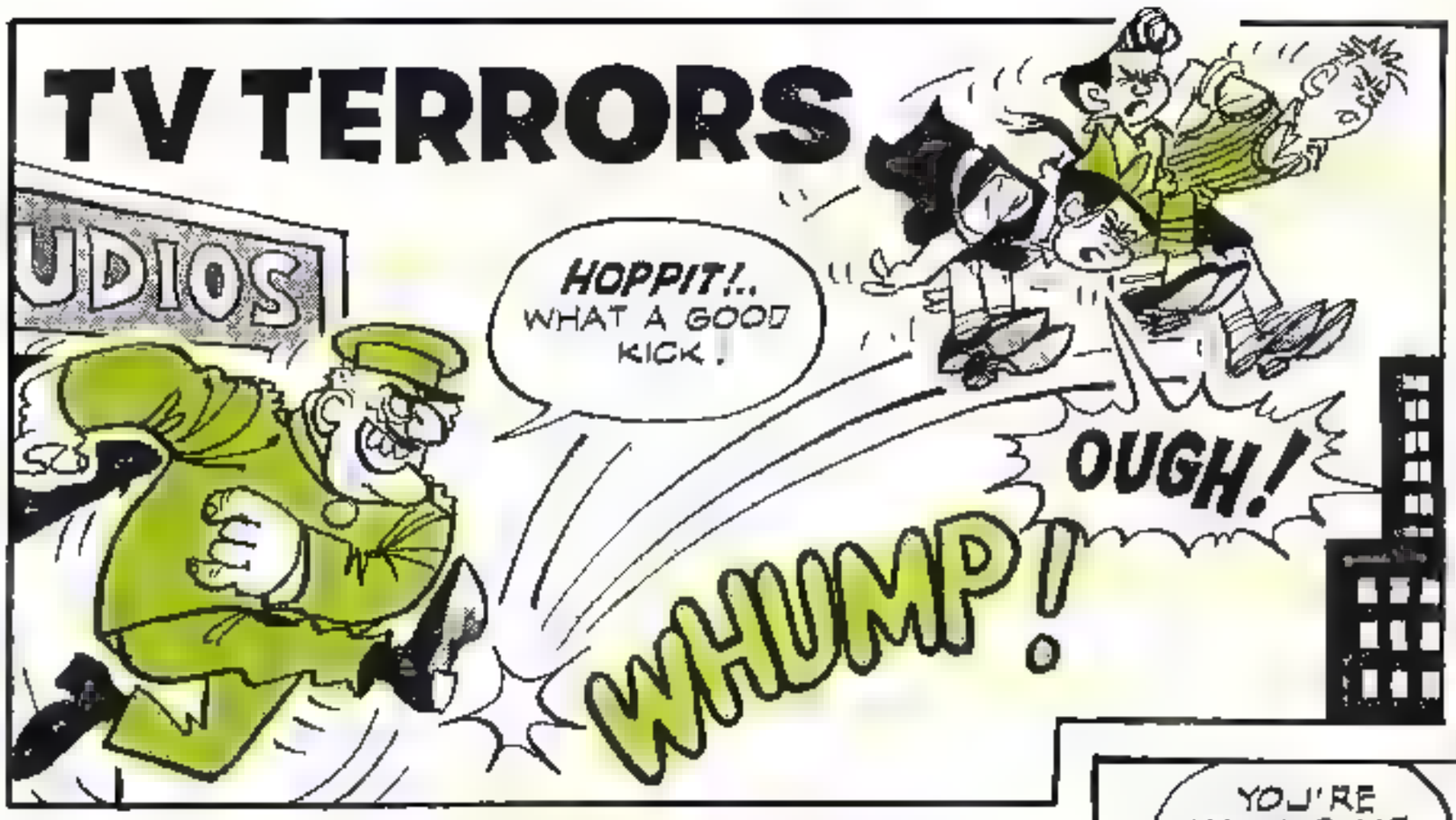
I MUST GET OUT OF HERE! URK!

SO LATE THAT NIGHT, TIVVY DECIDES TO ESCAPE...

I MUST ESCAPE BEFORE ALL THE R FRIENDSHIP KILLS ME. THEY SHOULD RE-NAME THIS PLACE THE 'HAPPY FRIENDS PRISON CAMP!'

HAPPY FRIENDS HOLIDAY CAMP CHALET NO 87

TV TERRORS

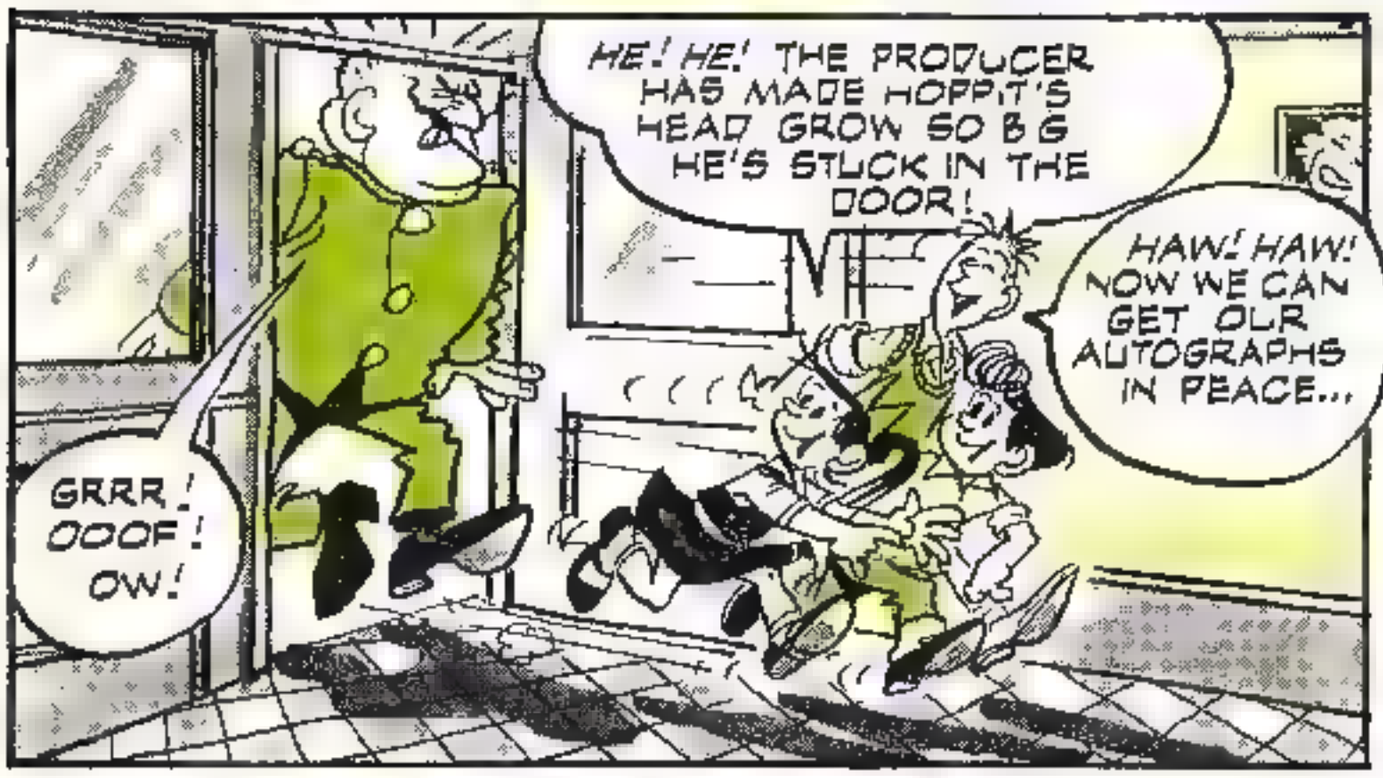

UDIOS
HOPPIT!.. WHAT A GOOD KICK!
OUGH!
WHUMP!

WOW! THAT HURT!

YOU'RE A GREAT DOORMAN, HOPPIT!..
GEE, THANKS!

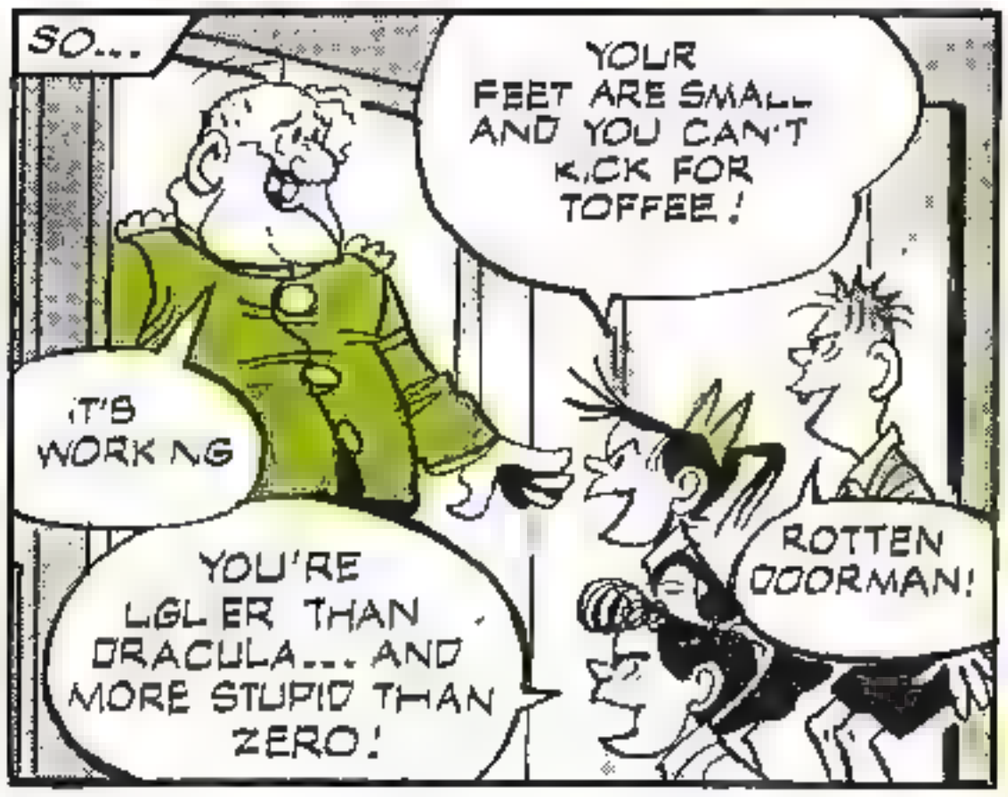
YOU'RE MAKING ME BIG-HEADED, SIR!
...I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'D DO WITHOUT YOU... THE FASTEST BOOT IN THE WEST!

LET'S TRY AGAIN!
SWELLED HEAD
OH, NO YOU DON'T!


HE! HE! THE PRODUCER HAS MADE HOPPIT'S HEAD GROW SO B G HE'S STUCK IN THE DOOR!
HAW! HAW! NOW WE CAN GET OUR AUTOGRAPHS IN PEACE...
GRRR! OOOF! OW!

LATER...
WE WENT INTO THE STUDIO AND GOT LOTS OF AUTOGRAPHS, HOPPIT!
I DON'T CARE, KIDS! JUST GET ME OUT OF THIS MESS!

I KNOW! WE'LL INSULT HOPPIT... IT SHOULD MAKE HIS HEAD SHRINK, BECAUSE FLATTERING HIM MAKES IT BIG!


SO...
YOUR FEET ARE SMALL AND YOU CAN'T KICK FOR TOFFEE!
IT'S WORKING
YOU'RE UGLIER THAN DRACULA... AND MORE STUPID THAN ZERO!
ROTTEN DOORMAN!

I THINK WE'VE OVER DONE IT A BIT.
SNIVVLE... HEAD-SHRINKERS!

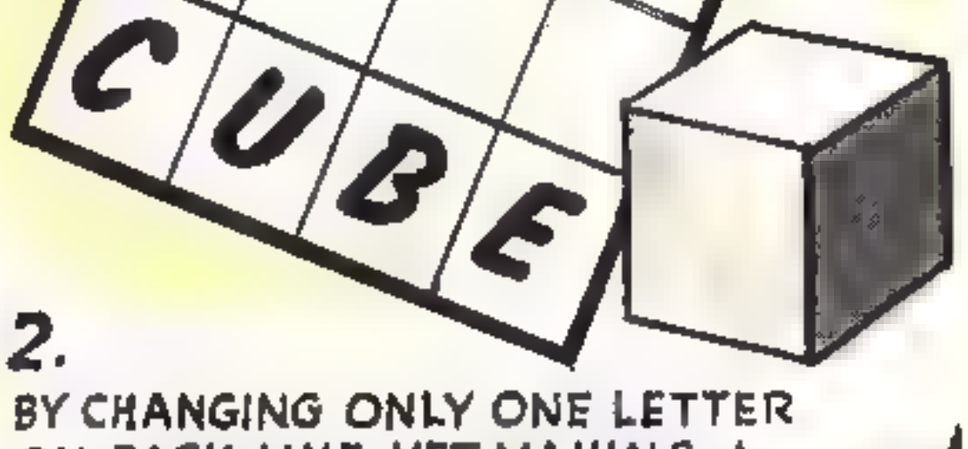
my Puzzle Page

TIVVY

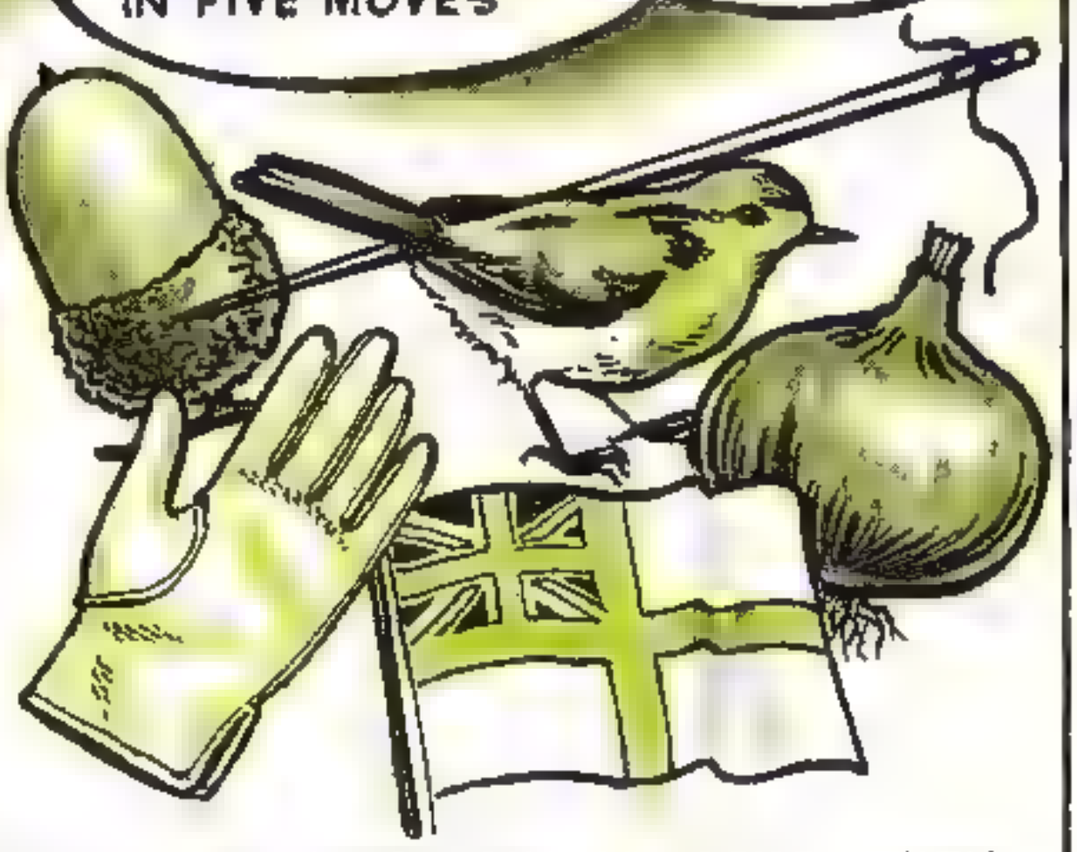
START FINISH

1. WITHOUT LIFTING YOUR PENCIL FROM THE PAPER, CROSSING A LINE OR GOING OVER ANY LINE TWICE. WRITE MY NAME LIKE THIS.

3. HOW MANY OBJECTS BEGINNING WITH THE LETTER 'T' CAN YOU FIND IN THIS PICTURE? *COUNTING ME OF COURSE.*



2. BY CHANGING ONLY ONE LETTER ON EACH LINE, YET MAKING A WORD, GO FROM 'BALL TO 'CUBE' IN FIVE MOVES



4. FIRST NAME THESE SIX OBJECTS. THEN ARRANGE THEIR FIRST LETTERS TO SPELL THE NAME OF A WELL-KNOWN FRUIT.

5. LAY OUT SIX PENNIES LIKE THIS. THEN BY MOVING ONE COIN AT A TIME MAKE A RING OF PENNIES IN THREE MOVES.

ANSWERS

1. STAIRS
2. BALL, *BALE, BARE, CARE, CURE*, CUBE
3. TRAIN TRUCK, TREE, TENT, TRACTOR TUB, TRELLIS, TRAY, TABLE, TABLECLOTH, TOAST TOASTER TEAPOT, TULIPS TELEPHONE, THERMOMETER, TELESCOPE, TIVVY
4. ONION ROBIN ACORN, NEEDLE GLOVE, ENSIGN *MAKING* ORANGE.
5.

RIDDLE- BECAUSE IT IS THE GRUB THAT MAKES THE BUTTER FLY.

Bob Monkhouse's Mad Movies

featuring

THE KEYSTONE KOPS

Rights granted by Raymond Rohauer, owner and assignee of Estate of Mack Sennett.

LOOT

LOOT

A ROBBERY! I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM!

WHOAH! I CAN'T CHASE ANYBODY IN THIS SUIT!

TRIP!

I'LL CATAPULT MYSELF, AFTER THOSE CROOKS, WITH CHIEFY'S BRACES!

THIS'LL BRING 'EM DOWN TO EARTH!

WOOSH!

TWANG!

LOOT

GOTCHA!

OOOPH!

AWK!

LOOT

YOU TWO CAN COME AND SEE CHIEFY WITH ME!

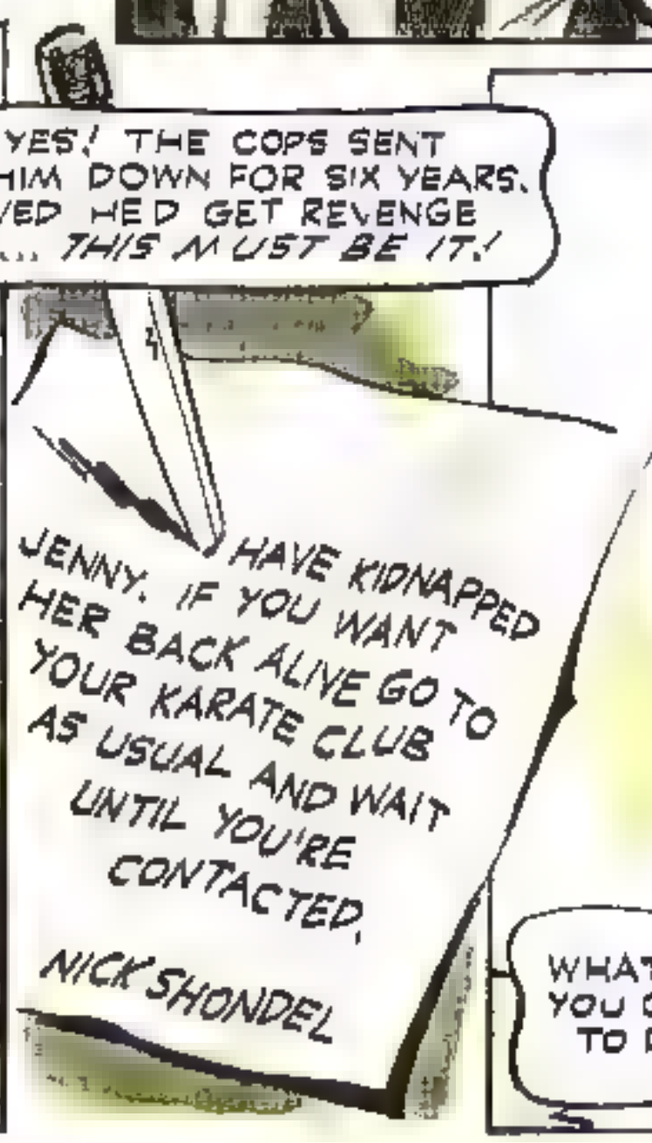
YOUR SUIT MAY NOT FIT VERY WELL! BUT IT'S *TAILOR-MADE* FOR CROOK CATCHING! HE! HE!

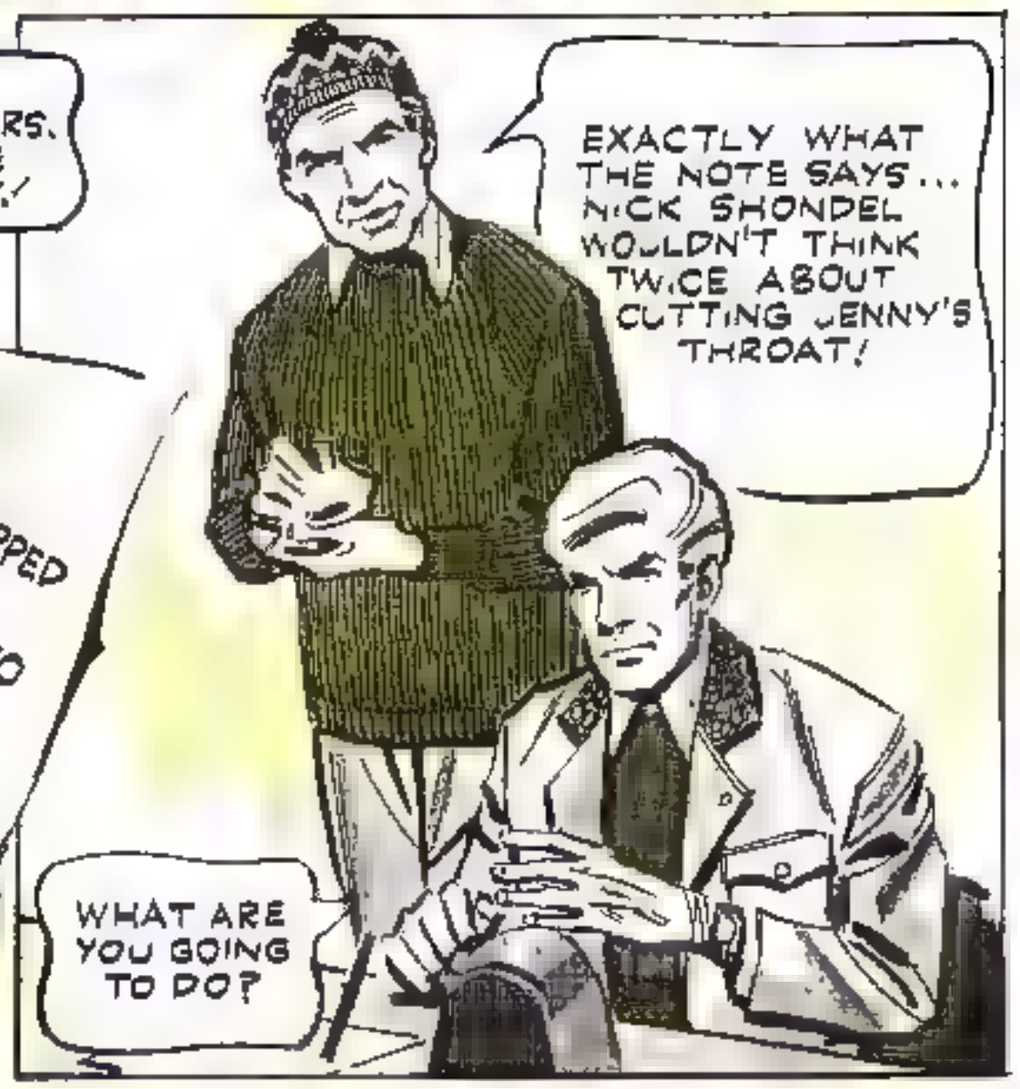
HAR! HAR! WELL DONE, TICH!

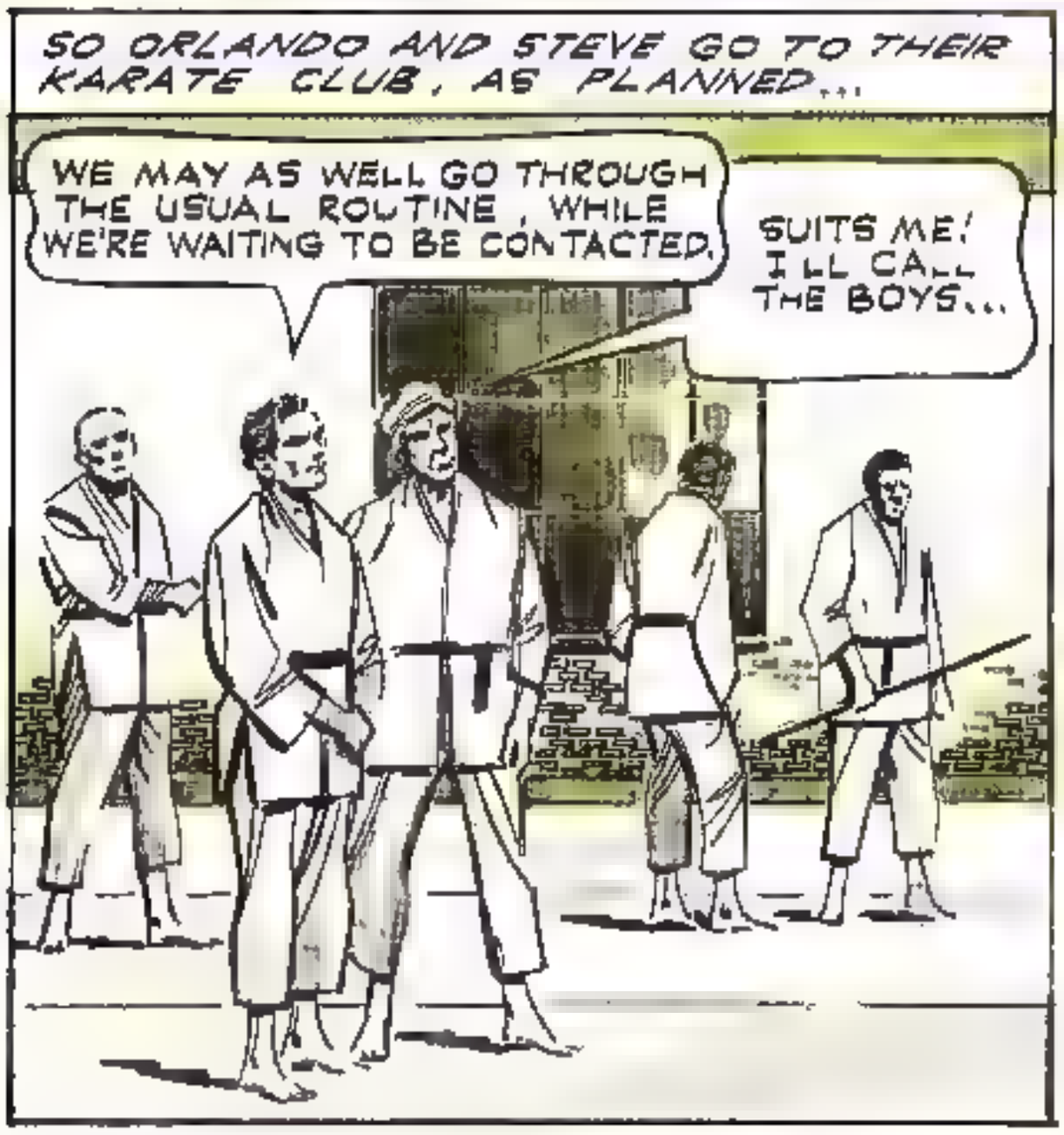
ORLANDO

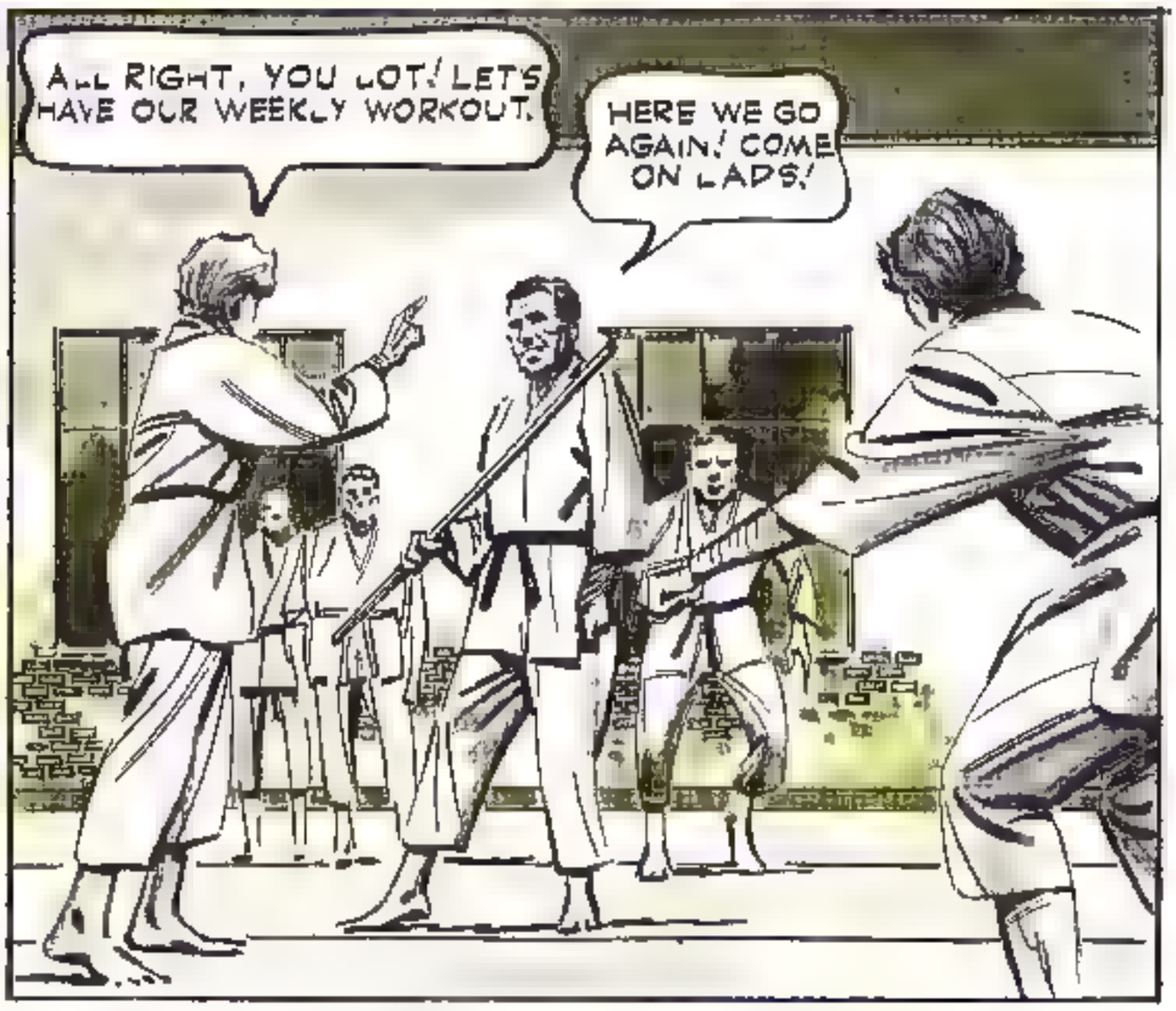
I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO A BIT OF KARATE THIS AFTERNOON ...IT KEEPS US ON OUR TOES!
COMES IN HANDY IF WE MEET ANY TOUGHS, TOO!
STEVE MORGAN DETECTIVE AGENCY

WHAT ON EARTH? SHONDEL! ISN'T HE THE GUY YOU NABBED ON A SMUGGLING RACKET?
YES! THE COPS SENT HIM DOWN FOR SIX YEARS. HE VOWED HE'D GET REVENGE ON ME ... THIS MUST BE IT!


I HAVE KIDNAPPED JENNY. IF YOU WANT HER BACK ALIVE GO TO YOUR KARATE CLUB AS USUAL AND WAIT UNTIL YOU'RE CONTACTED.
NICK SHONDEL




SO ORLANDO AND STEVE GO TO THEIR KARATE CLUB, AS PLANNED...
WE MAY AS WELL GO THROUGH THE USUAL ROUTINE, WHILE WE'RE WAITING TO BE CONTACTED.
SUITS ME! I'LL CALL THE BOYS...



Based on the Rediffusion cartoon production.

HUP! HA!

EEYAH! HUP!

UH!

EEYAH...!

NOT MUCH OPPOSITION THIS WEEK, STEVE!

HARDLY WORTH GETTING CHANGED, WAS IT, CHUM

THE INFORMATION YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR FROM SHONDEL IS INSIDE THAT CANE!

SO YOU'RE THE CONTACT?

I'VE BEEN CONTACTED, STEVE! COME INTO THE STEAM BATH ... WE'LL TAKE A LOOK AT THE INSTRUCTIONS INSIDE THIS CANE!

TURKISH

WE'D BETTER GET CHANGED! I'LL SEE ABOUT THE MONEY AND WE'LL GO TO FRITH ALLEY AS SOON AS EVERYTHING'S ARRANGED...

COME TO FRITH ALLEY NEAR THE EAST INDIA DOCK. BRING £3,000 IN USED NOTES! IF THERE'S ANY SIGN OF POLICE JENNY DIES.

SHONDEL

IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO JENNY I'LL MAKE SURE MR. NICK SHONDEL DOESN'T LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO ENJOY IT!

THAT EVENING, ORLANDO AND STEVE ARRIVE AT THE DOCKS...

WE'LL LEAVE THE JEEP HERE ... FRITH ALLEY ISN'T FAR!

LET'S HOPE SHONDEL KEEPS HIS PART OF THE BARGAIN.. THAT ¥3,000 WAS MONEY HARD EARNED.

COME IN HERE! MR. SHONDEL IS WAITING...

TH S .S IT!

I SEE JENNY'S SAFE AND SOUND... IT'S MORE THAN I WOULD HAVE EXPECTED FROM A RAT LIKE YOU, SHONDEL!

NO NEED TO GET NASTY, ORLANDO! JUST HAND OVER THE MONEY!

DON T BOTHER COUNTING IT... IT'S ALL THERE! NOW GIVE US JENNY AND WE'LL CLEAR OFF!

NOT SO FAST, BUDDY! IT'S NOT AS SIMPLE AS THAT.

..I'VE GOT A DEBT TO SETTLE! I WENT TO PRISON FOR SIX YEARS ON ACCOUNT OF YOU. THIS IS JUST THE FIRST OF A LONG LINE OF PAYMENTS...

WHY YOU..!

I SHOULD'VE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO TRUST YOU, SHONDEL!

DON'T MOVE, KID! OR I'LL SLOW YOU DOWN WITH SOME LEAD!

THEY PUT UP A BRAVE SHOW! POOR GUYS DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE!

AH!

I'VE GOT NOTHING TO LOOSE..THINK I'LL TRY SOME JUDO...

BRING THE GIRL! WHEN ORLANDO COMES TO HE'LL REALIZE HE'LL HAVE TO KEEP PAYING IF HE WANTS HER TO STAY ALIVE!

HEYAH!

UH!

AAH!

CHIN UP! HAA!

GNNN!

THAT SHOULD PUT AN END TO THE OPPOSITION!

OOPH!

A LITTLE LATER...

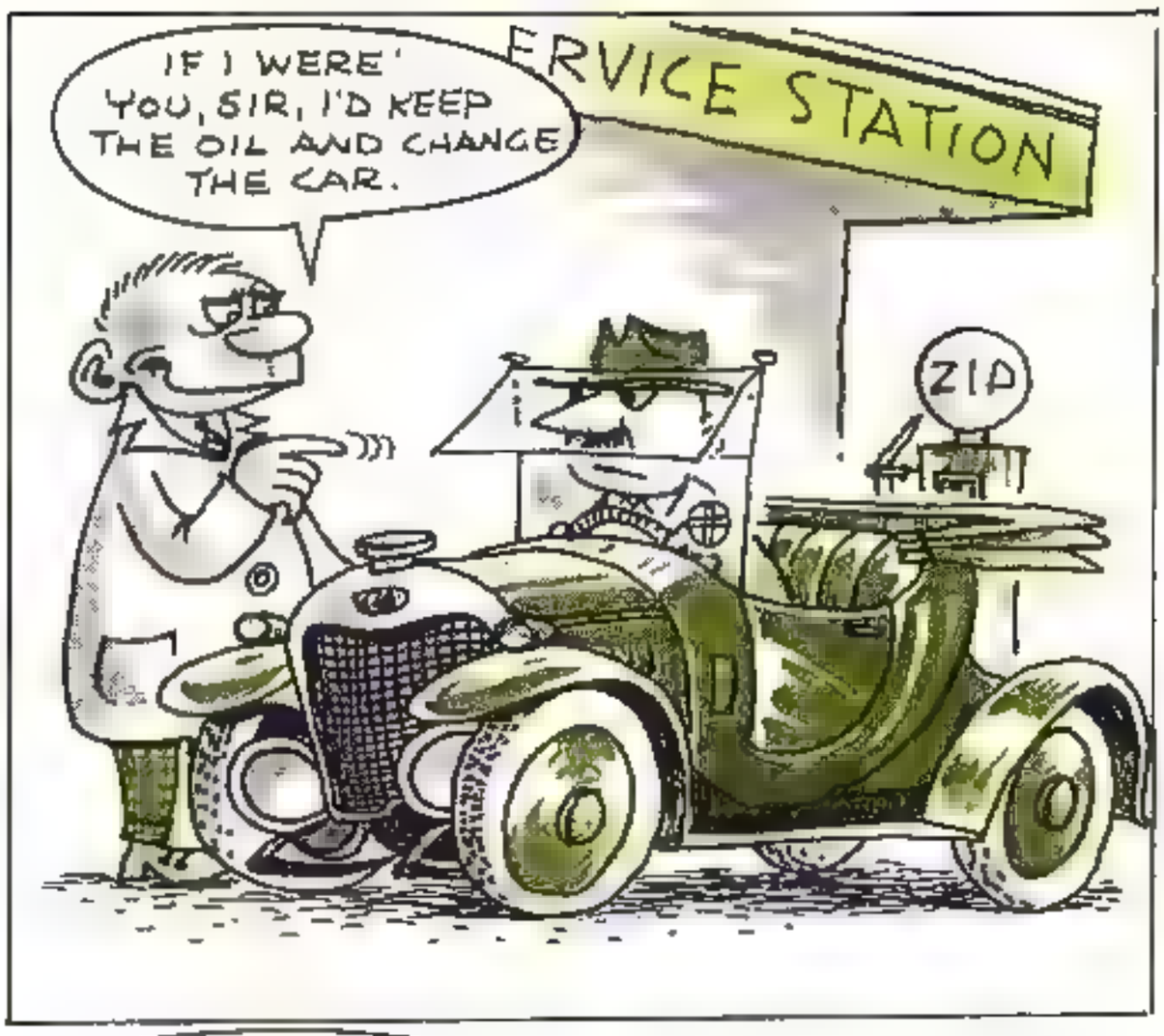
WHAT ON EARTH HAVE YOU BEEN UP TO JENNY?

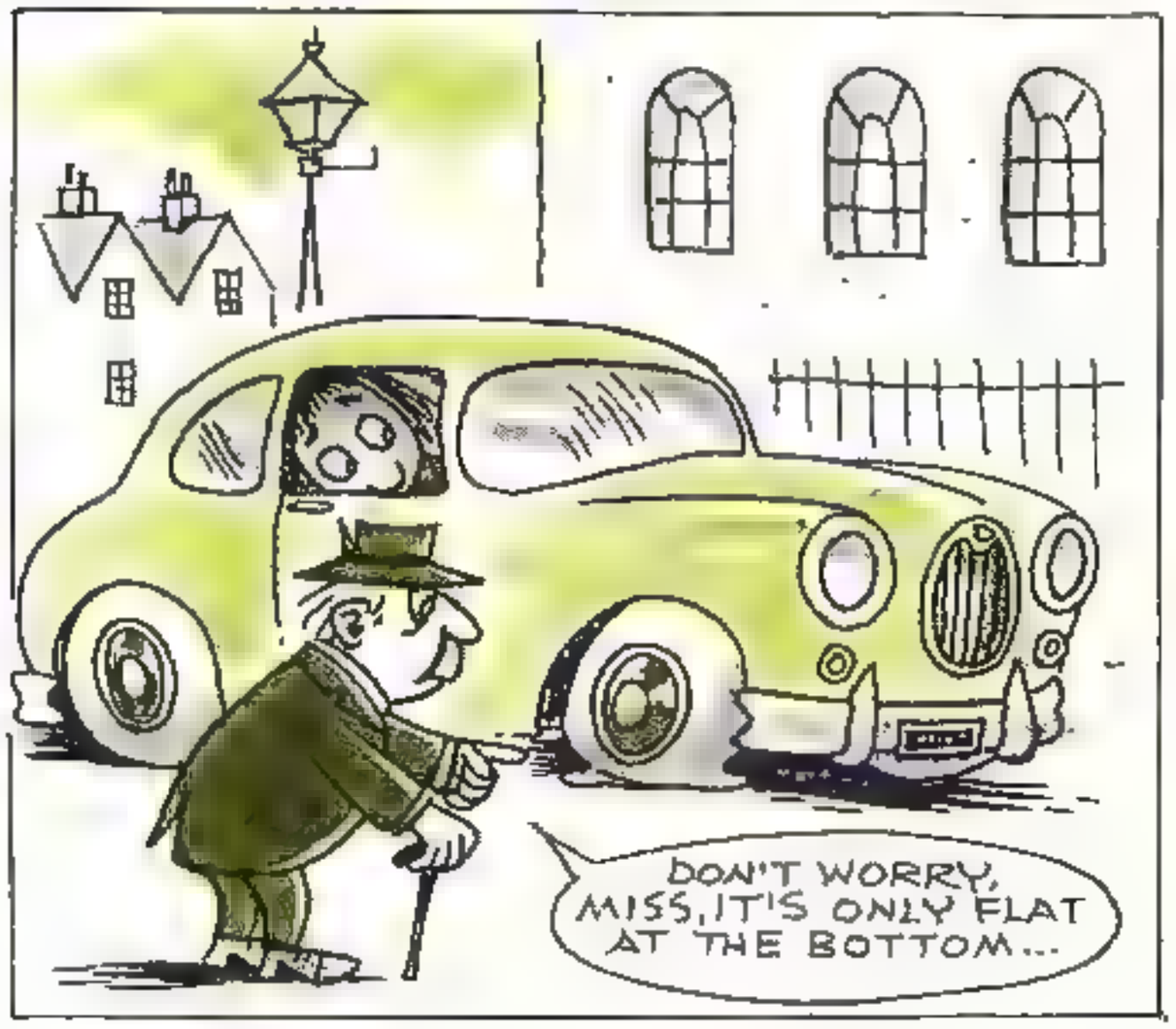
YOU TWO NEED TO BRUSH UP ON KARATE! I HANDLED THIS LITTLE LOT ALONE!

LET'S PHONE THE POLICE AND PUT SHONDEL BACK WHERE HE BELONGS... AND I PROMISE YOU, JENNY, STEVE AND I WILL GO DOWN TO THE GYM FIRST THING IN THE MORNING AND DO A REFRESHER COURSE ON UNARMED COMBAT!

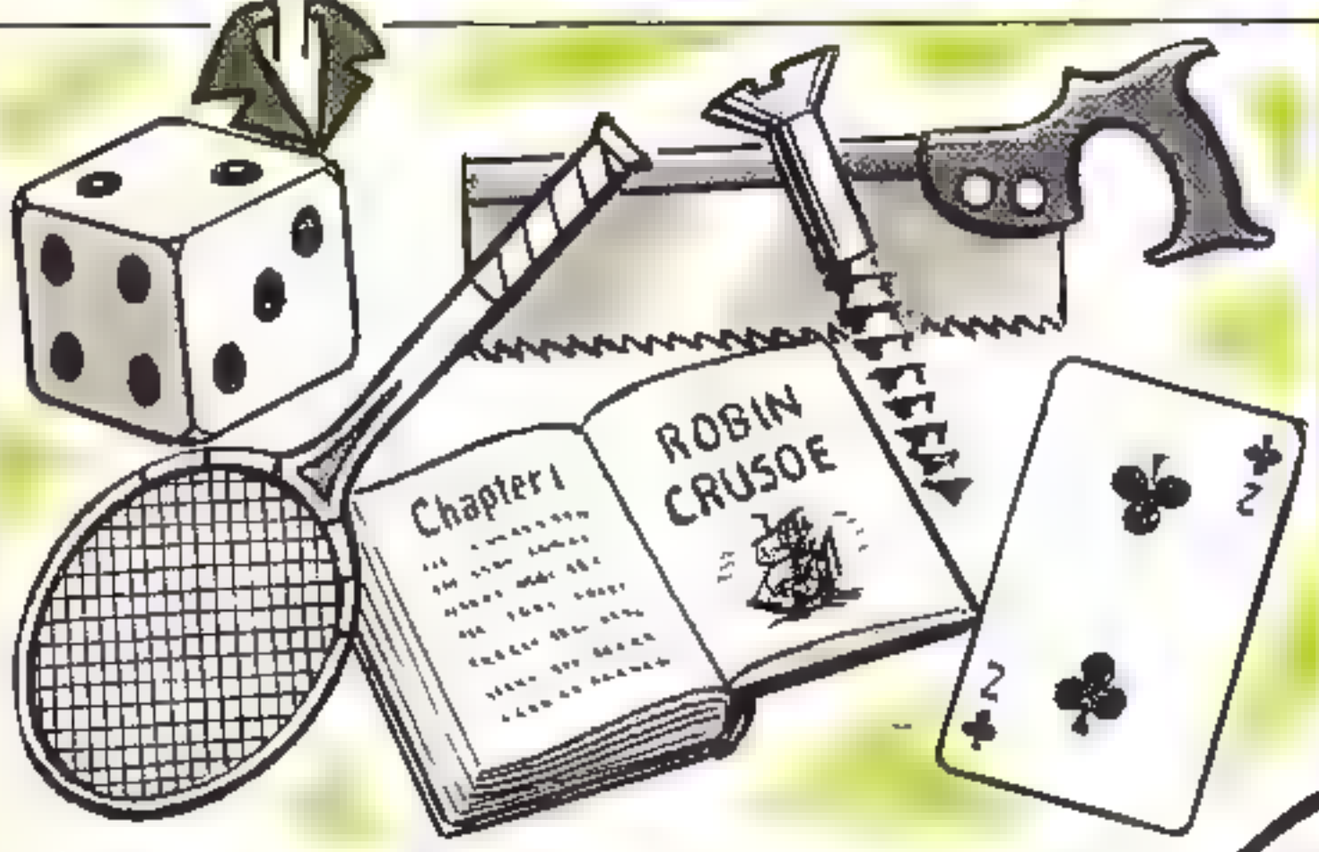
NO NEED TO BOTHER ..I CAN ALWAYS PROTECT YOU BOTH! HA! HA!

PICK OF THE JOKES

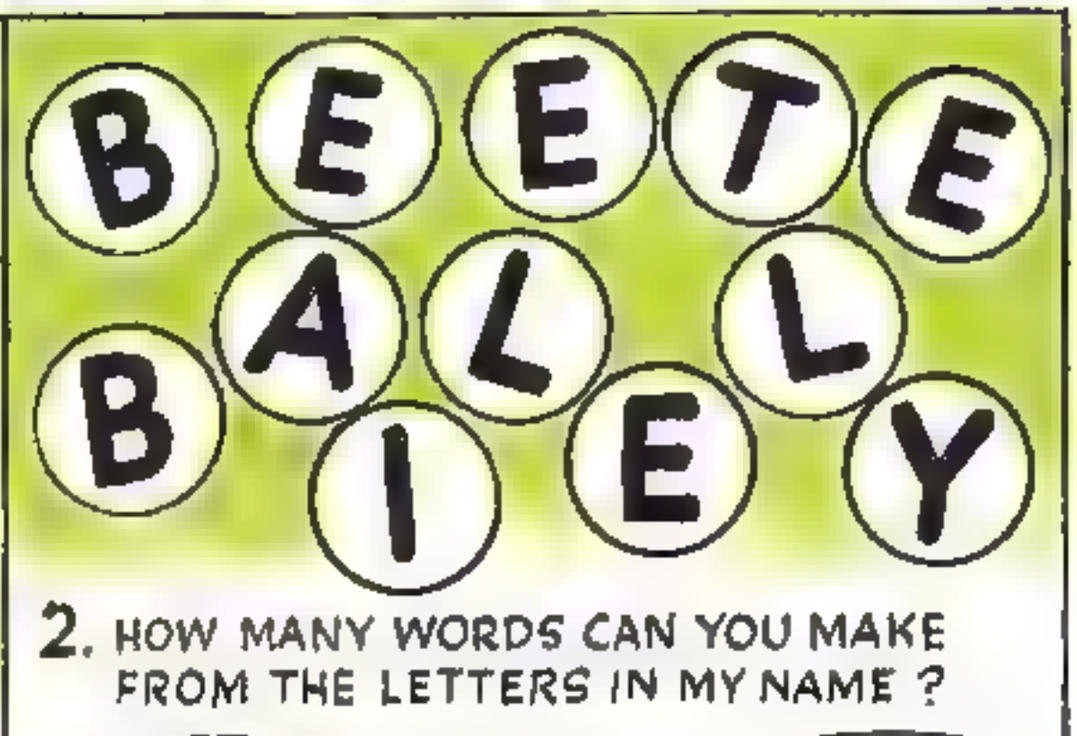




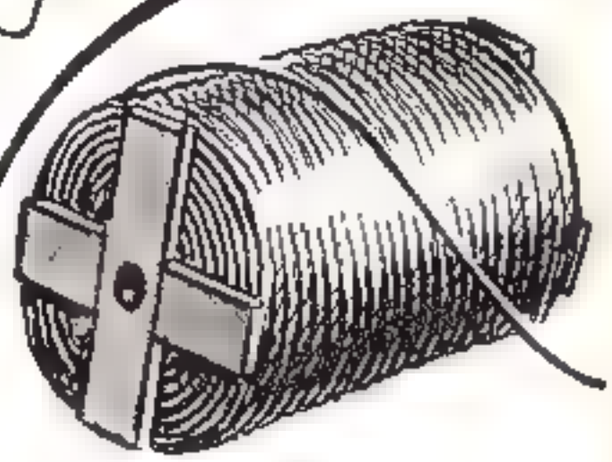
My PUZZLE PAGE



1. THERE ARE SOME DELIBERATE MISTAKES IN THESE DRAWINGS. – *CAN YOU SEE WHAT THEY ARE ?*



2. HOW MANY WORDS CAN YOU MAKE FROM THE LETTERS IN MY NAME ?



3. A MILE OF WIRE GOES ROUND A 40 ACRE FIELD EXACTLY. WHAT SIZE FIELD WOULD TWO MILES OF WIRE ENCLOSE ?

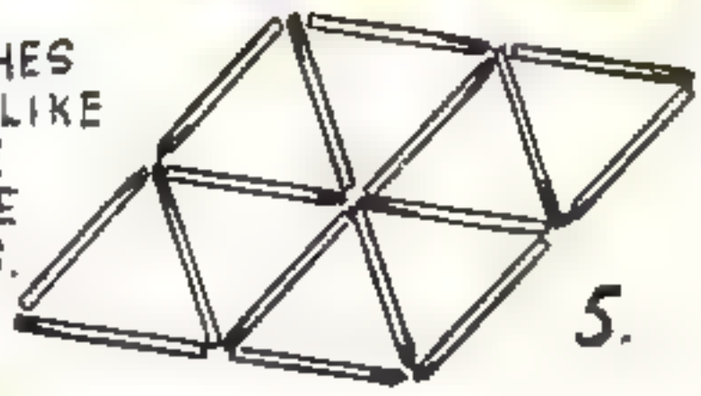
TRY THIS ON YOUR FRIENDS

4. PLACE A STOOL ON THE FLOOR CLOSE TO A WALL. THEN RESTING YOUR HEAD AGAINST THE WALL, TRY TO LIFT THE STOOL AND STAND UPRIGHT.

WHEN IS A SOLDIER GENEROUS ?

6. THERE IS MORE THAN ONE SOLDIER IN THIS PICTURE. *SEE HOW MANY YOU CAN FIND.*

WITH 16 USED MATCHES MAKE A PATTERN LIKE THIS – THEN TAKE 4 AWAY AND LEAVE ONLY 4 TRIANGLES.



5.

ANSWERS

1 SPOTS ON OPPOSITE SIDES OF A DICE ALWAYS = 7. TEETH ON SAW AND THREAD ON SCREW REVERSED. STRINGS ON RACKET SHOULD NOT BE DIAGONAL. PLAYING CARD FIGURES IN WRONG CORNERS AND CLUBS WRONG WAY UP. BOOK WRONG

2 EAT BEAT, BEE, BEET, BELT, TABLE LILY BALL, BALE TALE BAT, TEA, TILE, TAIL – *HOW MANY MORE CAN YOU FIND ?*

3. 160 ACRES

4. I CAN'T DO IT. *CAN YOU ?*

6 THERE ARE EIGHT HIDDEN IN THE PICTURE

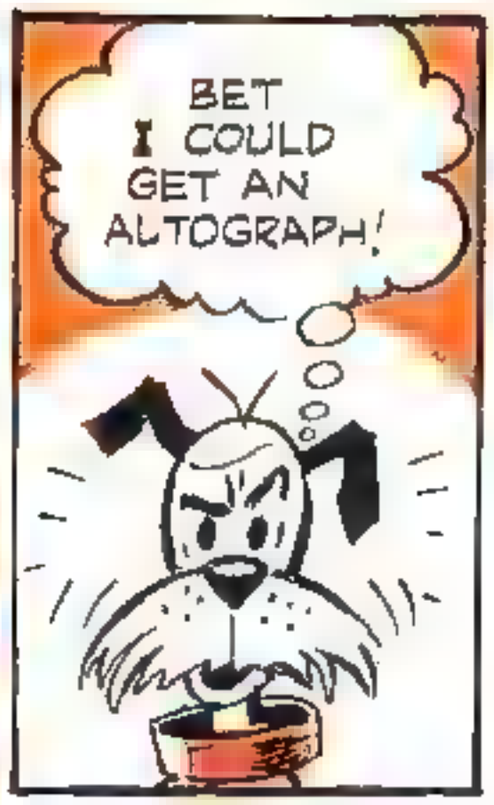
RIDDLE – WHEN HE PRESENTS ALMS

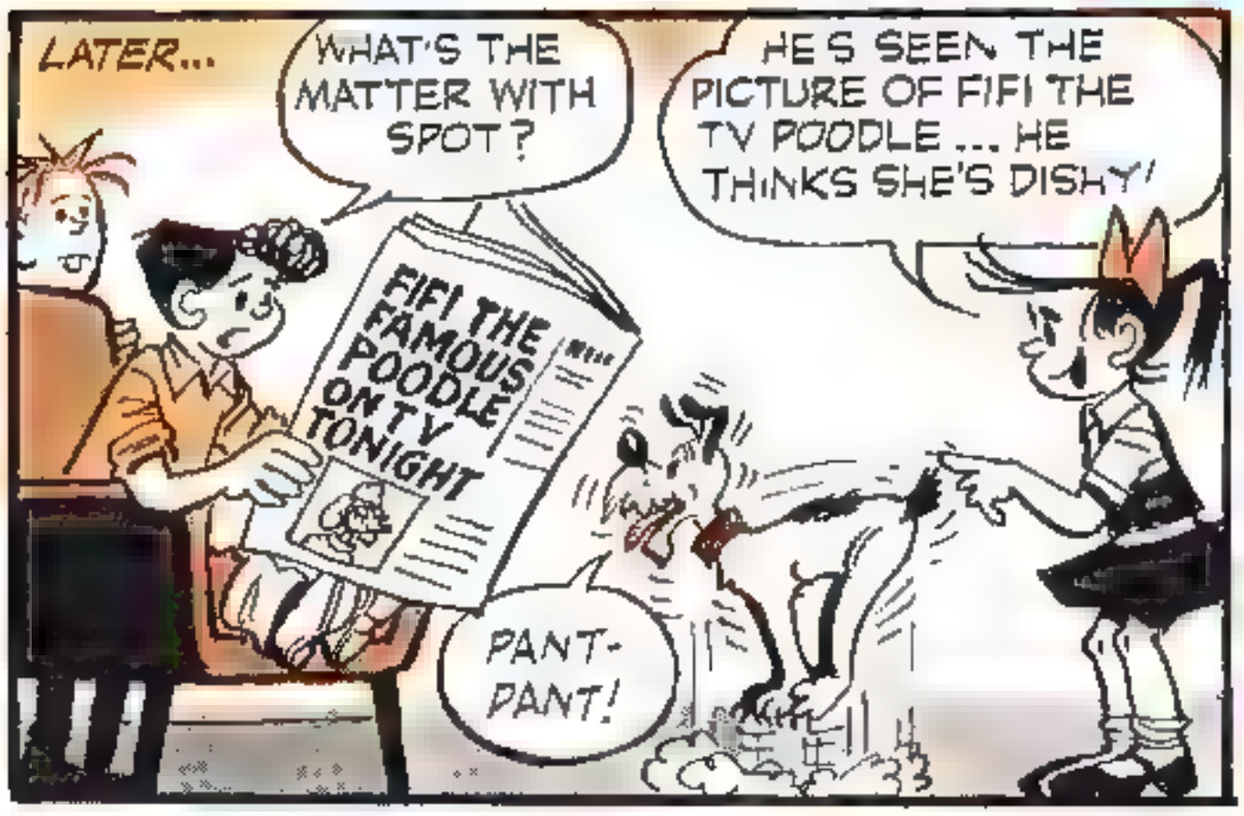
5.

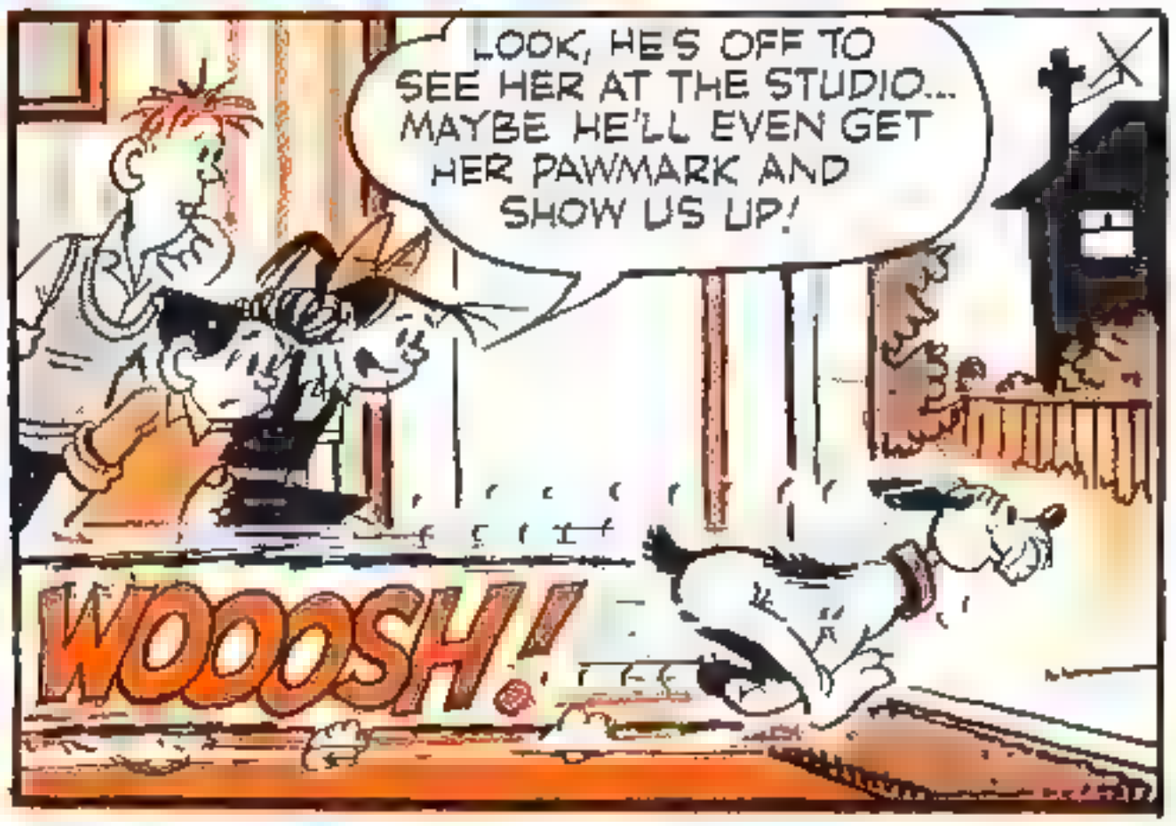
TV TERRORS

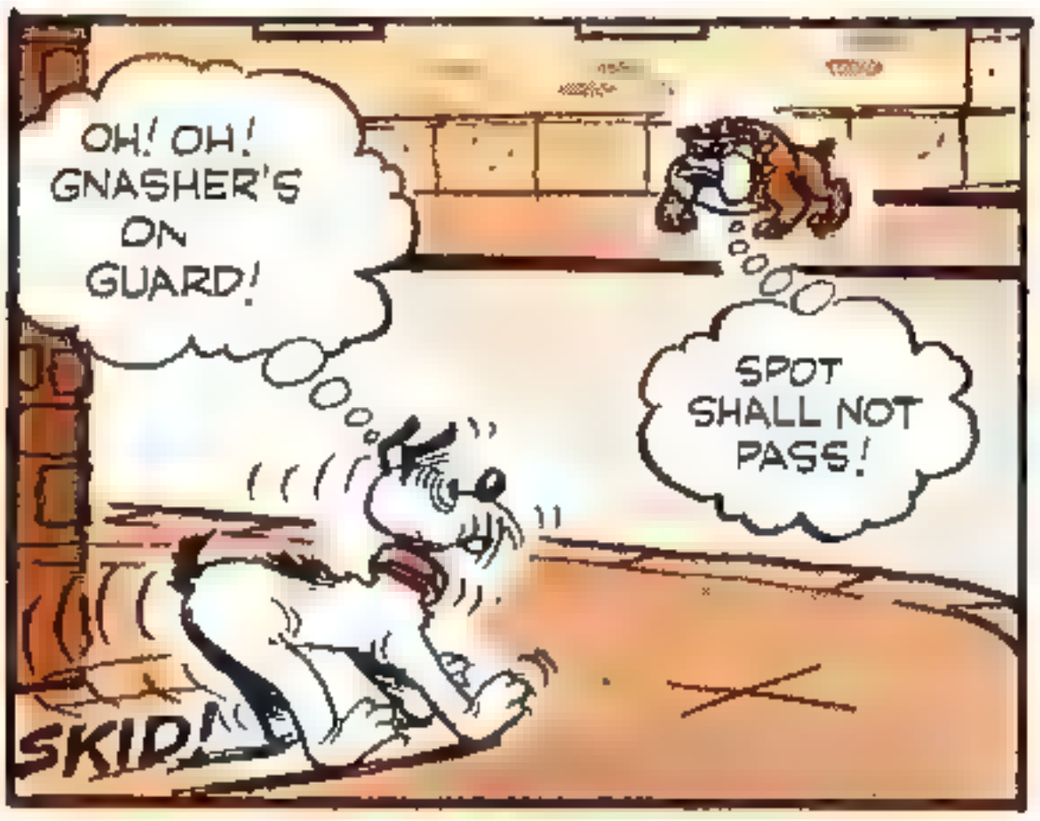
HOPPIT!
CLUMP!

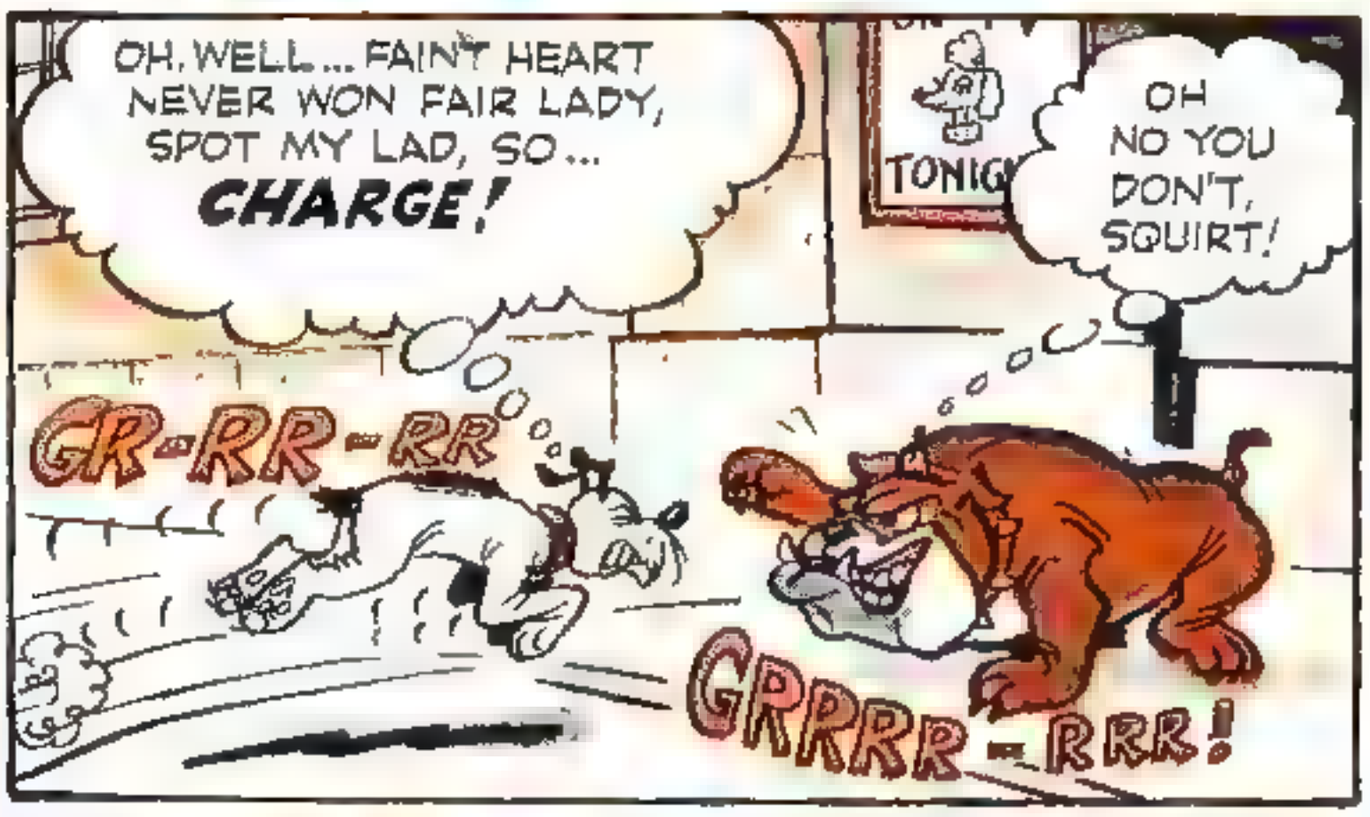
ALL WE WANTED WAS ONE LITTLE AUTOGRAPH!
?

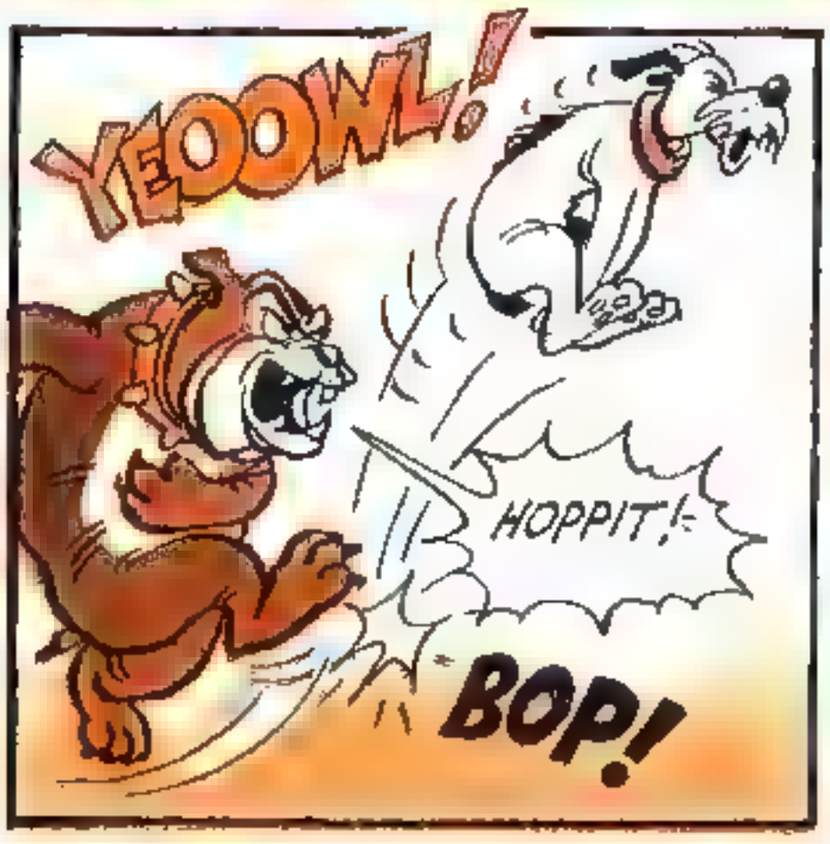

BET I COULD GET AN ALTOGRAPH!

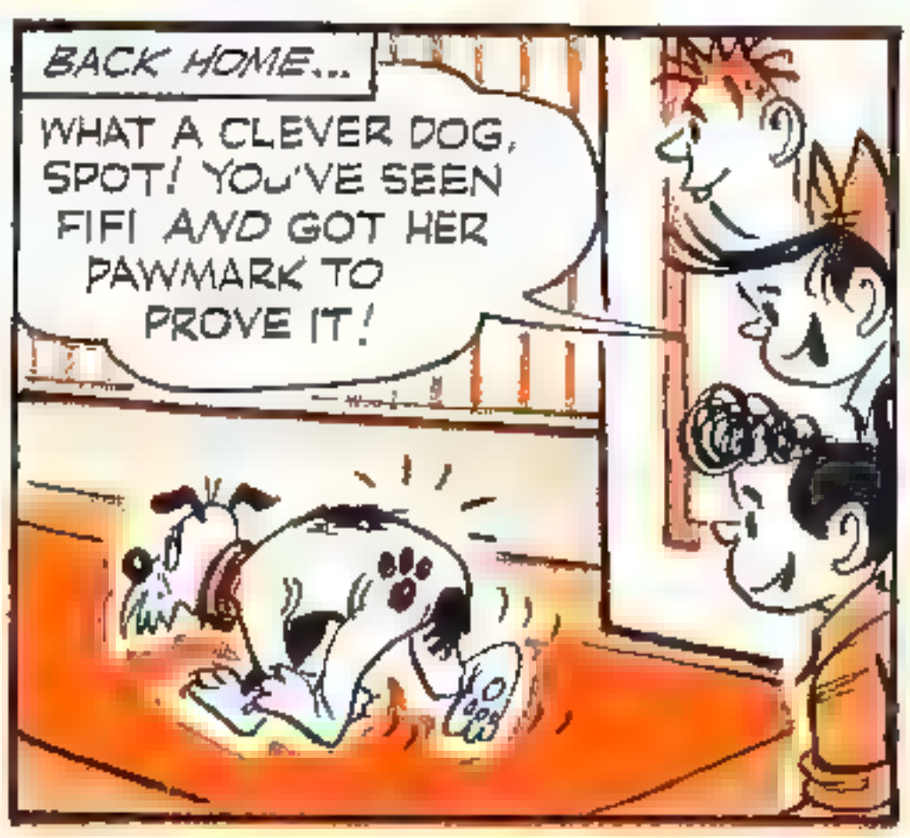

LATER...
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH SPOT?
HE'S SEEN THE PICTURE OF FIFI THE TV POODLE ... HE THINKS SHE'S DISHY!
FIFI THE FAMOUS POODLE ON TV TONIGHT
PANT-PANT!


LOOK, HE'S OFF TO SEE HER AT THE STUDIO... MAYBE HE'LL EVEN GET HER PAWMARK AND SHOW US UP!
WOOOSH!


OH! OH! GNASHER'S ON GUARD!
SPOT SHALL NOT PASS!
SKID!


OH, WELL... FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY, SPOT MY LAD, SO... CHARGE!
GR-RR-RR
TONIG
OH NO YOU DON'T, SQUIRT!
GRRRR-RRR!


YEOOWL!
HOPPIT!
BOP!


BACK HOME...
WHAT A CLEVER DOG, SPOT! YOU'VE SEEN FIFI AND GOT HER PAWMARK TO PROVE IT!

IF ONLY THEY KNEW IT WAS GNASHER'S PAWMARK!

POPEYE

A NICE PEACEFUL SAIL IS WHAT WE BOTH NEEDS, OLIVE!

YOU'RE RIGHT!

LATER AT SEA . . .

BLOW ME DOWN! THIS ISN'T SUCH A PEACEFUL SAIL AFTER ALL . . . THIS BOAT NEEDS A CREW OF TEN MEN!

YOU IS AS STRONG AS TEN MEN, POPEYE! YOU DON'T NEED A CREW!

YIKE! AN OCTOPUS HAS GOT ME GIRL!

HEELLP! POPEYE!

HELP! BLUB! BLUB!

I IS COMIN', BABY!

I'LL TEACH THAT OCTOPUS TO LAY A TENTACLE ON ME GIRL!

WHAM

THAT'LL LEARN YA!

I THINK THAT OCTOPUS MAY COME IN HANDY!

N.M.

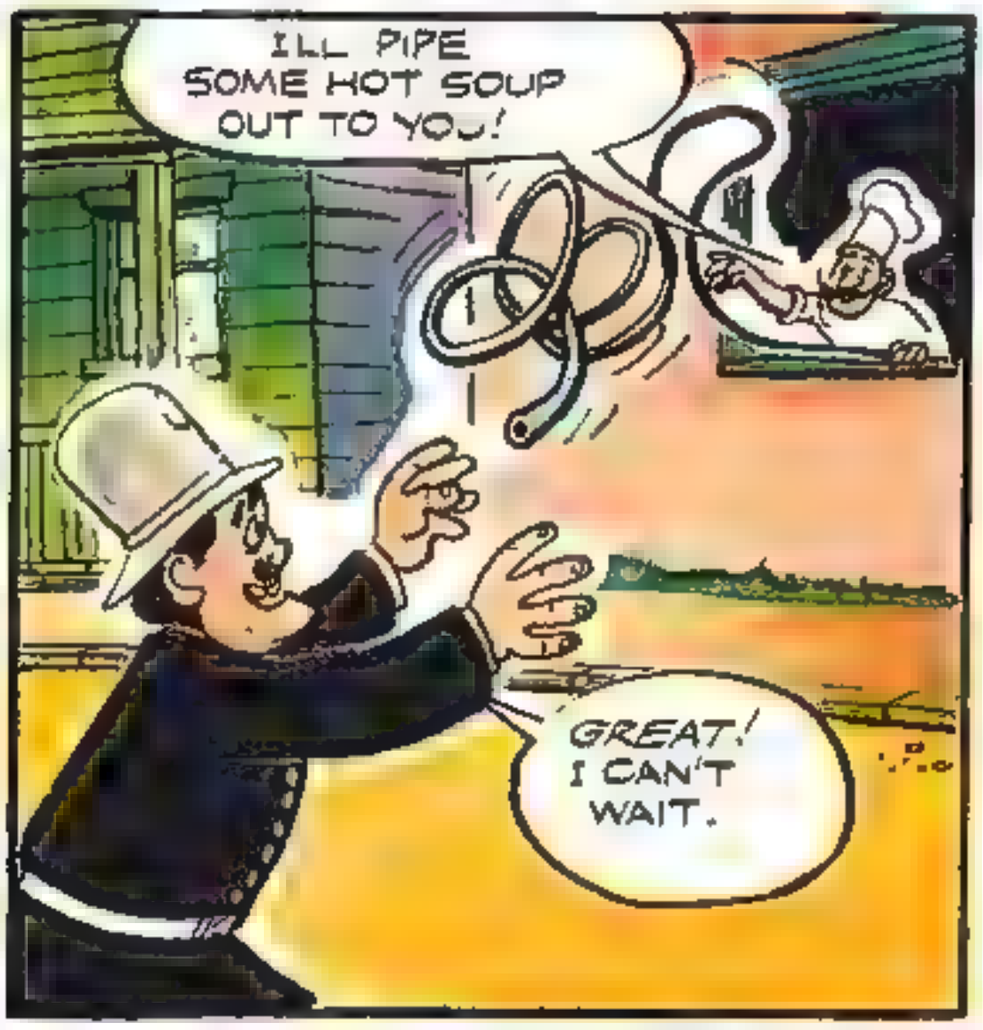
NOW WE HAS A FULL CREW, BOTH OF US CAN GET SOME PEACE! ARF! ARF! ARF!

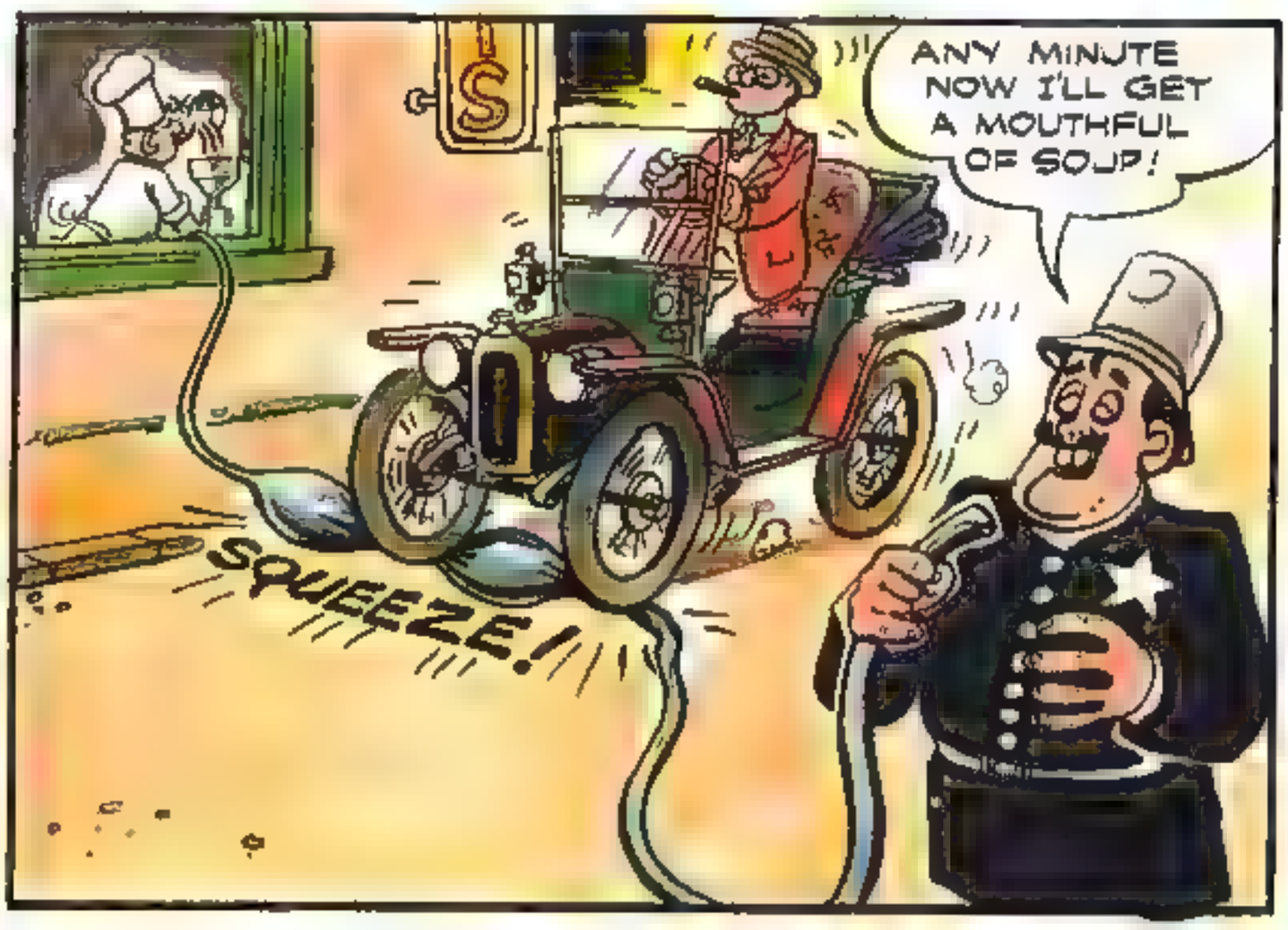
HE! HE!

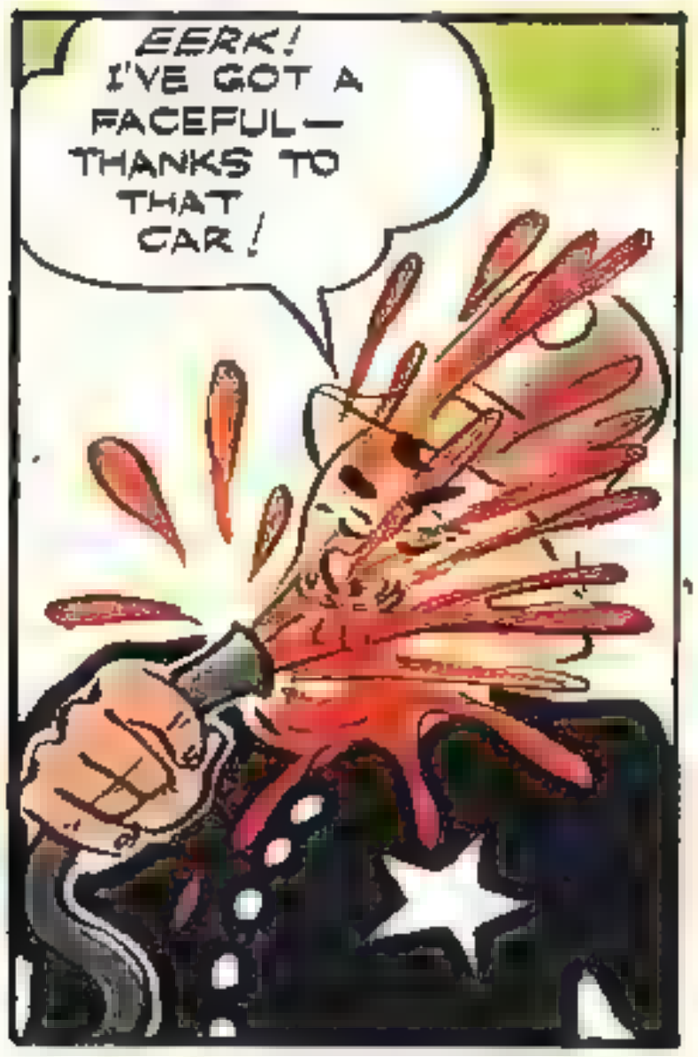
© 1967. King Features Syndicate Inc.

Bob Monkhouse's MAD MOVIES

EATS
CAN YOU GET SOME FOOD OUT TO ME, COOKY? I'M NOT ALLOWED TO LEAVE MY POSITION AND YOU'RE NOT ALLOWED TO CROSS THE ROAD TO ME!
I'LL TRY!
NO CROSSING ZONE







YIKE! ANOTHER CAR! I'LL HAVE TO STOP IT.

YEK! YEK!

SPLAT!

GLUG! WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT? ONLY TWO CARS IN THREE HOURS AND BOTH AT THE WRONG MOMENT!

I'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT FOR SOMETHING TO EAT... CHIEFY WILL TAKE OVER TRAFFIC DUTY IN AN HOUR'S TIME.

AN HOUR LATER...

YOU CAN GO AND GET SOME FOOD NOW— I'LL TAKE OVER.

OH, BOY! COOKY'S CAFE, HERE I COME!

NOW FOR SOME ROAST CHICKEN, RASPBERRY PIE, CUSTARD AND CREAM...*SLOBBER! SLOBBER!*

WHAT ARE YOU DO NG? YOU CAN'T LOCK UP! CAN T YOU SEE I'M STARVING?

CLOSED

IT'S AGAINST THE LAW TO STAY OPEN ANY LATER — I'M AN HONEST CITIZEN!

SOB! WAIL! I'M SO HUNGRY! GNASH! GNASH! MUNCH! MUNCH! MUNCH!

EATS

TV TERRORS

I DECIDED TO TAKE A CRUISE FOR MY HOLIDAY... T S N CE AND SUNNY OUT HERE!

LATER...

HOLIDAYS ARE ALL RIGHT... BUT I M BORED W TH NOT BE.NG ABLE TO BOOT THE TERRORS!

THIS DOOR LOOKS MPORTANT, THINK I'LL GUARD IT!

SHIP'S BALLROOM

TH S FEELS GREAT... JUST LIKE BEING AT WORK!

WOW! THE TERRORS HAVE COME ON A CRU SE TOO...

HOPPIT!

CLEAR OFF!... THIS S NO PLACE FOR THE LIKES OF YOU!

YIKE!

THUNK!

BUT JUST THEN...

LEAVE THEM ALONE, BULLY! THEY'RE MY GUESTS

OUCH! SORRY CAPTAIN!

BAH! I'LL HAVE TO F.ND ANOTHER DOOR TO GUARD!

AHA! THAT'S WHAT I CALL AN IMPRESSIVE LOOKING DOOR...I'LL MAKE SURE NOBODY GETS INSIDE!

WHEEL HOUSE STRICTLY PRIVATE NO ADMITTANCE

WHEEL HOUSE STRICTLY PRIVATE NO ADMITTANCE

CAN'T YOU READ...? THE SIGN SAYS NO ADMITTANCE!

EH?

GET LOST!

BUT I'M STEERING THE SHIP!

THAT'S GOT RID OF THAT CHEEKY MONKEY...NOBODY WILL PASS!

WITHOUT ANYONE AT THE WHEEL, THE SHIP GOES OUT OF CONTROL...

EEEK!

HELP!

CRUNCH!

THIS IS THE CAPTAIN.. TAKE COVER! THE SHIP IS GOING HAYWIRE!

SO YOU'RE THE IDIOT WHO KICKED MY HELMSMAN AWAY FROM THE WHEEL! I'VE GOT A SPECIAL PUNISHMENT FOR YOU...

WHEEL HOUSE STRICTLY PRIVATE NO ADMITTANCE

...YOU CAN STAY THERE UNTIL ANOTHER SHIP PICKS YOU UP!

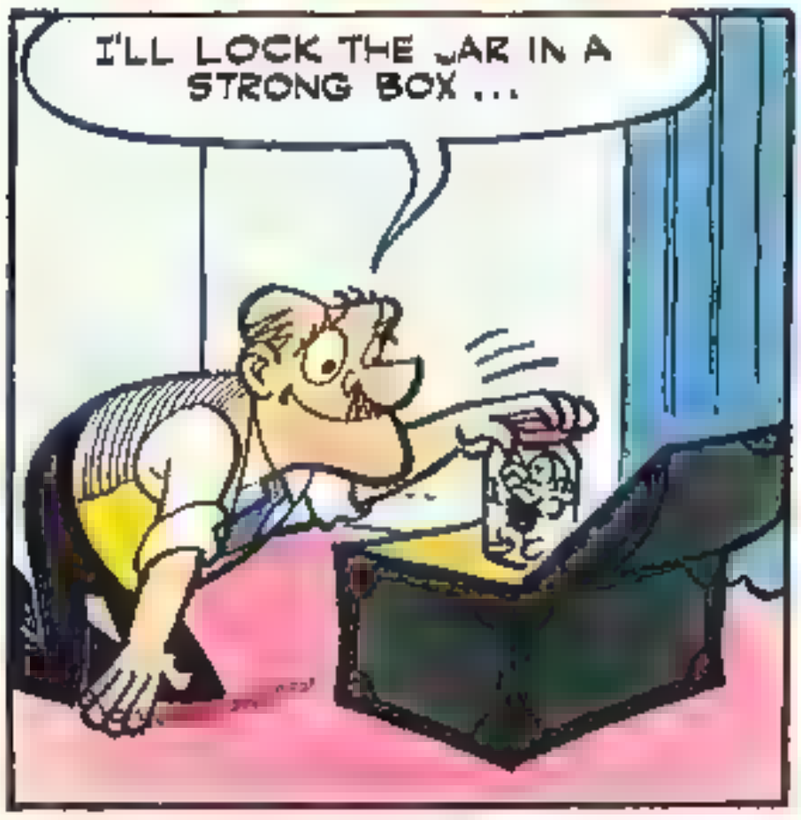
HE! HE!

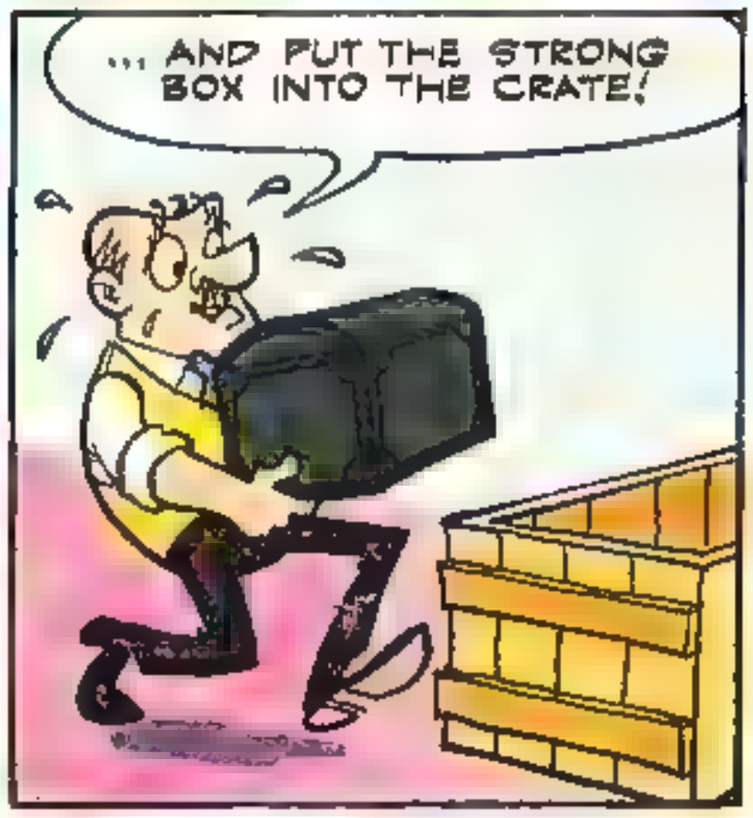
HE'LL BE HAPPY FOR A FEW WEEKS ...AS LONG AS HE'S GOT THAT DOOR TO GUARD! HA! HA!

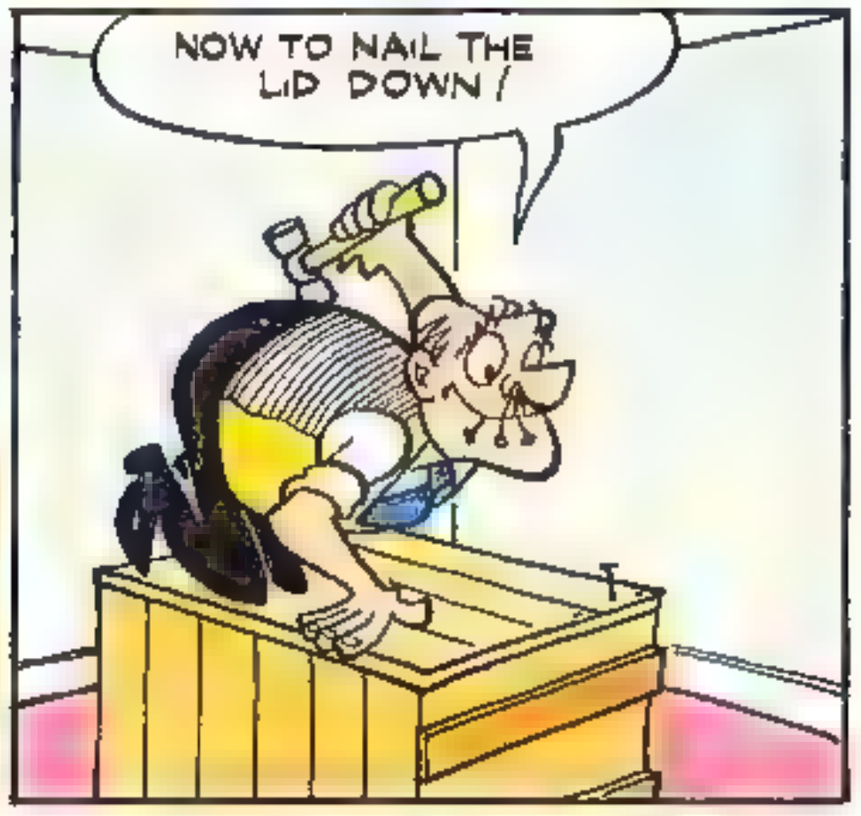
MIGHTY MOTH

GOTTYA!
EEK!

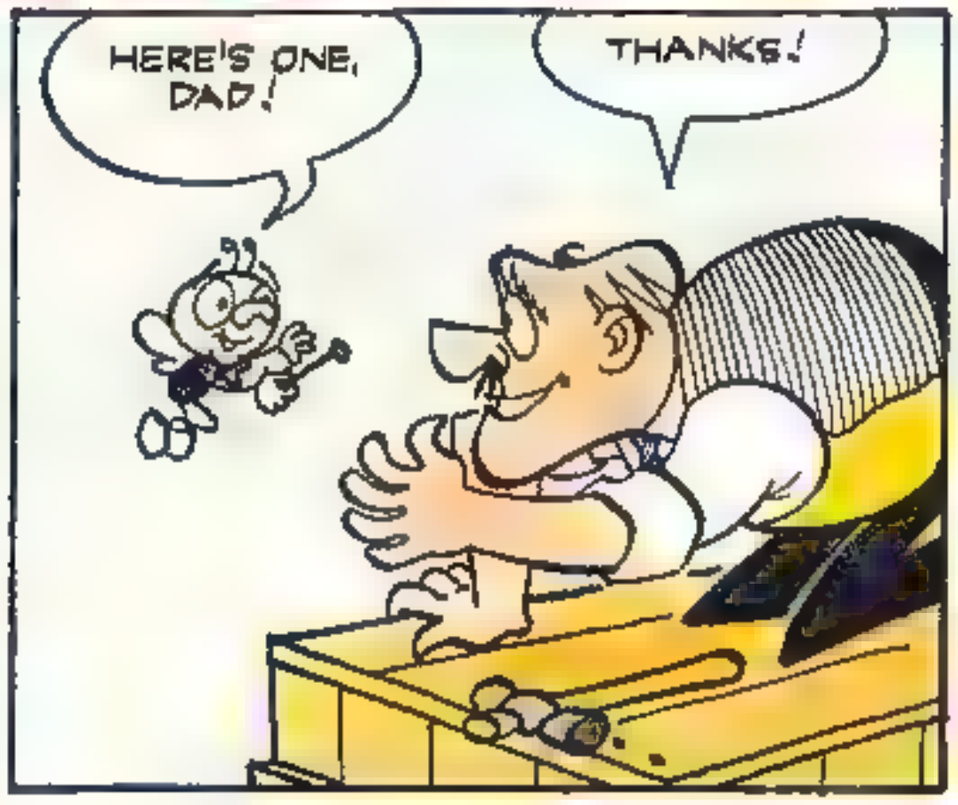
AT LAST I'VE GOT THAT MOTH! BUT BEFORE I DUMP HIM I'LL MAKE SURE HE CAN'T ESCAPE!


I'LL LOCK THE JAR IN A STRONG BOX ...

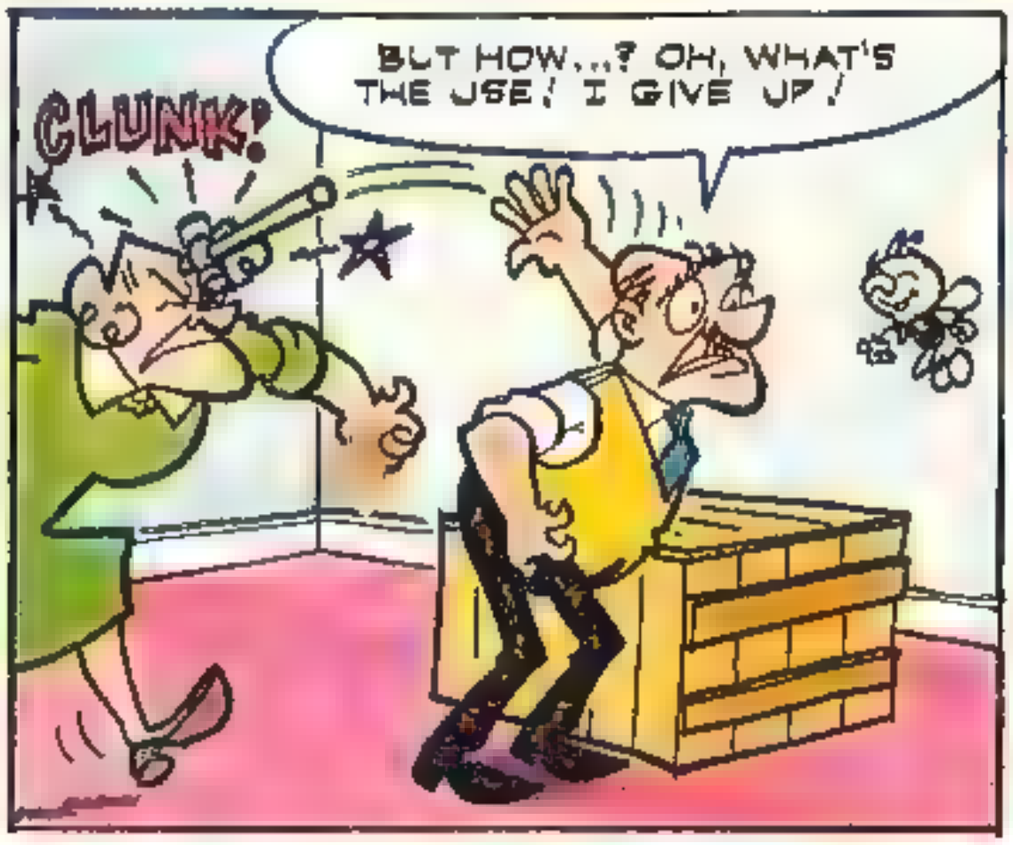

... AND PUT THE STRONG BOX INTO THE CRATE!

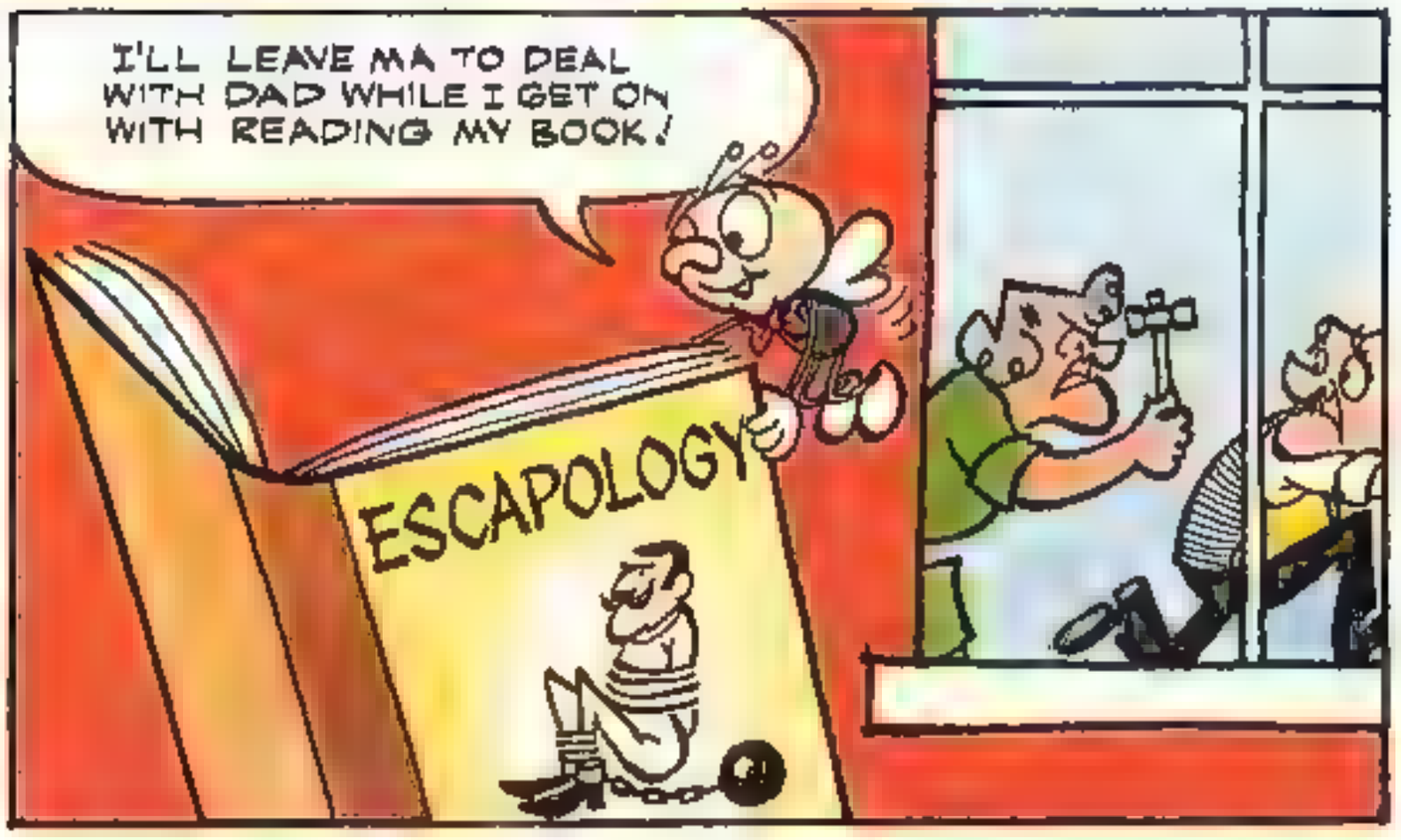

NOW TO NAIL THE LID DOWN!

I NEED ONE MORE NAIL, JUST TO MAKE SURE!

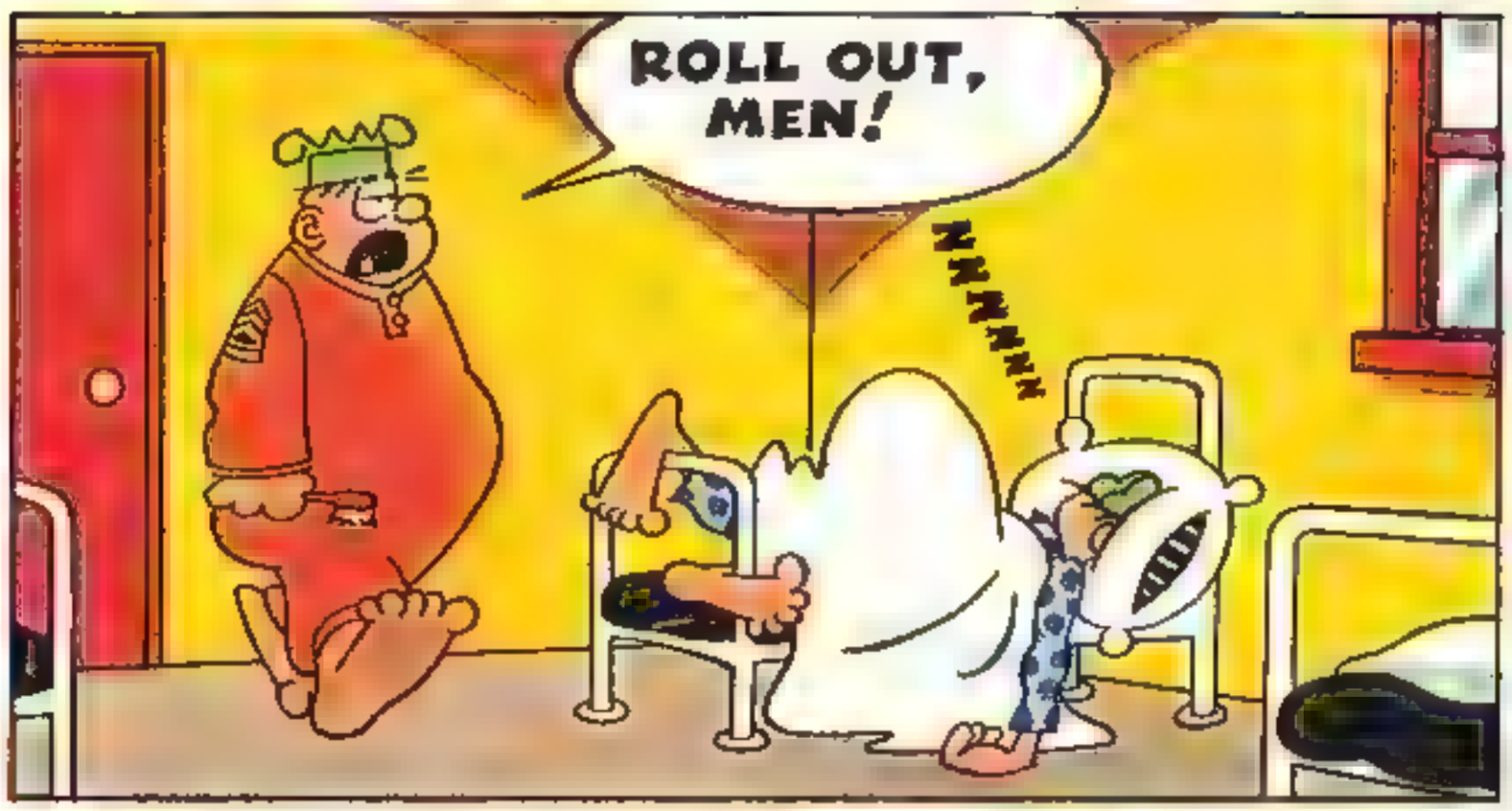

HERE'S ONE, DAD!
THANKS!

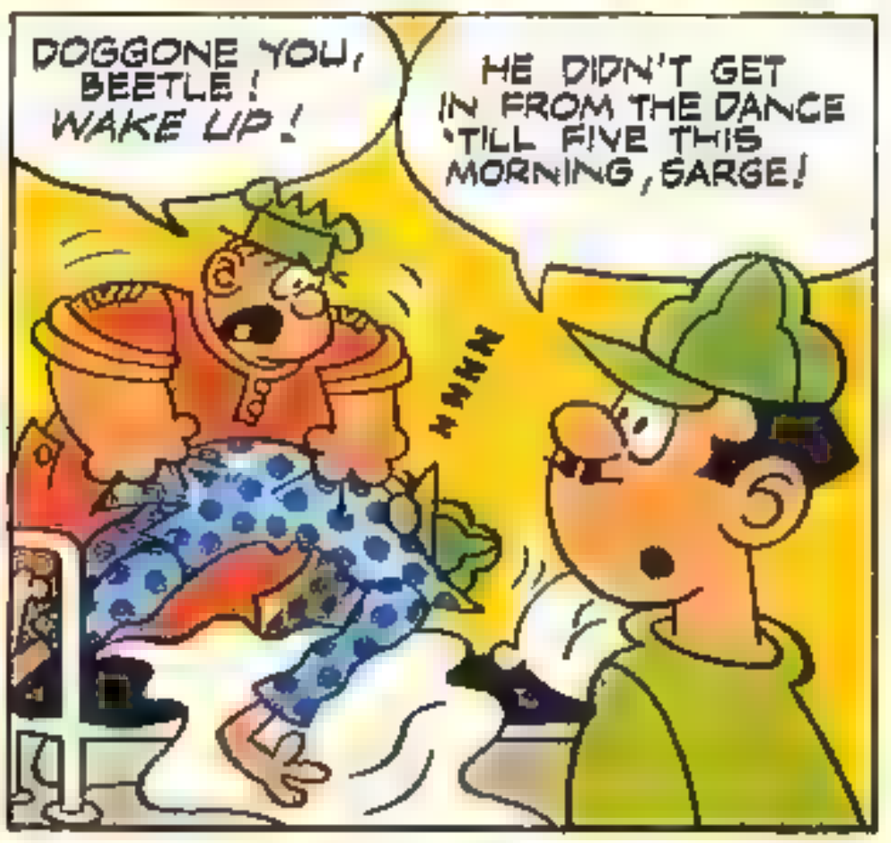
EH?

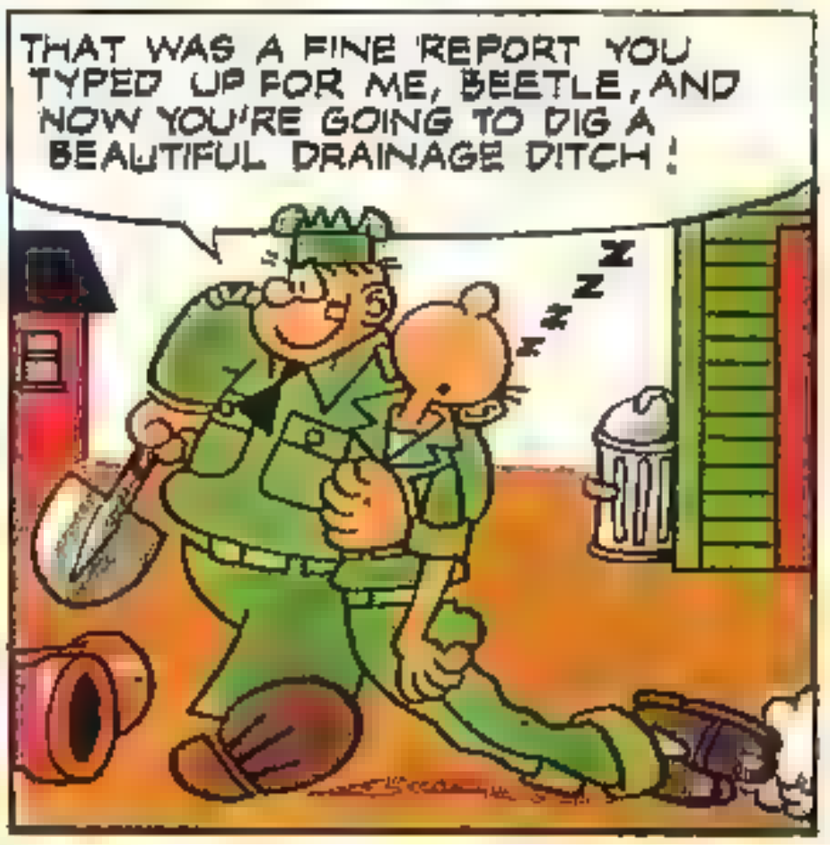

CLUNK!
BUT HOW...? OH, WHAT'S THE USE! I GIVE UP!

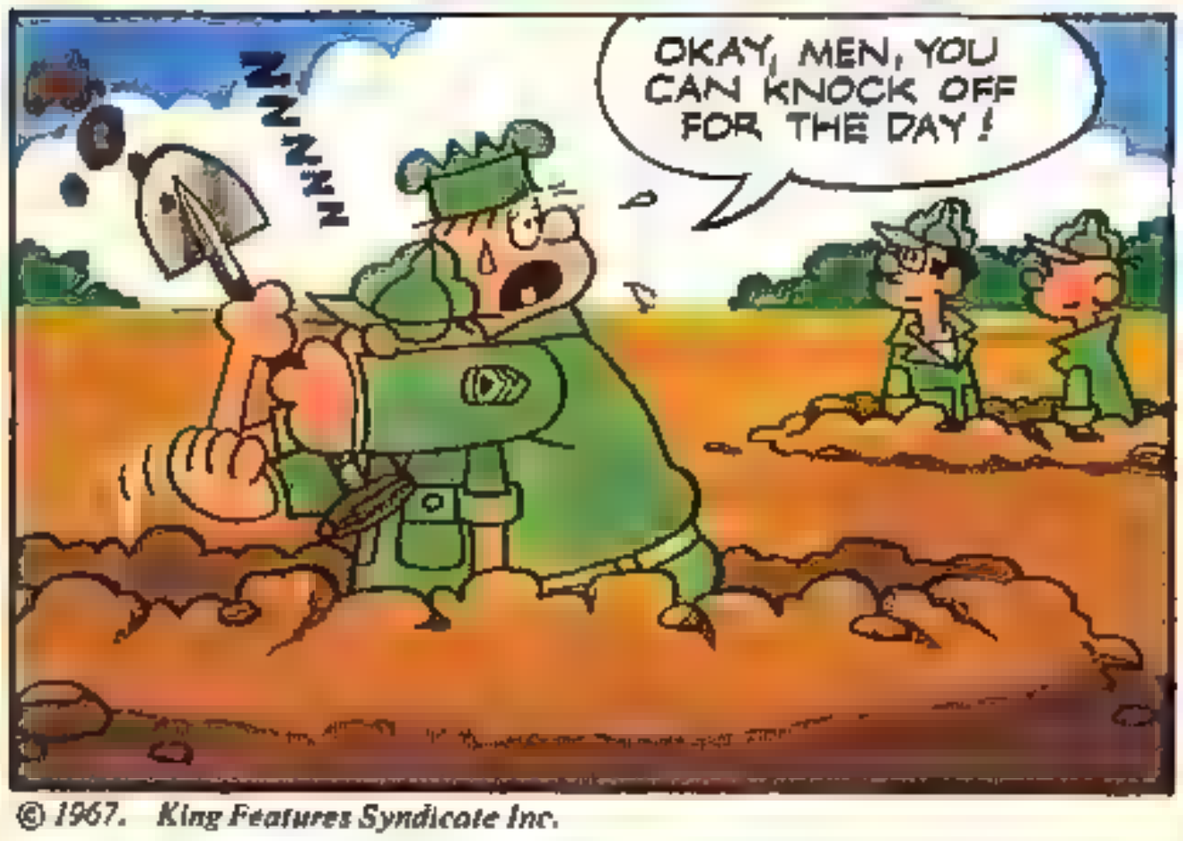

I'LL LEAVE MA TO DEAL WITH DAD WHILE I GET ON WITH READING MY BOOK!
ESCAPOLOGY

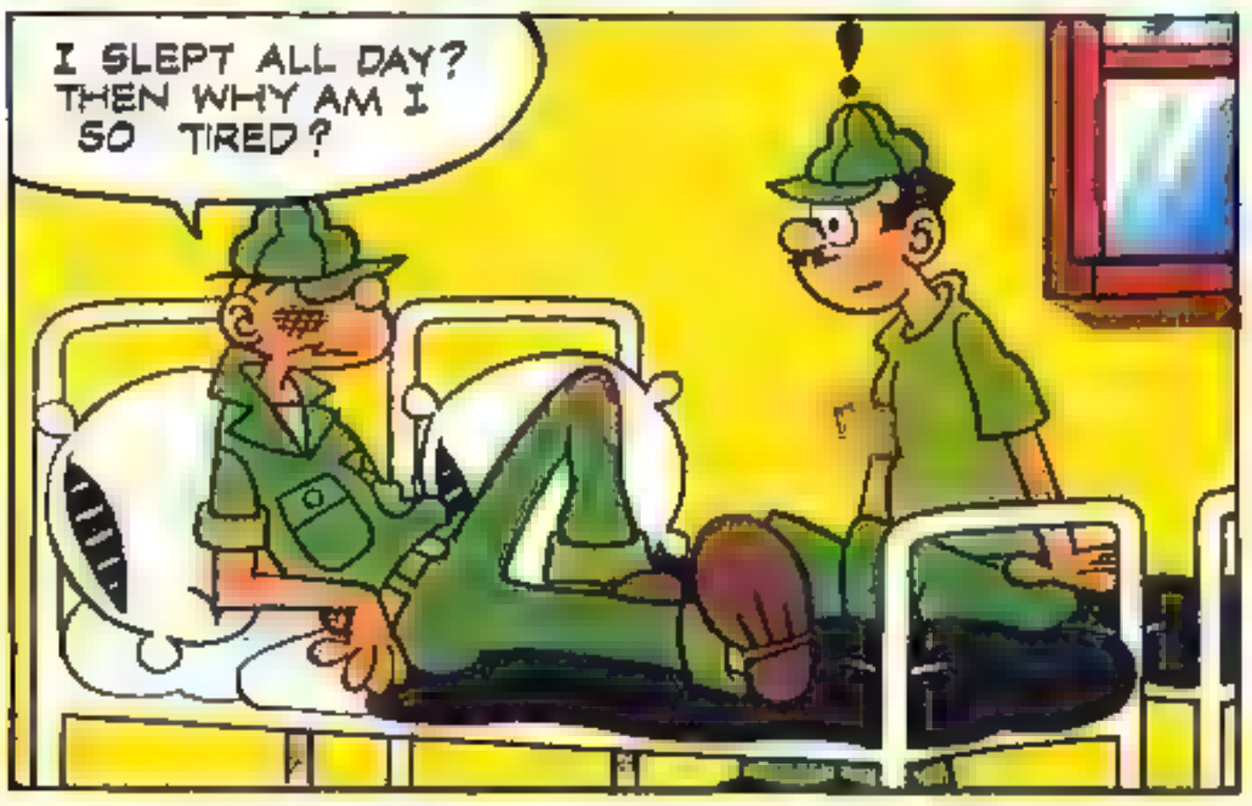
BEETLE BAILEY











© 1967. King Features Syndicate Inc.

TV TERRORS

THERE'S FUN AFOOT WHEN THE TV.T (*TELEVISION TERRORS*) OUTSIDE BROADCAST UNIT VISITS THE AUSTRALIA V. ENGLAND RUGBY MATCH.

RUGBY AUSTRALIA v ENGLAND

WHERE'S THE GROUNDSMAN?

HEY, S LLY! THAT'S NOT THE BALL!

EEEK!

IS THIS WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR?

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE SAID NASTY TH NGS ABOUT THE AUSTRALIANS, DAD!

HE MUST BE HOMESICK FOR AUSTRALIA... HE'S TRYING TO GET BACK DOWN UNDER!

AUTOGRAPH PLEASE!

TV T. TV

Tivvy

PHEW! I COULD DO WITH A SHOWER!

I'LL FIT A SHOWER TO THAT WATER PIPE!

THE NOZZLE OF THIS WATERING CAN WILL DO FINE!

WHAM!

I'LL HAVE A SHOWER IN NO TIME AT ALL!

YIKE! I'M GETTING MY SHOWER QUICKER THAN I WANTED IT—THE PIPE'S BURST!

I'VE GOT TO BLOCK UP THAT JET OF WATER!

THIS CORK WILL DO THE TRICK!

NEVILLE MAIN

NOW I CAN HAVE A SHOWER WHENEVER I WANT — ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS PULL OUT THE CORK! HE! HE!

Tivvy created by Atelier Fauni, Finland

BOB MONKHOUSE'S

MAD MOVIES

THE TRAIL OF A BANK ROBBER LEADS THE KEYSTONE KOPS TO A HAUNTING TIME IN AN OLD WESTERN

GHOST TOWN!

HOTEL

SALOON

BARBER SHOP

DESERTED DESERT

SHORT BACK AND SIDES...I'LL BE BACK FOR MY HEAD IN TWENTY MINUTES!

I'LL BOOK YOU FOR HANGING AROUND!

POLICE GHOST SQUAD

I WAS THE FASTEST GUN IN THE WEST... TILL I MET FLASH GUN HARRY!

THEY WENT THATAWAY!

EEEEEK!

BOO!

CITY JAIL AND SHERRIFF'S OFFICE

RECKON I'LL JEST FADE IN CASE THEY ASK ME TO HELP!

WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE SID SPOOK

HELP!

ULP!

I'M BILLY THE KID!

I TOLD HIM ONLY YESTERDAY... WHEN I MAKE BOOTS, THEY LAST A LIFETIME!

YOU SPOOK WHEN YOU'RE SPOOKEN TO!

NO HAUNTING MON. TO FRI. 9A.M.-6P.M.

BOOT HILL

THE ENGINE'S GIVEN UP THE GHOST! HA! HA!

POLICE

I HOPE YOU'RE ONLY A GHOST, PUSSY!

FUN-FAIR GAME.

HERE is a wonderful game for two or more players. All you need is a dice for scoring and small coloured counters. The first player to throw six can begin the journey through the fair ground.

WIN A PRIZE AT THE SHOOTING-RANGE. Take an extra turn.

LOSE YOUR BALLOONS. Go back to 20.

EXTRA LONG TURN ON THE ROUNDABOUT. Move straight to 41.

DROPPED A GLOVE. Move back the number you throw instead of forward.

GET A CAR FIRST TRY ON THE DODGEMS. Move straight to 9.

LOSE YOUR HAT ON THE HELTER-SKELTER. Go back to 5.

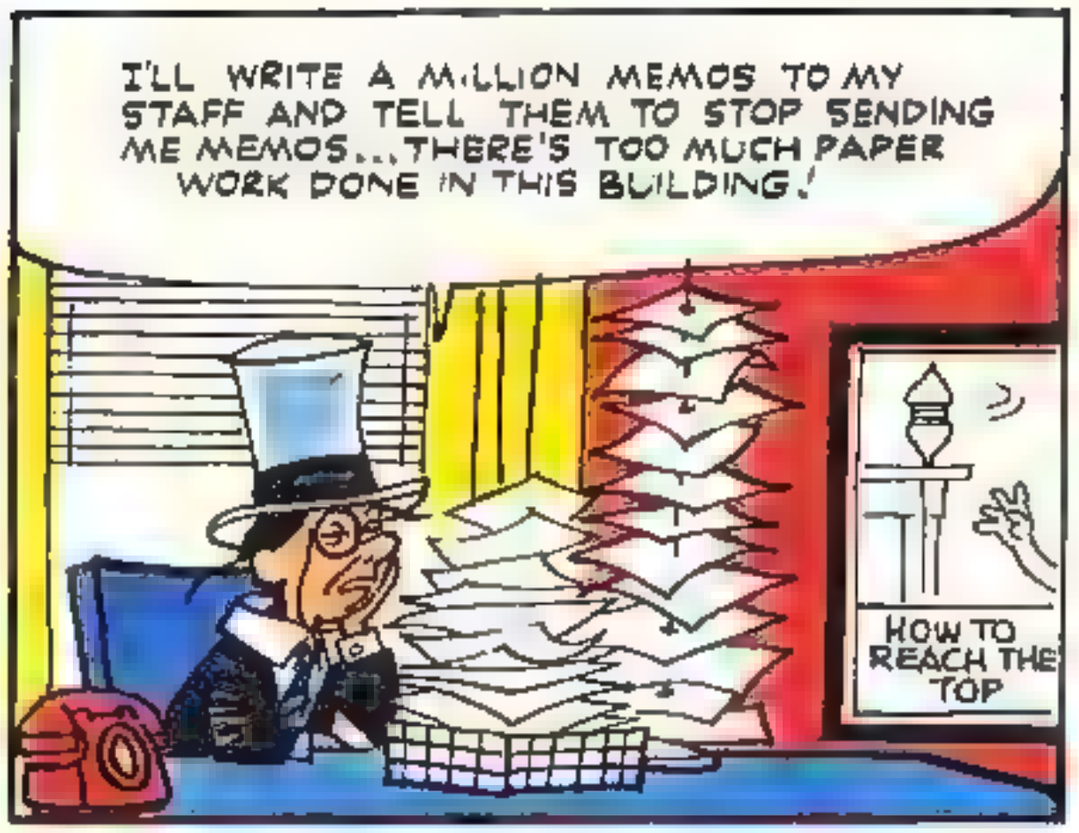
DELAYED BY QUEUE FOR FORTUNE-TELLER. Miss 1 turn.

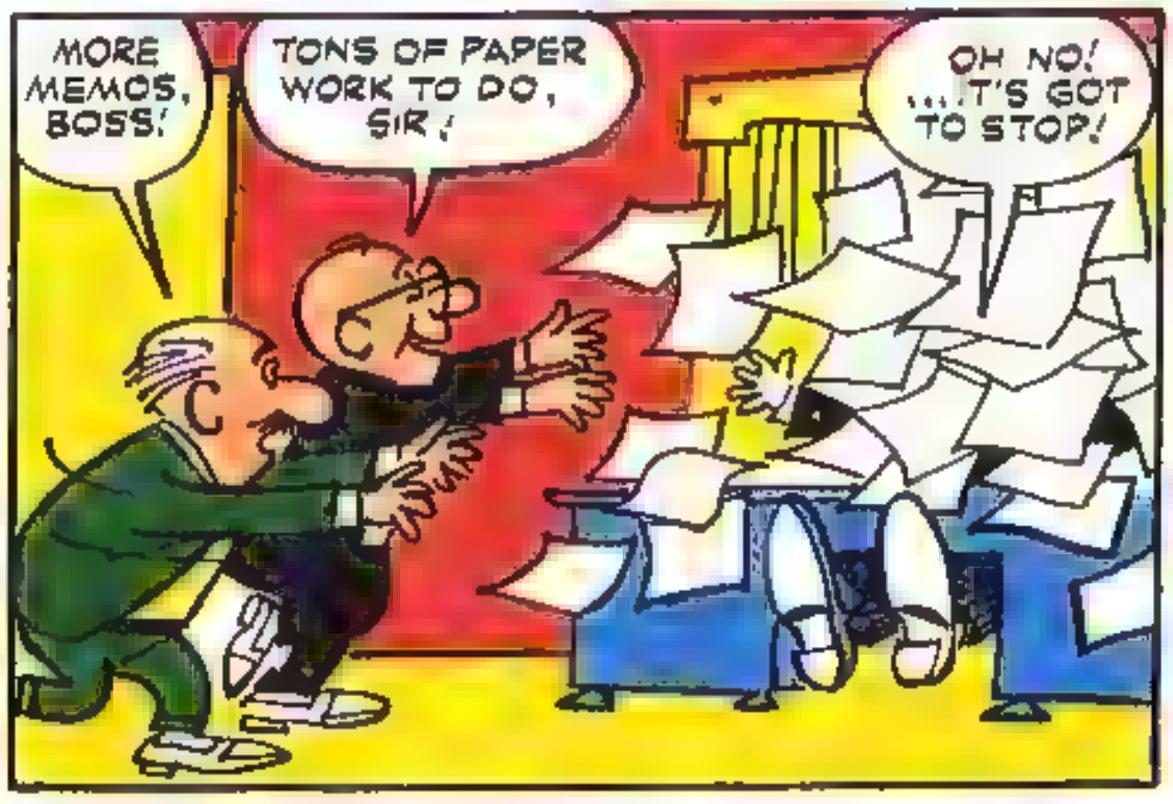
A FRIEND BUYS YOU SOME CANDY-FLOSS. Take an extra turn.

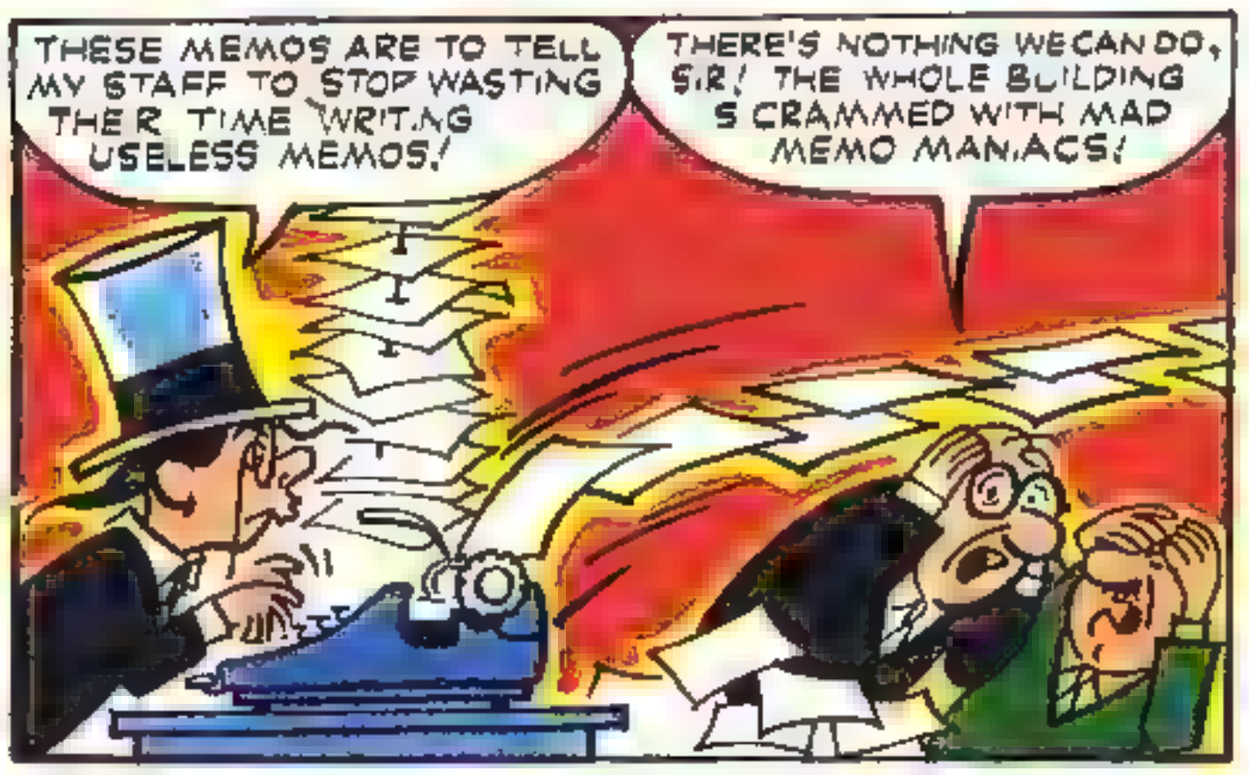
PAUSE TO SEE HOW MUCH MONEY YOU HAVE LEFT. Miss 2 turns.

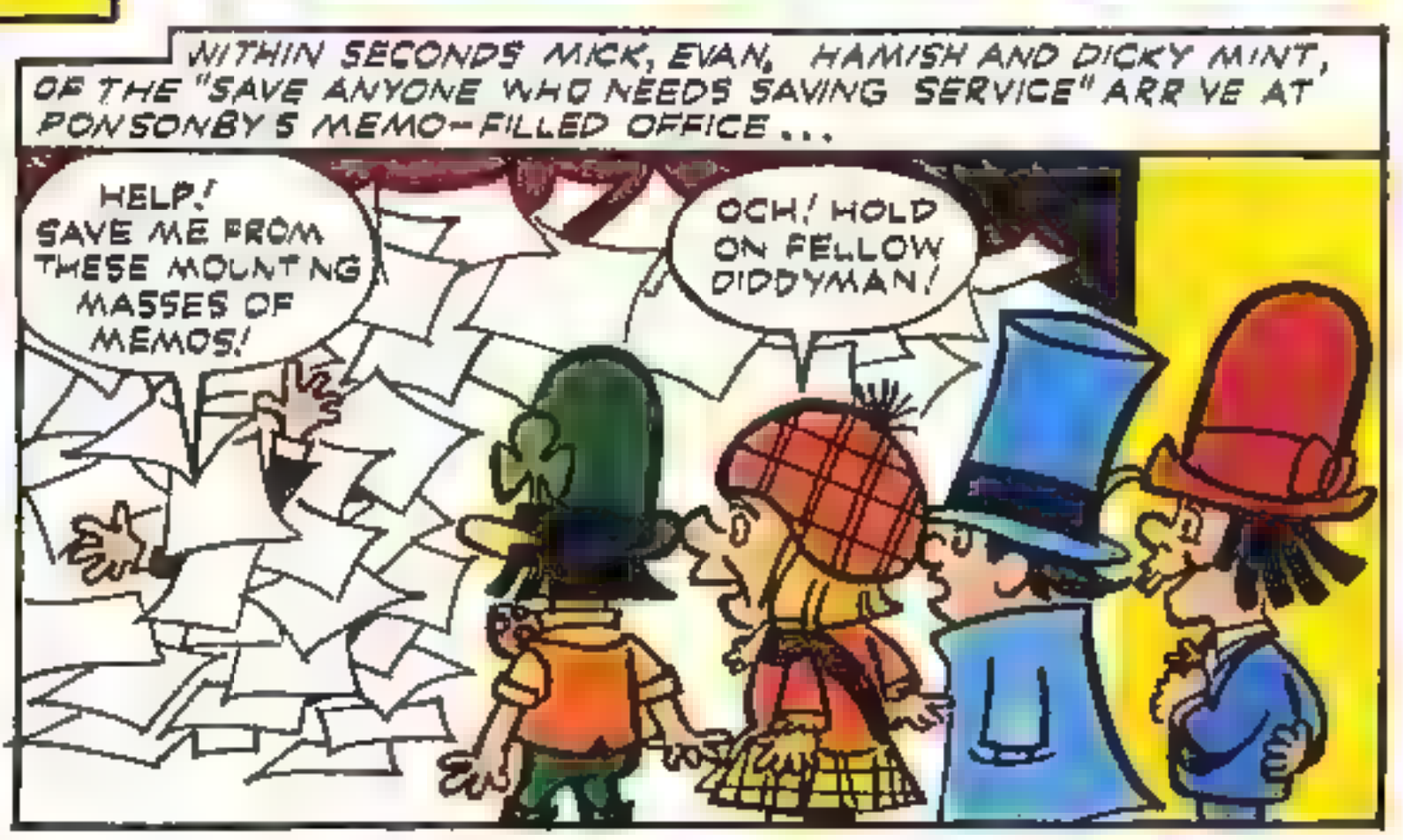
FINISH	52	51	50	49	48	47	46	45	44	43	42	41	40	
34	33	32	31	30	29	28								
35						27								
36						26								
37						25								
38						24								
39						23	22	21	20					
40									19					
41									18					
42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52				

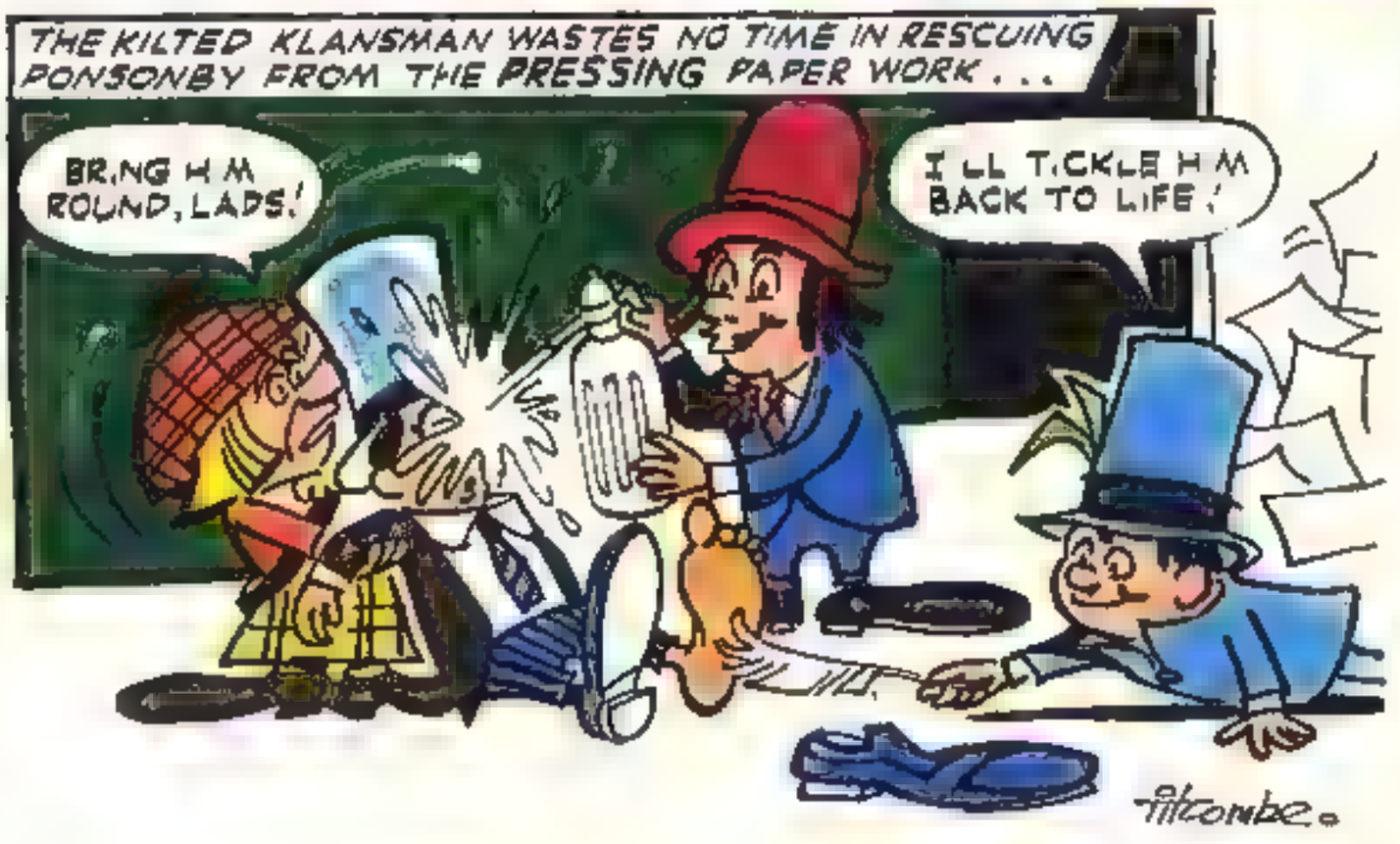
KEN DODD'S DIDDYMEN


I'LL WRITE A MILLION MEMOS TO MY STAFF AND TELL THEM TO STOP SENDING ME MEMOS...THERE'S TOO MUCH PAPER WORK DONE IN THIS BUILDING!
HOW TO REACH THE TOP




THESE MEMOS ARE TO TELL MY STAFF TO STOP WASTING THEIR TIME WRITING USELESS MEMOS!
THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO, SIR! THE WHOLE BUILDING IS CRAMMED WITH MAD MEMO MANIACS!


WITHIN SECONDS MICK, EVAN, HAMISH AND DICKY MINT, OF THE "SAVE ANYONE WHO NEEDS SAVING SERVICE" ARRIVE AT PONSONBY'S MEMO-FILLED OFFICE...
HELP! SAVE ME FROM THESE MOUNTING MASSES OF MEMOS!
OCH! HOLD ON FELLOW DIDDYMAN!


THE KILTED KLANSMAN WASTES NO TIME IN RESCUING PONSONBY FROM THE PRESSING PAPER WORK...
BRING HIM ROUND, LADS!
I'LL TICKLE HIM BACK TO LIFE!
Fitzcombe.

LOOK! THE MEMO MENACE, GOES ON!

WE'LL FIGHT 'EM IN THE CORRIDORS, WE'LL FIGHT 'EM IN THE BASEMENT AND IF NECESSARY WE'LL SURRENDER!

MICKY DECIDES TO MARMALIZE THE MEMOS WITH A MATCH...

T'BE SURE THIS MATCH WILL BE A MATCH FER YOU MEMOS!

STRIKE A LIGHT! MICK'S SETTING FIRE TO THE PLACE! CLEAR OUT!

DIDDYMEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST! INTO THE FISH POND FOR SAFETY!

OH, NO! MY WATERWINGS HAVE A PUNCTURE AND I CAN'T SWIM!

COURAGE, MAN! IT'S ONLY FOUR INCHES DEEP!

MUNICIPAL FISH POND

AND NO FISHING EITHER!

MY BUILDING! IT'S BURNED TO THE GROUND!

AH! WHAT A LLOVELLY SIGHT! THE MEMOS ARE BEATEN!

AT LAST! NO BUILDING!... THAT MEANS NO BUSINESS AND NO BUSINESS MEANS...

...NO PAPER WORK!

BUT NOT MORE THAN FIVE JAM BUTTY LENGTHS AWAY, A CROWD OF ANGRY CITIZENS WHO HAVE HAD THINGS DAMAGED BY THE FIRE, ARE MARCHING TOWARDS PONSONBY AND HIS FISHY FRIENDS...

NO PAPER WORK, EH? WELL I VE GOT A BILL FOR A NEW JACKET!

YOUR F RE MELTED MY PLASTIC FLOWERS! I'VE GOT A BILL FOR NEW ONES!

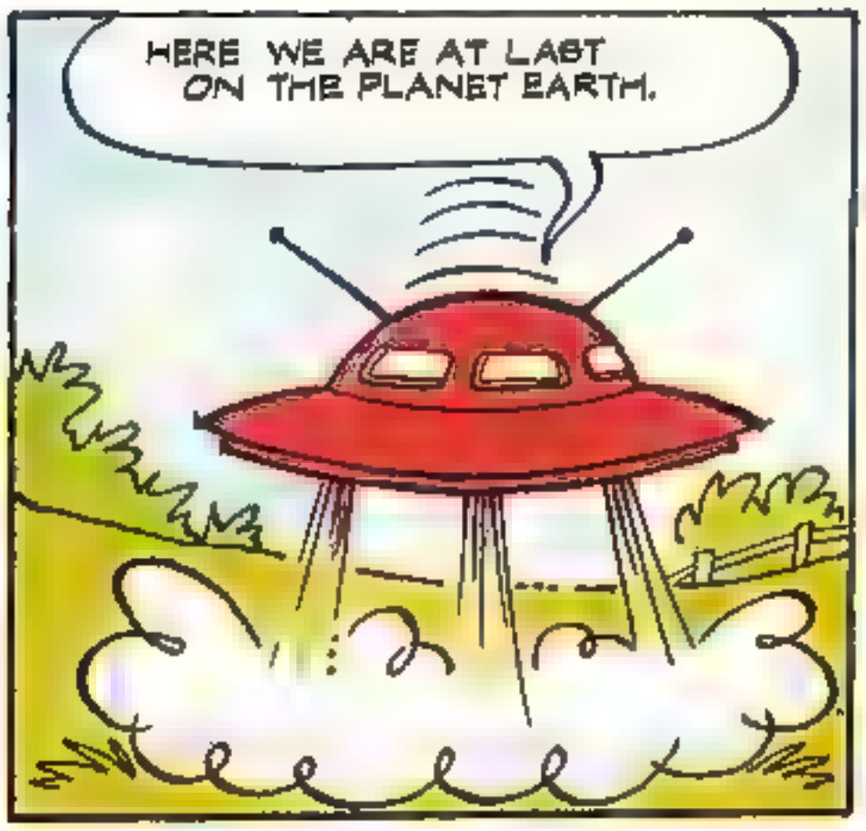
A BILL FOR A W G TO REPLACE MY SINGED HA R!...

TAKE THIS!

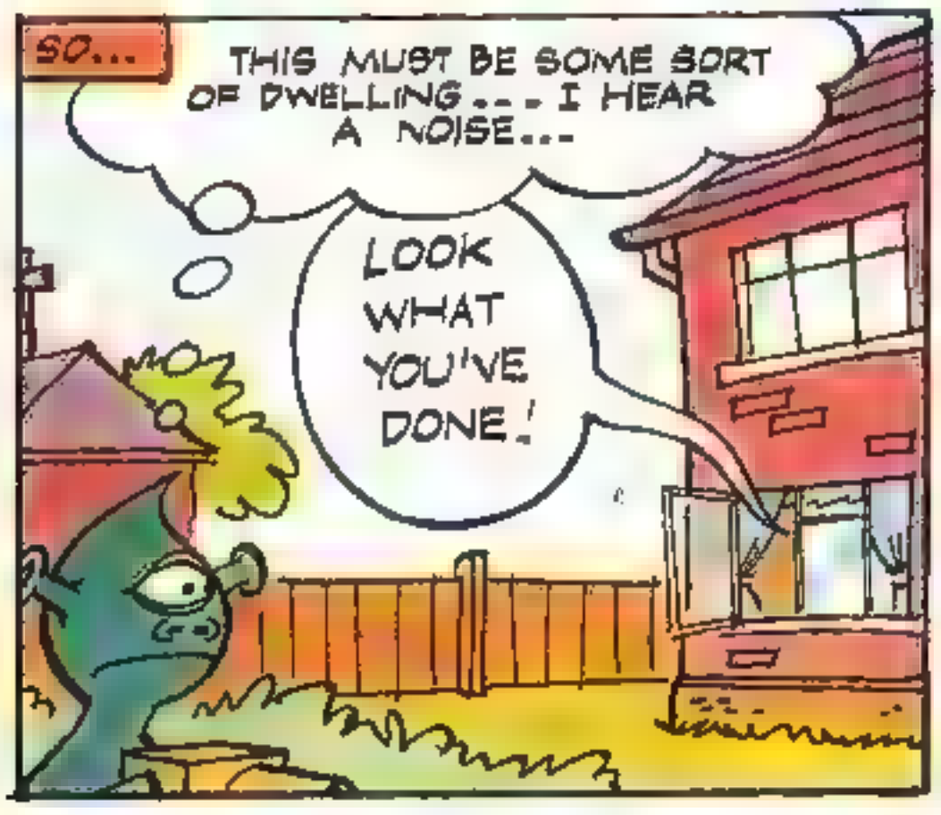
AND THAT!

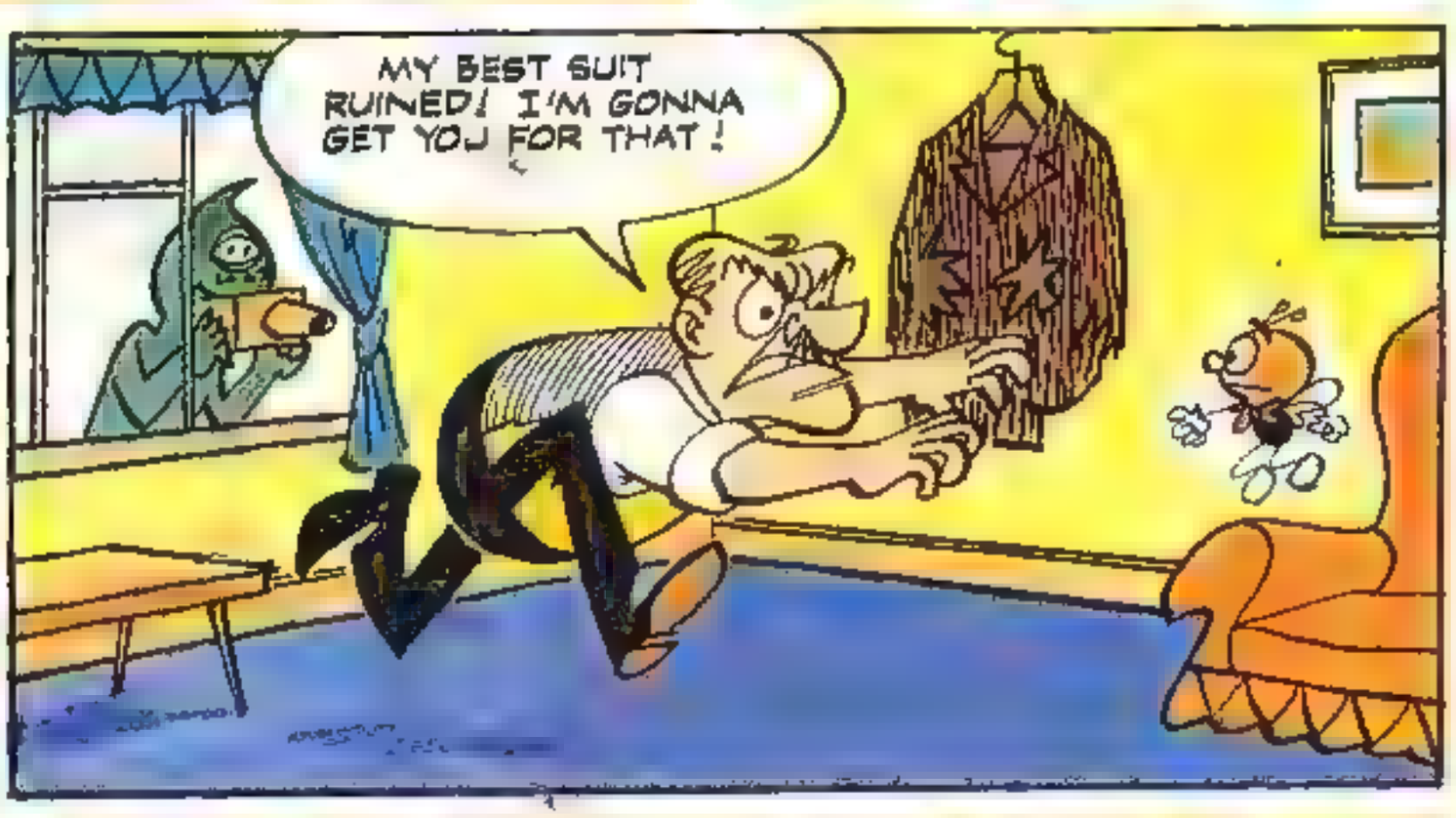
GIVE ME A MATCH, MICK! IT S TIME FOR ANOTHER BLAZE!

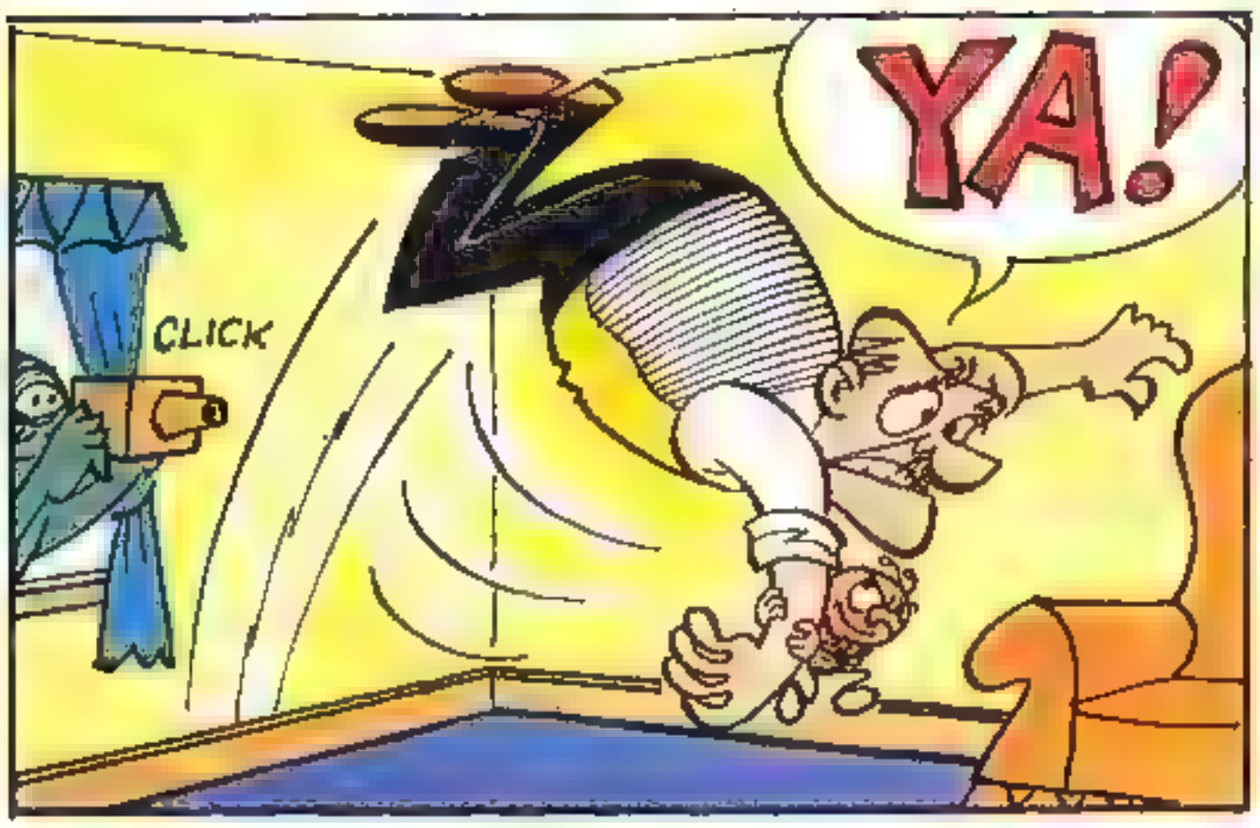
MIGHTY MOTH

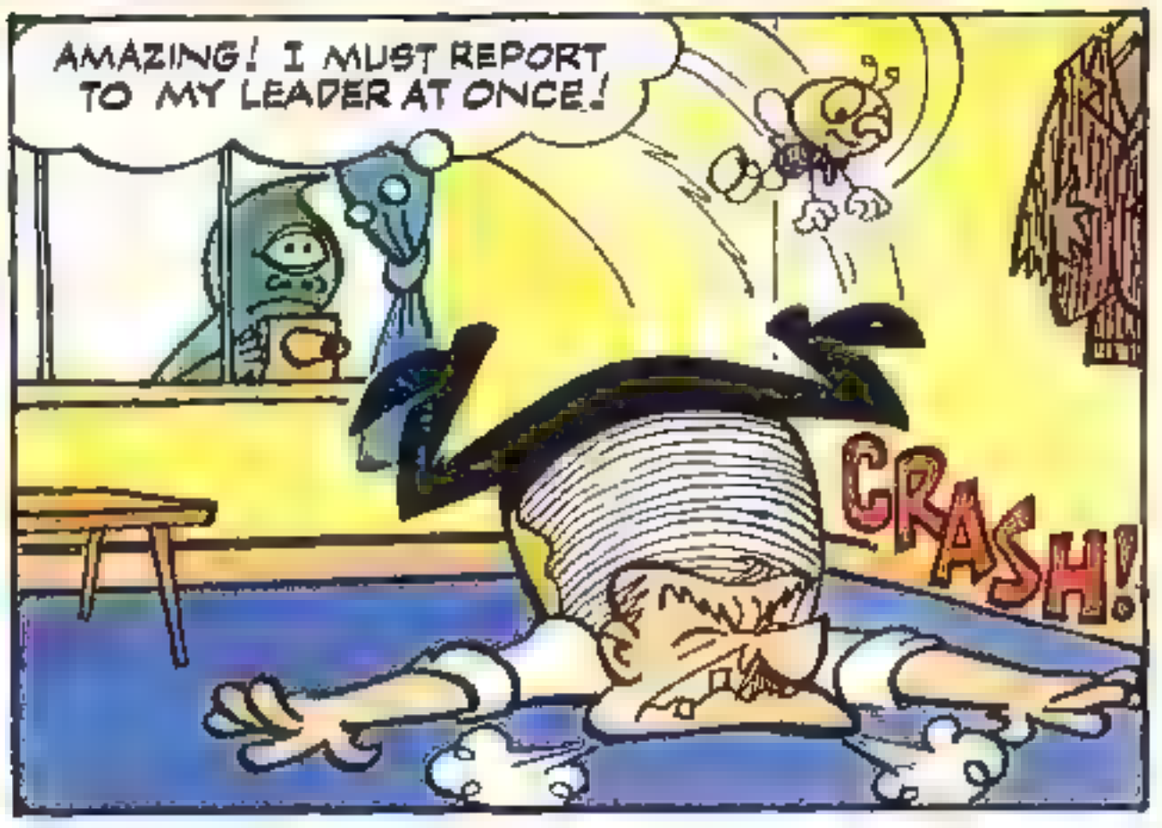

HERE WE ARE AT LAST ON THE PLANET EARTH.

OFF YOU GO WITH YOUR CAMERA, ZOG. REPORT BACK IF YOU FIND ANY INTELLIGENT CREATURES IN THIS STRANGE PLACE!

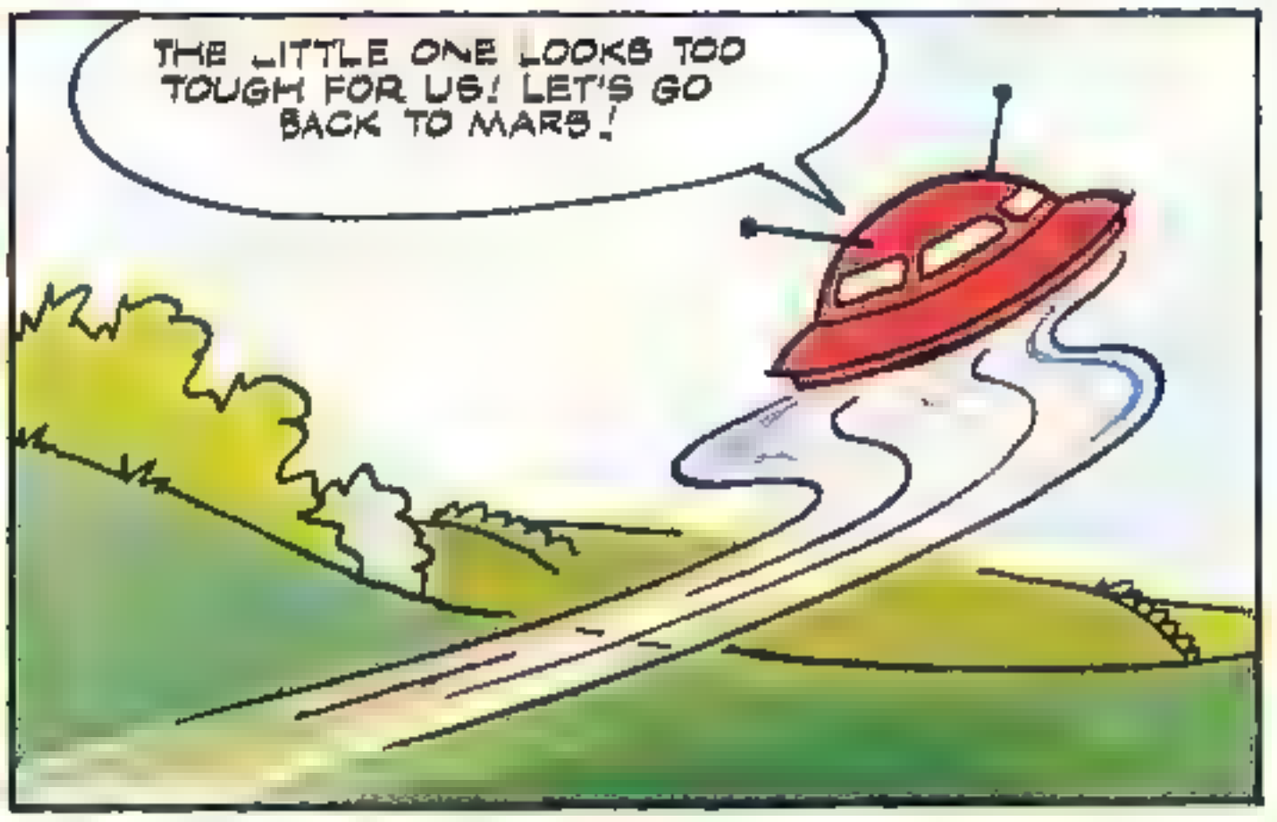

SO...
THIS MUST BE SOME SORT OF DWELLING... I HEAR A NOISE...
LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE!


MY BEST SUIT RUINED! I'M GONNA GET YOJ FOR THAT!


CLICK
YA!


AMAZING! I MUST REPORT TO MY LEADER AT ONCE!
CRASH!

THERE ARE TWO FORMS OF LIFE ON EARTH, O LEADER. THE BIG UGLY ONE IS RULED BY THE TINY ONE WHO IS ABLE TO PERFORM MIGHTY DEEDS OF STRENGTH!


THE LITTLE ONE LOOKS TOO TOUGH FOR US! LET'S GO BACK TO MARS!

ADAM ADAMANT IN

THE MAN WHO DIED TWICE

© BBC tv 1967

THERE was a scream! And then another—and another! . . . as Adam finished firing his shots at the target on the fairground shooting gallery. Adam laid down his .22 rifle and turned in surprise to Inspector Fallon.

"Inspector . . . " he began, but did not finish, for the Inspector was no longer there.

Adam frowned. Was this the sort of thing that had happened before? Adam had agreed to investigate a mystery concerning a man who had been shot on this very range. His name was James Dillon, and the mystery was whether he had been shot by accident or by intent. If by intent, it was a case of murder. But the police could not be sure.

Still frowning, Adam walked round the shooting gallery.

He soon discovered the reason for the screams. Inspector Dent, Adam's companion, was staring in bewilderment at a fallen man.

"It's impossible!" the Inspector was muttering. "Absolutely impossible!"

"Nothing is impossible, Inspector," said Adam calmly.

"But—but this man is already buried!" gulped Inspector Dent. "We buried him last week! He was shot dead in precisely this same spot. That, Mister Adamant, is why you are here!"

Adam was puzzled. He had no reason to doubt the Inspector's words. It was true that James Dillon was dead and buried. Adam had seen pictures of him, and he started as he saw that this was the same man.

"My dear Inspector!" Even Adam was shaken. "We must think this thing out carefully. You could not possibly have buried the man who has just been shot."

"No, sir," said the Inspector, taking a hold on his frayed nerves. "But this dead man is definitely James Dillon. I recognise him by that scar on his face."

He stared at Adam rather strangely.

"Do you realise, sir," he went on, "that it might have been your shot that killed him? He must have

been passing behind the screen as you fired."

"My goodness!" It was Adam's turn to be startled. "But surely that screen is bullet-proof?"

"No, sir! The screen is only a 'tilt', as these people call it—a piece of canvas behind the targets. The bullets pass through it and are checked by this sandbag wall."

"Indeed!" Adam responded, swinging his swordstick towards the sandbags. "Then why is there this gap between the bags and the screen? Why are the bags not close enough to prevent anybody passing between them and the screen?"

There was the sound of a sudden movement. Somebody on the other side of the 'tilt' was alarmed. A man was running—his steps could be plainly heard. Adam's sword flashed out of its sheath as he raced round the 'tilt' to intercept the running man.

But Inspector Dent was not as quick-thinking as Adam. He chased Adam in alarm.

"Mister Adamant, you must come to the station. Your bullet might have killed that man. I insist, sir, that you . . . Ouch!"

Inspector Dent finished his remarks as he almost turned a somersault. Adam had used the sheath of his sword to trip the Inspector. It was obvious to Adam that the running man was somebody who had heard their remarks and was somehow implicated in the two tragedies. Adam was determined to follow him, despite the Inspector's desire to take Adam to the police station.

Adam left the Inspector in a dazed heap. Racing round the stall, he saw the running man leaping into a car.

In ten seconds flat Adam was in his own car and letting in the clutch. He roared away from the car park barely a hundred yards behind the car taken by the running man. Adam was in pursuit of something more than a man—he was in pursuit of a mystery!

James Dillon was dead and buried! He had been a corpse for over a week. And yet Inspector Dent was certain that James Dillon was the man who had just been shot!

It was not only a case of Adam chasing a suspect. The police were also chasing a suspect —and that suspect was Adam! After all, Inspector Dent had been present when Adam had fired the shots.

"Get after him!" roared the Inspector into the first telephone he found. "He may be making a getaway. Throw a cordon round the whole area."

Adam braked suddenly as the car ahead disappeared. It seemed to have turned left, and Adam swerved into a private drive that led to a large, magnificent house. By the time he had arrived at the front door the car he had been

following was out of sight.

"Odd!" Adam muttered. "But I know the number. And I am certain that it turned into this drive."

Stepping from the car, he rested awhile on his swordstick as he stared at the house. There was something familiar about it.

"That scientist, Professor Gram!" he exclaimed. "The millionaire inventor! Only nobody knows how he made his millions. He must be somehow connected with the man I have followed. And that man," Adam added grimly as he mounted the steps of the porch, "is connected with those two killings—and the theft of over three million pounds worth of bullion!"

That was the truth of the matter—a gigantic robbery. The police had traced it back to James Dillon, but only to find that Dillon was dead! Since then they had called in Adam Adamant, and Adam had been testing the rifles on the shooting range when 'James Dillon' seemed to have died again!

"I must be careful," Adam thought as he rang the bell. "Professor Gram is a Very Important Person!"

The bell rang somewhere in the distance. After a wait of a few seconds, Adam found himself confronted by a man in a dark suit who was obviously a butler.

"Your business, sir?" this man asked austerely.

"To see Professor Gram," said Adam politely. "I think he may be able to help me in a matter I am interested in."

"The Professor is not at home, sir," said the butler, beginning to close the door, but Adam's foot was already against it, making the closing impossible.

"Kindly conduct me to your master," Adam said grimly. "This matter is of the greatest urgency."

The 'butler' showed himself in his true colours. He swung a heavy fist to Adam's jaw. But Adam moved his head neatly aside, at the same time swinging up his swordstick. The man gave a howl as the stick paralysed his wrist, and Adam stepped within and watched him calmly as he clutched his right hand.

"Now, perhaps, you will take me to Professor Gram!"

Sullenly the man preceded Adam along the hall. He threw open the door of a room on the right, but Adam stepped back instead of entering.

"That room is empty," he said politely. "I think the other one contains the Professor. No doubt you were trying to trap me."

So saying, Adam swung open the door on the left. Sure enough, this was the room in which the Professor was standing, and there beside him was the man from the fairground—the running

man that Adam had followed first on foot and then in the car.

"Good afternoon, gentlemen," Adam said, stepping into the room and moving rapidly aside as the 'butler' followed him. "I think we have a serious matter to discuss."

There was a dead silence. Nobody answered. Adam had now unsheathed his sword and was facing all three of them. The 'butler', still clutching his wrist and glaring, had entered and slammed the door behind him, while Professor Gram and the showman had turned to face Adam.

The game was up and they knew it. Professor Gram leaned with one hand on his desk as Adam stepped back a pace.

"Adam Adamant," he said, "I know you are after us. And you may as well know the truth. That stolen gold is stacked safely away in this house, and it will not be long now before we get it out of the country."

"But why do I tell you all this?" He leaned further over his desk. Adam swung his swordstick on guard. "It is because you will not live to repeat it. You may as well know how James Dillon died twice. The first time it was his double, because the police were too close to him. The second time it was himself, because you were called in to solve the mystery."

"Are you satisfied, Adamant?" asked the Professor.

Adam had no chance to reply. A trap-door under his feet opened as the Professor pressed a button on his desk. The three crooks had cunningly manoeuvred Adam on to it by moving towards him and causing him to step back.

For a split second he was falling through space. Then he landed with a crash, and the darkness of the cellar into which he had fallen became even darker as he lost consciousness.

— — — — —

Adam had no idea how long he had been unconscious. It was pitch dark. But he was awake now, with pains in his legs and head. A heavy door in the wall opened, and somebody entered with some food and drink on a tray. He set this down beside Adam, then departed silently.

Adam was surprised to find that he was not bound. He was free to move about in the cellar. But the walls were of stone, and the door by which the man had entered was of solid oak.

"Bolted thoroughly on the outside," he muttered.

There was little light, but Adam's eyes were becoming accustomed to the gloom. He looked at the tray of food and drink. And something seemed to tell him to beware.

Why should these villains give him food or drink when they obviously intended to kill him!

Had that not been their intention, the Professor would never have admitted to murder! For no murderer can allow another to know of his misdeeds.

A scraping sound suddenly attracted Adam's attention. He turned swiftly, feeling for his swordstick which had descended with him, then realised that it was only a rat that had made the scraping sound.

The rat was emerging cautiously from a hole in the stone wall near the floor. Adam smiled, then, stooping suddenly, found his sword and pushed the tray of food towards the rat.

"Eat, my friend," he said softly. "For this food must disappear. And you are a friend indeed if you will do so."

The rat pounced on the tray. It wolfed a hunk of meat and started licking its lips. Then it started to gulp. Its movements became feeble, then convulsive, and very soon it was stretched out in the throes of death.

"Poisoned!" Adam said softly. "So that's how they intended to get rid of me. Let them have their way. If they expect a corpse, let them have one. I will be their third victim."

Adam pulled his cloak over him, laid his sword, unsheathed, beside him. Then he closed his eyes, listening for the slightest movement.

A key turned in the lock of the heavy oaken door, and a torch flashed round the cellar. Adam did not allow even his eyelids to flicker. The three men who had menaced him in the room above entered and stared at him.

"It has worked," said the voice of Professor Gram. "He has eaten the meat. He has been dead at least five minutes."

"What do we do now then?" asked the voice of the 'butler'.

"He will go with us on our plane. And when we are far enough out to sea, he will go overboard with enough weight to sink him to the deepest depths."

The Professor turned as he spoke, leaving the cellar. But Adam suddenly shot out his hands and seized the Professor's feet, giving a jerk that turned the man almost upside down.

He dealt the astounded 'butler' such a blow on the jaw that the latter joined the Professor on the floor. Only the showman was left, and Adam used a judo trick to put this one out of action.

Adam then seized his stick.

"So we are going in a plane, are we?" he said pleasantly. "No doubt you have accomplices, for I have not heard that any of you are experienced pilots. Perhaps the gold is already on its way."

Adam was right. Other members of the gang were already loading gold into a lorry as Adam raced up the stone steps from the cellar, slamming

and bolting the heavy door behind him. There were two of them, and they turned casually as they heard Adam's footsteps.

Adam did not bother to attack the men. They were too startled to be any trouble, anyway. Instead, he thrust his sword into the tyres of the vehicle, puncturing them so thoroughly that the van seemed to sink six inches.

At that the two men yelled in fury. They closed in on Adam, one of them drawing a gun. But Adam was used to that sort of thing, and he whisked the gun from the man's hand with his sword. The man gasped and stared in bewilderment as blood trickled through his fingers.

"Now you, sir!" Adam snapped, turning on the other. "Are you coming quietly, or do I pinion you to the van?"

"Leave off, guv!" The man spread his arms in horror. "I ain't done nuthin'. I only come here to load a van."

"Then stay where you are," Adam snapped at him. "For I hear a police car approaching."

Adam was right. Inspector Dent had at last traced the route that Adam had taken. As he leaped from the car that had roared up the drive, he stared grimly at Adam and the two members of the Professor's gang.

"My friend," Adam said politely, "I must apologise for running out on you at the fair-ground. I am sincerely sorry that I had to trip you when you tried to follow me. But my ideas were not your ideas, and I trust I have solved this mystery to your satisfaction."

Inspector Dent wanted a lot more information, of course: in fact, he was not really satisfied until Adam had conducted him down to the cellar where three dazed men were still trying to figure out what had happened.

They had worked out such a marvellous plan —in their own opinion—that they could not understand how it had gone wrong. They had got rid of the only member of their gang of whom the police had any knowledge—James Dillon—and they thought they had got rid of Adam.

"I think you will find, Inspector," Adam said, "that it was Dillon himself who murdered his double. He hoped this would throw you off the trail, not realising that you would call me in on a murder investigation. And then it was that showman who got rid of Dillon, trying to place the blame on me. As I have said before," Adam continued pleasantly, "I am sorry to have tripped you up in the mud, but the mud that is stirred up in any kind of crime is inevitable. I hope you forgive me, sir . . . Thank you . . ."

The Three Musketeers

WHEN D'ARTAGNAN AND THE THREE MUSKETEERS HEAR THAT THE KING'S MESSENGER, THE DUC D'ELROY HAS BEEN CAPTURED BY THE CARDINAL'S MEN, THEY RIDE JOYOUSLY TO THE RESCUE, FOLLOWED BY D'ARTAGNAN'S FAITHFUL SERVANT, PLANCHET...

A BATTLE, MY FRIENDS! THIS DAY MY SWORD SHALL TASTE OF BLOOD!

MAKE SURE IT IS NOT YOUR OWN BLOOD, PORTHOS!

POOR OLD PLANCHET! HE WILL NEVER MAKE A GOOD HORSEMAN!

WHAT IS HAPPENING?

SOME VILLAIN HAS TIED A ROPE ACROSS OUR PATH!

BY THE SAINTS! THEY SAY I AM NOT A GOOD HORSEMAN. YET I AM THE ONLY ONE WHO IS STILL IN THE SADDLE!

MY FRIENDS, IT IS A TRAP! THE CARDINAL'S MEN ARE UPON US!

THIS IS THE END OF YOU, WE HAVE YOU TRAPPED!

HA! DO YOU THINK SO? HOW'S THAT!

COWARD! DID YOU THINK BY TRICKS TO DEFEAT THE MIGHTY PORTHOS?

OUCH! GROOGH!

SO! YOU ARE AT MY MERCY! I COULD KILL YOU NOW BUT WE ARE NOT MURDERERS! GO BACK AND TELL YOUR MASTER WE LIVE TO FIGHT AGAIN!

MERCI, M'SIEUR! SO BE IT!

TO THE MOON, VILLAIN! GET OFF THIS EARTH! WE HAVE NO LOVE FOR SUCH AS YOU!

SO THE CARDINAL'S PLAN HAS FAILED, PORTHOS. WE RIDE AGAIN ... TO RESCUE THE DUC E' ELROY!

HAVE A HEART, OLD FRIEND. THAT FIGHT HAS MADE ME THIRSTY. CAN WE NOT SEND PLANCHET FOR SOME REFRESHMENT FROM THAT INN?

N THE SAFETY OF THE INN FROM WH CH HE HAS WATCHED THE BATTLE, THE CARDINAL IS ERY BITTER...

SO THEY HAVE WON AGAIN! AND THAT FAT ONE IS THIRSTY. I WILL GIVE HIM SOMETHING TO QUENCH HIS THIRST FOREVER!

THAT FOOL PLANCHET WILL NOT KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A KEG OF WINE AND A KEG OF GUNPOWDER, AND WHEN I HAVE PUT A FALSE TAP OVER THIS FUSE, HE WILL NOT EVEN NOTICE THE FUSE!

THE INNKEEPER IS IN THE CARDINAL'S PAY...

HERE YOU ARE, MY FRIEND. THIS IS THE MOST UNUSUAL WINE YOUR MASTERS HAVE EVER TASTED!

THANK YOU, MINE HOST. I AM VERY GRATEFUL. WE HAVE WON A GREAT BATTLE!

YES, YOU HAVE WON THIS BATTLE. BUT IT IS THE LAST BATTLE THAT COUNTS!

HERE YOU ARE, MASTERS! I AM TOLD THIS IS THE FINEST WINE IN FRANCE!

POUR, MAN, POUR! DOST WANT ME TO DIE OF THIRST?

SACRE! WHAT IS THIS? DO I GET WOODEN TAPS TO DRINK?

YOU FOOL, PLANCHET! THAT IS GUNPOWDER! THE CARDINAL HIMSELF MUST BE HIDING IN THAT INN.

THAT WINE WOULD HAVE BEEN TOO STRONG EVEN FOR ME!

TO THE CHATEAU GRAND! THIS IS THE CARDINAL'S WORK. WE MUST GET THERE BEFORE HIM!

THEY HAVE BEATEN ME AGAIN! BUT THEY SHALL NOT REACH CASTLE GRAND BEFORE ME. THAT IS WHERE I KEEP MY PRISONER... AND I WILL KEEP HIM AGAINST A WHOLE ARMY!

GUARD...TURN OUT! GET PISTOLS ...FUSILS! COVER THIS YARD! THE KING'S MEN ARE RIGHT BEHIND ME. THEY MUST NOT REACH THIS PRISON DOOR!

IS YOUR MATCH READY?

YES, MON CAPITAIN! I AM READY TO FIRE!

THIS TIME WE WILL THRASH HIS EMINENCE THE CARDINAL MOST ROUNDLY!

HE IS A CUNNING ROGUE! WE MUST BE PREPARED FOR TRAPS!

FORWARD, MY FRIENDS! THIS IS CASTLE GRAND! AND THE PRISONER WE HAVE TO RESCUE IS BEYOND!

GOOD GRIEF! THE CARDINAL HAS BEATEN US! WE ARE SURROUNDED BY HIS MARKSMEN!

I THINK THEY HAVE MADE A HOLE IN ME! I WILL HAVE VENGEANCE FOR THIS!

A HOLE IN ME, AND ONLY GUNPOWDER TO DRINK: WHAT A LIFE!

THAT VILLAIN, THE CARDINAL, HAS LAID ANOTHER TRAP FOR US: WE CANNOT REACH THE PRISON DOOR WHILE HE HAS HIDDEN MARKSMEN!

MOST SURPRISING: THEY CALL ME A POOR HORSEMAN YET I AM STILL THE ONLY ONE MOUNTED.

PLANCHET, YOU FOOL! DISMOUNT AND COME HERE! THE CARDINAL'S MEN ARE SHOOTING AT US!

WHAT HAVE I DONE WRONG, MASTER?

FETCH ME THAT KEG OF GUNPOWDER: I AM GOING TO MAKE AN ARBALEST!

AN ARBALEST IS AN ANCIENT CATAPULT FOR THROWING STONES...

AN ARBALEST! WHAT IS HE GOING TO DO WITH THAT?

GIVE ME A HAND, MY FRIEND! WE HAVE TO BEND SOME TREE SO THAT IT WILL ACT AS A CATAPULT!

IN TRUTH, FRIEND, WHAT GOOD WILL THAT DO US?

THAT'S THE IDEA! BEND IT AS FAR AS POSSIBLE!

MY BACK IS BREAKING! HAVE YOU TAKEN LEAVE OF YOUR SENSES?

GOOD FRIEND, YOUR FATNESS HAS COME IN HANDY AT LAST! YOJ MJST WEIGH HALF-A-TON!

THIS IS NO WORK FOR A GENTLEMAN! I HAVE NEARLY KILLED MYSELF!

AWAY, GOOD KEG... AND PROVIDENCE GUIDE YE TO THAT PRISON DOOR!

OUGH!

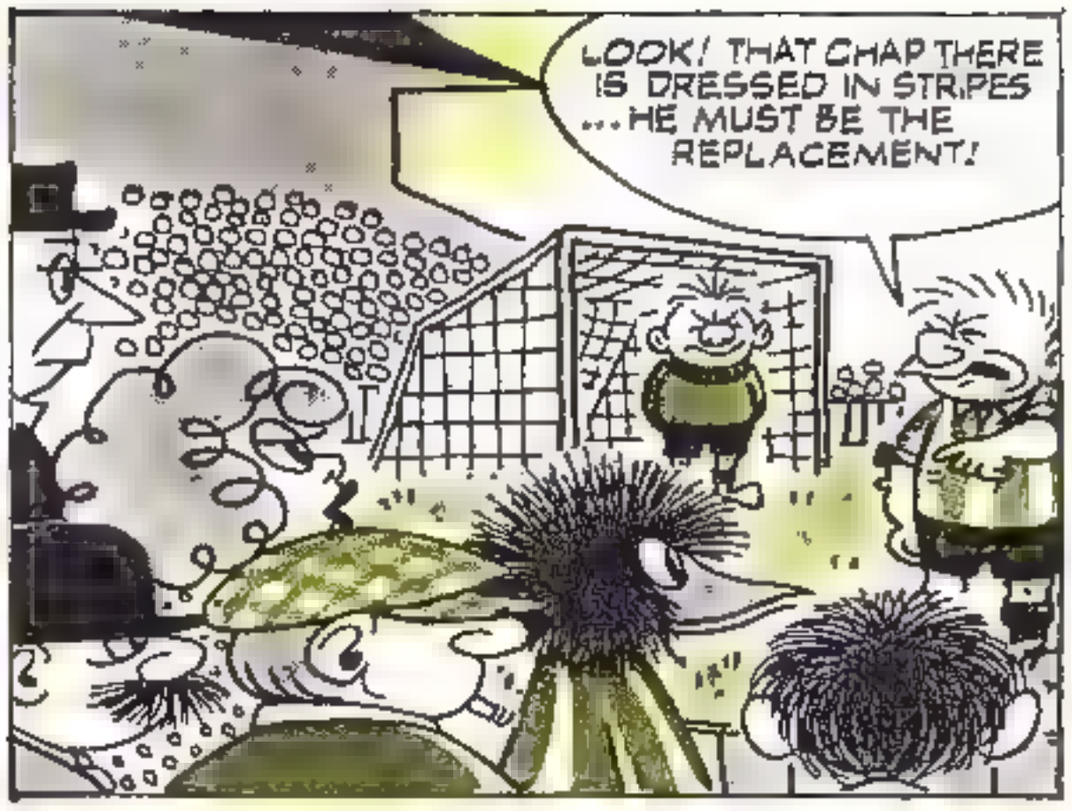
FORWARD, MY FRIENDS! ONE FOR ALL, AND ALL FOR ONE! TO THE RESCUE OF THE KING'S MESSENGER!

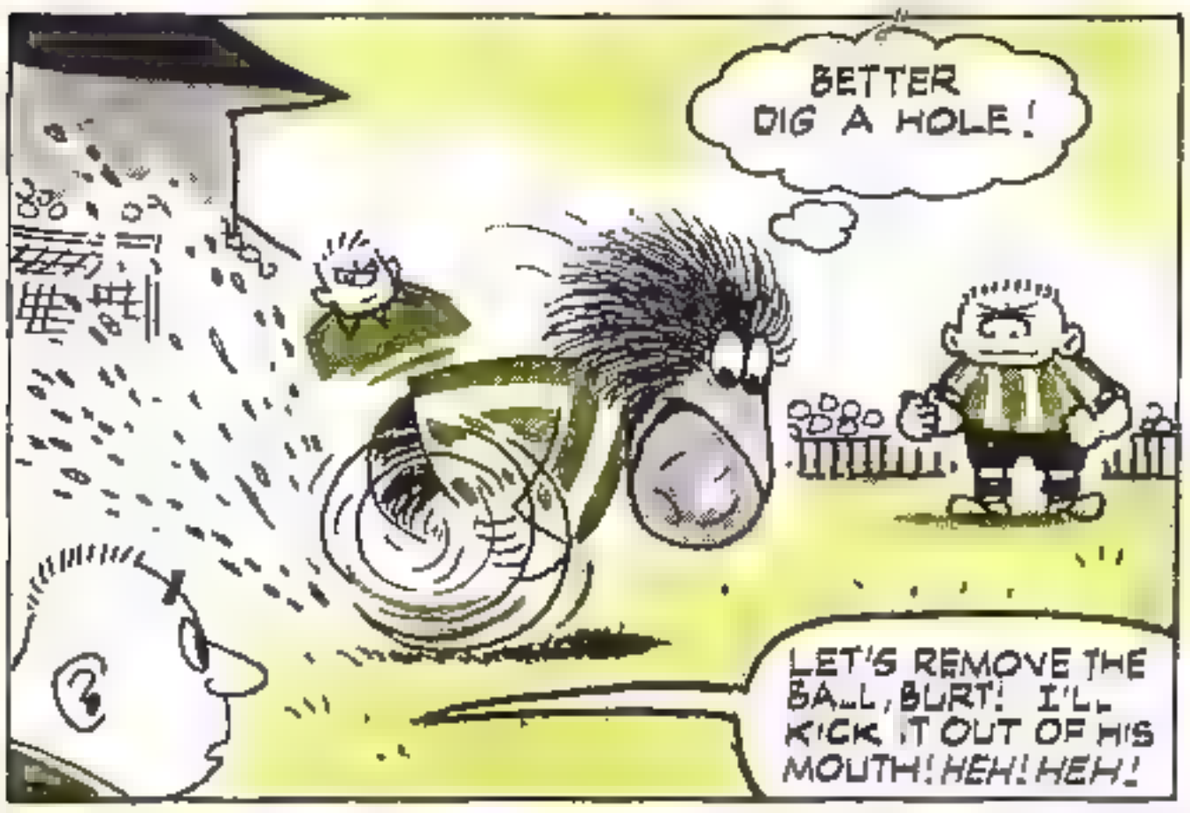
THAT FOR THE CARDINAL! NOW FOR THE DUC D'ELROY!

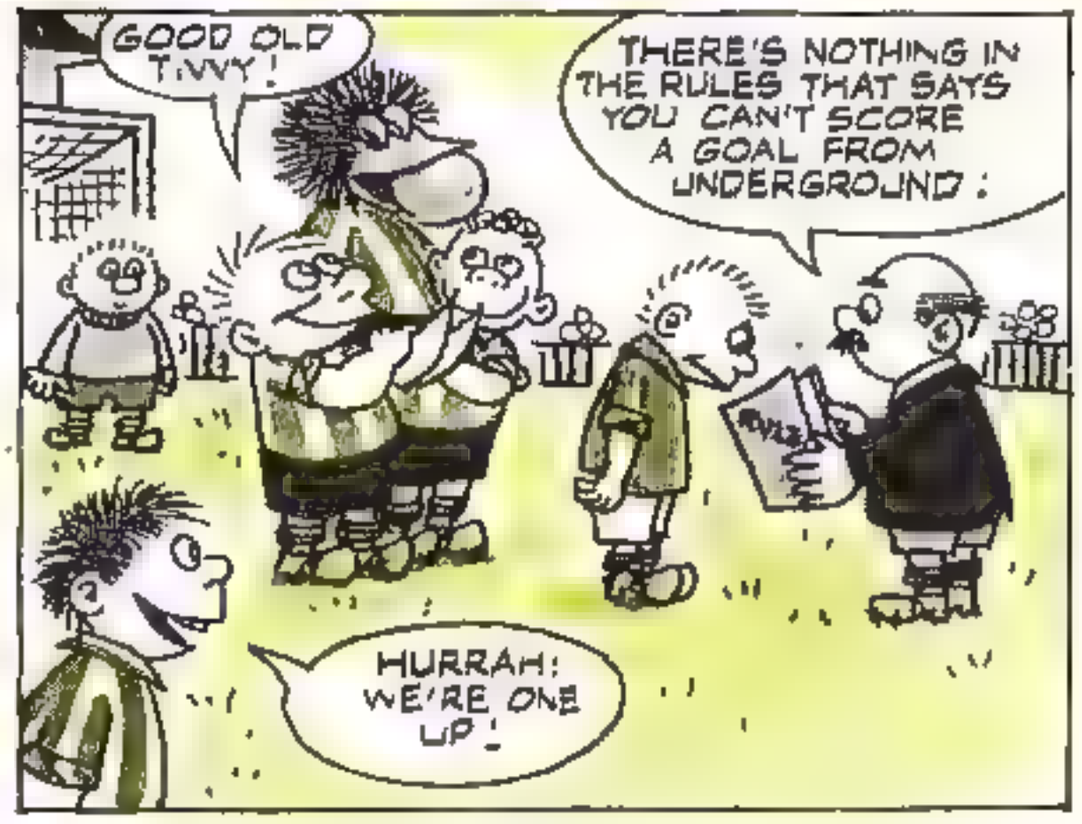
MY FRIEND, YOU HAVE DONE ME THE GREATEST SERVICE ONE MAN CAN PERFORM FOR ANOTHER! HIS MAJESTY WILL BE ETERNALLY GRATEFUL!

THINK NOTHING OF IT, YOUR HIGHNESS! WE ALWAYS ENDEAVOUR TO DO OUR DUTY...

Tivvy







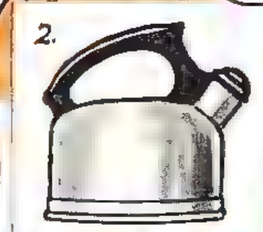
Tivvy created by Atelier Fauni, Finland

our PICTURE-WORD puzzle

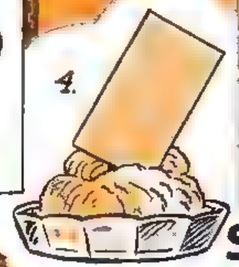
CLUES DOWN

1.

2.



4.

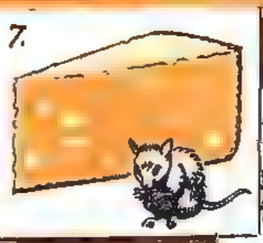


S

5.

6.

7.



9.

12.

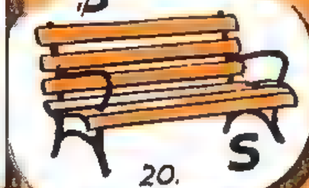
$

13.

T

19.

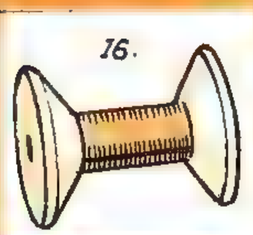
$



S

20.

16.



18.

MARCH

?

MAY

22.

BS

23.

TD

A

25.

K

T

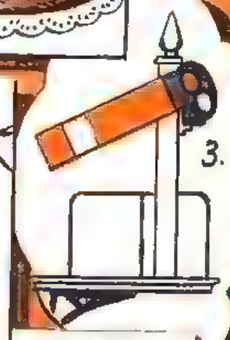
28.

C	A	K	E		S	I	G	N	A	L		E	A	S	Y		L	O	C	K	E	T
O		E		C		C		E		I		L		T	R	A	I	N		L		O
M	A	T	C	H		E	A	S	E	L		B	E	A	D		R		B	I	L	L
G		T	R	E	E	S		T		Y		A	P	E		P	L	U	M	E	S
				G	L	U	E					D	R	E	S	S		S	H	A	R	K
						S							A		T	E	A		R		E	

CLUES ACROSS

1.

8.



3.

10.

S

11.

STIC

12.

M

B

26.

T

27.

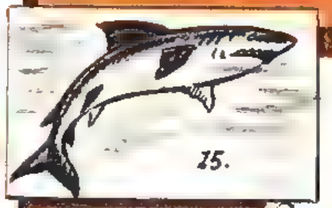
EAST

NORTH

Y

29.

14.



15.

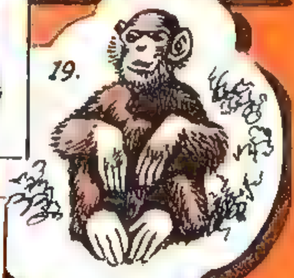
17.

24.

$

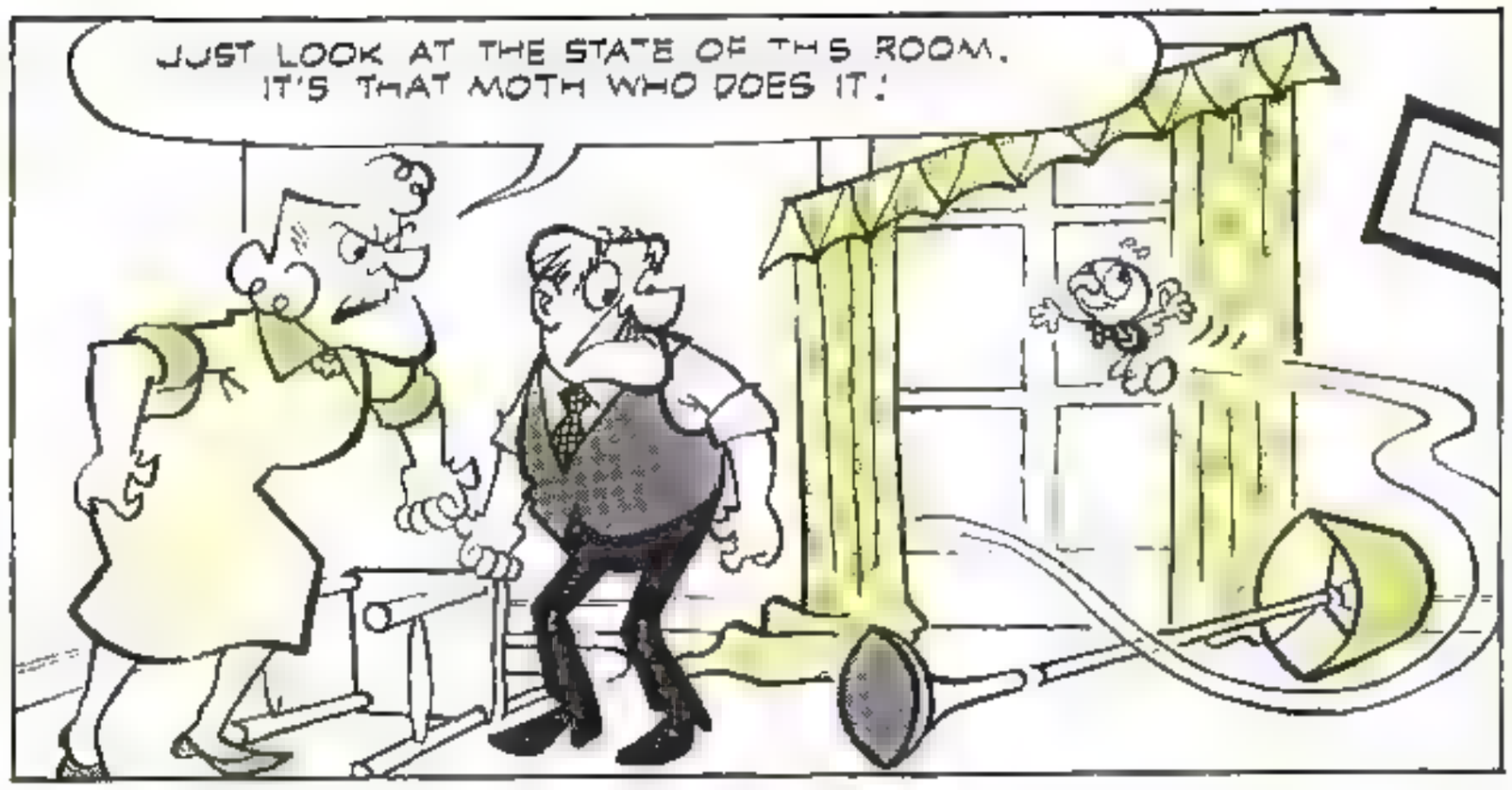
21.

19.



30.

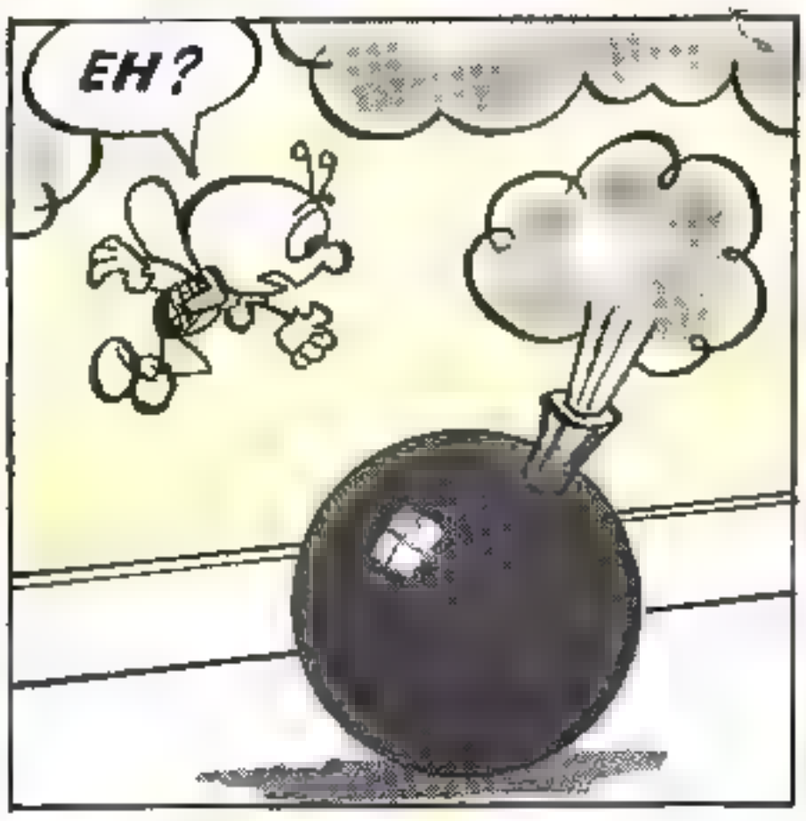
MIGHTY MOTH


JUST LOOK AT THE STATE OF THIS ROOM. IT'S THAT MOTH WHO DOES IT!

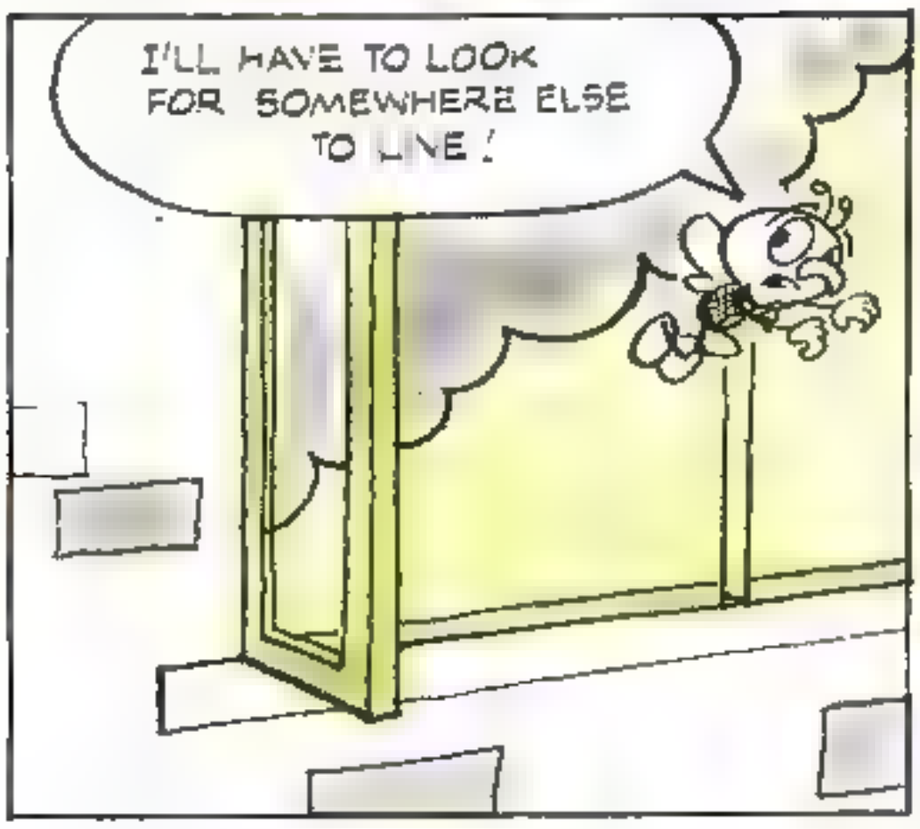
LEAVE HIM TO ME, DEAR — I'VE GOT A PLAN FIRST WE'LL HAVE TO MOVE OUT OF THE HOUSE FOR A LITTLE WHILE.

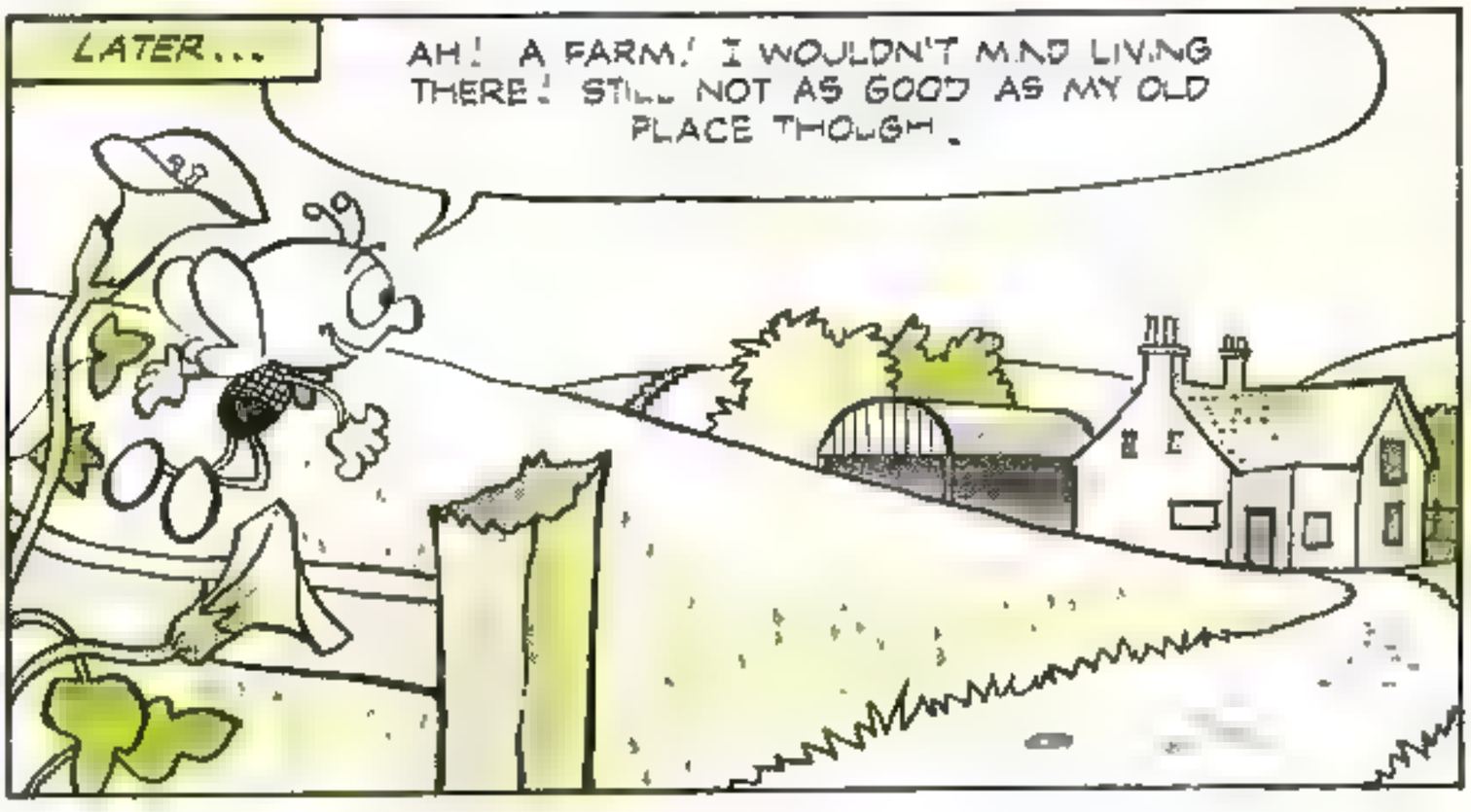
WE'LL GO AND HAVE COFFEE WITH AUNTIE FLOSSIE. BY THE TIME WE GET BACK WE'LL HAVE THE HOUSE TO OURSELVES!

I'LL TOSS THIS SMOKE BOMB IN AND WE'LL BE OFF!


EH?

CHOKE! SPLUTTER!


I'LL HAVE TO LOOK FOR SOMEWHERE ELSE TO LIVE!


LATER...
AH! A FARM! I WOULDN'T MIND LIVING THERE! STILL NOT AS GOOD AS MY OLD PLACE THOUGH.

HAVE YOU A JOB I COULD DO, FARMER?

SURE. FOLLOW ME.

I'VE GOT TO MOVE MY PIGS OUT FOR THE DAY WHILE I CLEAN THEIR STY! COULD YOU LOOK AFTER 'EM?

SURE!

FOLLOW ME, PIGGES, I HAVE A LOVELY PLACE FOR YOU TO STAY.

MEANWHILE...

THANKS FOR THE COFFEE AUNTIE. WE'LL GET BACK TO OUR PEACEFUL LITTLE HOME.

I CAN'T WAIT TO SETTLE IN THE ARMCHAIR OF OUR NICE TIDY MOTHLESS ROOM.

BUT, BACK HOME...

OH, NO!

THIS IS ALL YOUR DOING!

OINK! OINK!

WELCOME HOME! HO! HO! HO!

DOCTOR WHO

DR. Who and his companions, John and Gillian, are whirling through time and space when the Doctor becomes troubled about something . . . . .

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT... WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED THROUGH TIME AND SPACE! SOMEBODY MUST HAVE INVENTED A MACHINE LIKE THE TARDIS!
WHO ON EARTH CAN IT BE?

THE DOCTOR'S GUESS IS CORRECT...
YES.' DESTROY THEM!
OUR MACHINE IS MANAGING TO FOLLOW THE TARDIS THROUGH TIME AND SPACE... WHEN IT REACHES ITS DESTINATION WE WILL BE THERE TO DESTROY OUR E·N·E·M·I·E·S!

LATER, THE TARDIS MATERIALIZES...
WE'VE MATERIALIZED IN THE STONE AGE... WONDER HOW CLOSE THE TRODS ARE IN THEIR CRAFT?
YEAR METER
500,000 B.C.

SO, THE SPACE TRAVELLERS DECIDE TO LOOK AROUND...
IF THE TRODS HAVE LANDED THEY MUST BE A GOOD WAY OFF.. THERE'S NO TRACE OF THEM!
GOOD! IT GIVES US A CHANCE TO SEE STONE AGE BRITAIN!

© BBC tv 1967

A LITTLE LATER...

WHAT'S THAT NOISE? I DIDN'T NOTICE IT WHEN I WAS PLAYING MY RECORDER! IT'S LIKE THUNDER!

MAMMOTHS! THEY'LL GRIND US UNDER FOOT!

OH, NO!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT...THEY SEEM TO BE FRIENDLY!

I THINK YOUR RECORDER PROBABLY ATTRACTED THEM!

THE DOCTOR TESTS GILLIAN'S THEORY.

I WAS RIGHT! THEY LIKE YOUR TUNE...

THIS ONE WANTS ME TO CLIMB ONTO ITS BACK!

I THINK WE'VE GOT OURSELVES SOME VERY USEFUL PETS. THE FLUTE APPEARS TO HAVE A MAGICAL EFFECT AND MAKES THEM FRIENDLY!

A LITTLE LATER...

YOU TWO STAY WITH THE MAMMOTHS UNTIL I RETURN...I WANT TO MAKE DOUBLY SURE THAT THE TRODS AND THEIR MACHINE AREN'T ANYWHERE AROUND!

OKAY, DOCTOR! LOOK OUT FOR YOURSELF!

AN HOUR PASSES...

AS I FEARED!... THE TRODS' TIME AND SPACE CRAFT HAS ARRIVED! BUT THERE'S NO SIGN OF....

...TRODS!

WE HAVE FOLLOWED YOU THROUGH TIME AND SPACE FOR THIS MOMENT! YOU WILL COME WITH US TO THE SPECIAL FATE WE HAVE P-R-E-P-A-R-E-D FOR YOU!

THE DOCTOR IS TAKEN TO THE TROD CRAFT AND PLACED ON A CONVEYOR BELT WHICH WILL LEAD HIM UNDER THE RAYS OF AN ATOMISER...

AT LAST THE TRODS HAVE SUCCEEDED IN THEIR DEADLY MISSION TO DESTROY ME!

WHEN OUR ENEMY PASSES UNDER THE ATOMISER HE WILL BE REDUCED TO F-R-A-G-M-E-N-T-S!

WAIT THOUGH!.. A TUNE ON MY HIGH PITCHED RECORDER MIGHT CHANGE EVENTS IN MY FAVOUR.

WHAT INSANE HUMAN RITUAL IS THIS..? HE IS ONLY FEET FROM D-E-S-T-R-U-C-T-I-O-N!

IF THIS DOESN'T WORK, I'LL SOON BE A PILE OF CINDERS!

IT WORKED! MY PLAYING HAS BROUGHT THE MAMMOTHS!

INTRUDERS... R-E-T-A-L-I-A-T-E!

OUR MAMMOTHS MAY PROVE TO BE A MATCH FOR THESE HIDEOUS METAL MONSTERS!

BLAST THEM! DESTROY!

THE TRODS RUN OFF STATIC ELECTRICITY... IF I CAN WRECK THE PLANT THEY'LL BE IMMOBILIZED!

STATIC POWER PLANT

SUCCESS! THE TRODS ARE WITHOUT THEIR LIFE BLOOD... STATIC POWER!

STATIC POWER

THE DOCTOR'S DEVASTING ATTACK DOES THE TRICK...

BY DESTROYING THE POWER PLANT... I'VE IMMOBILIZED ALL THE TRODS!

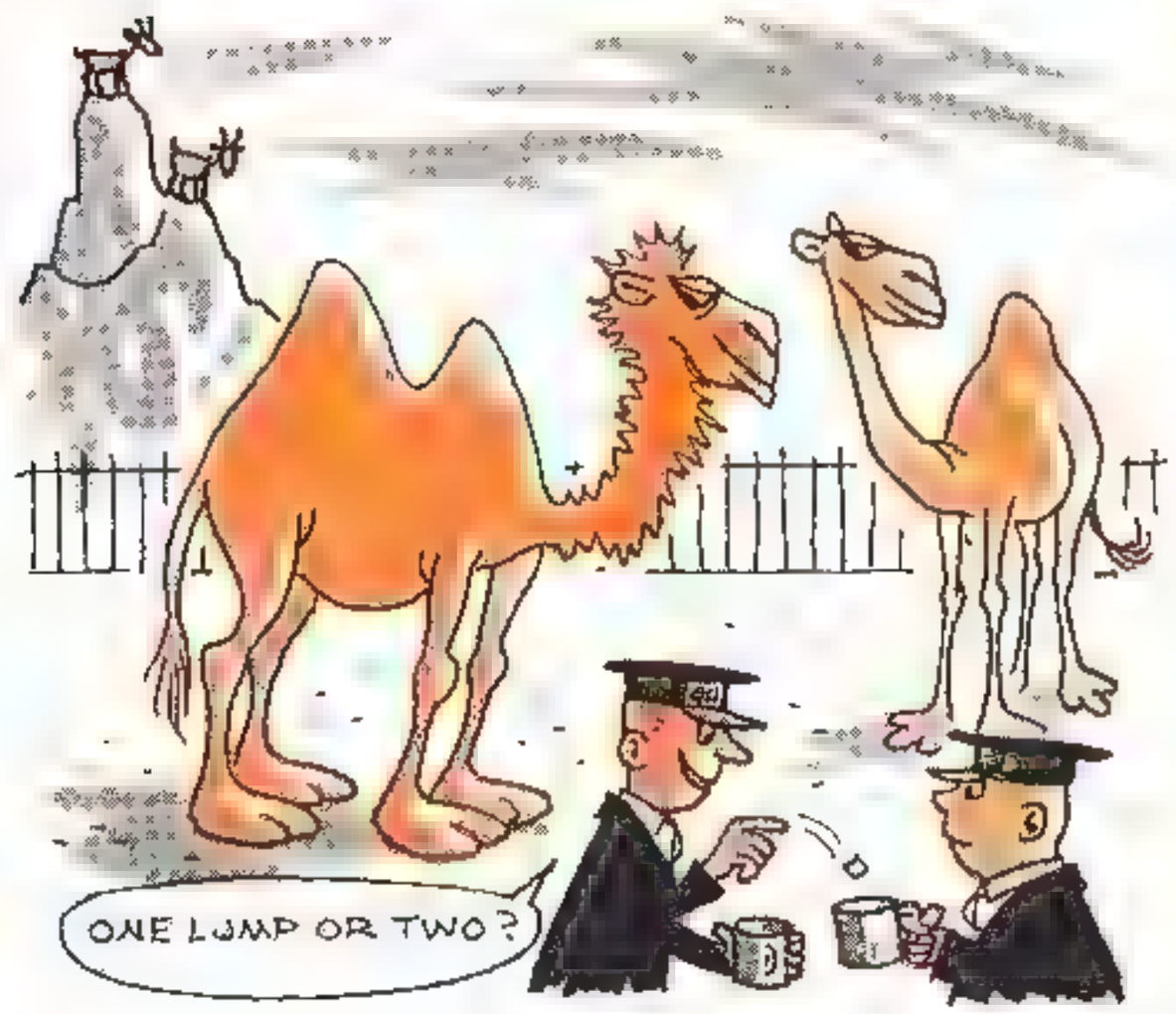
YOU'RE BRILLIANT, DOCTOR!

LATER...

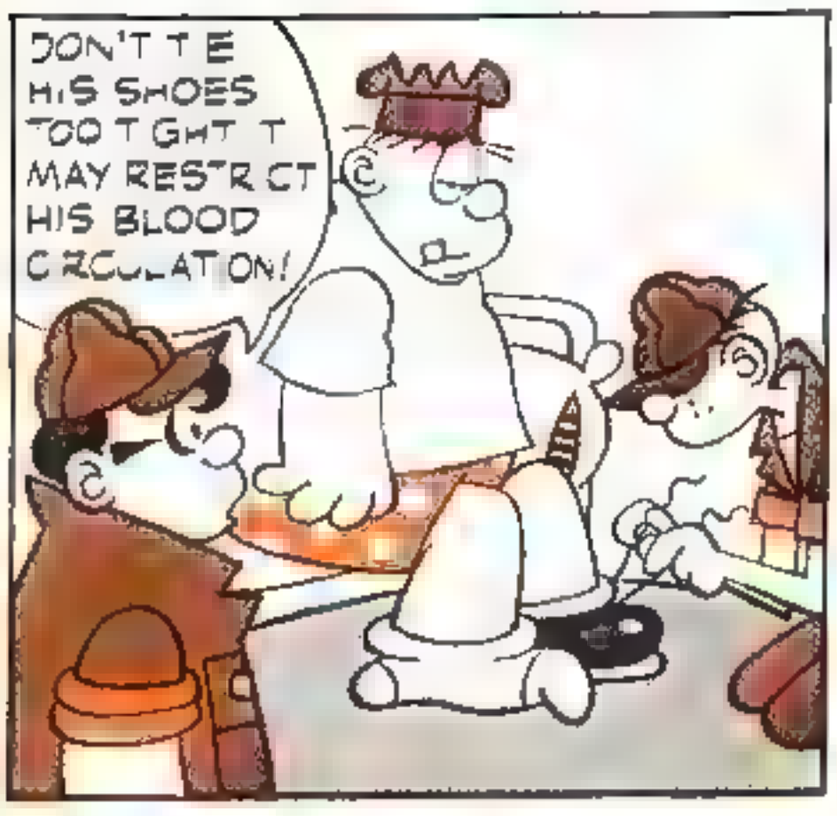
BEFORE WE GO BACK TO THE TARDIS, I THINK WE CAN FIND TIME FOR A CONDUCTED TOUR OF THE STONE AGE!

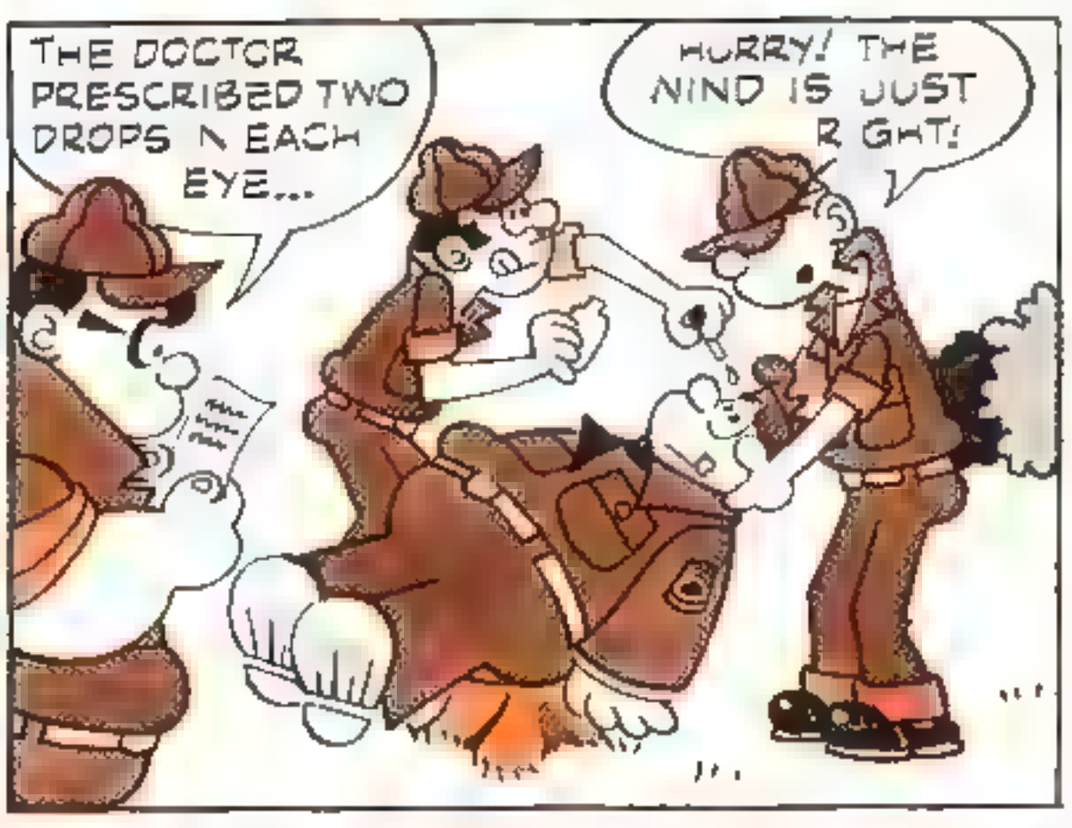
WONDERFUL!

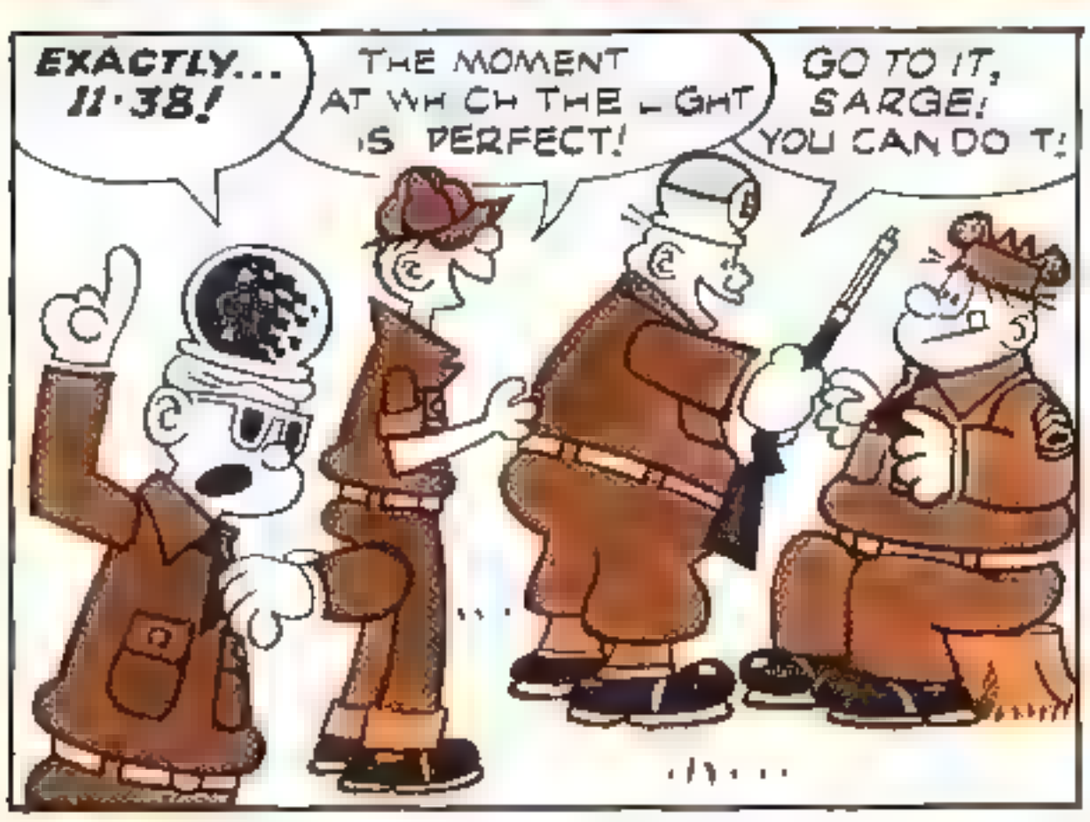
Pick of the Jokes



beetle bailey

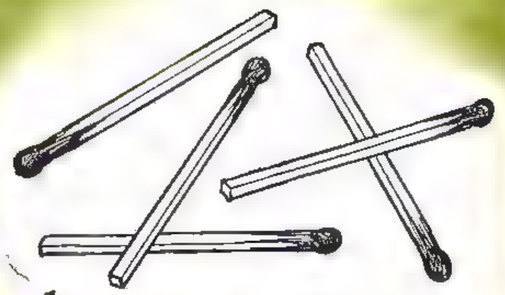






© 1967. King Features Syndicate Inc.

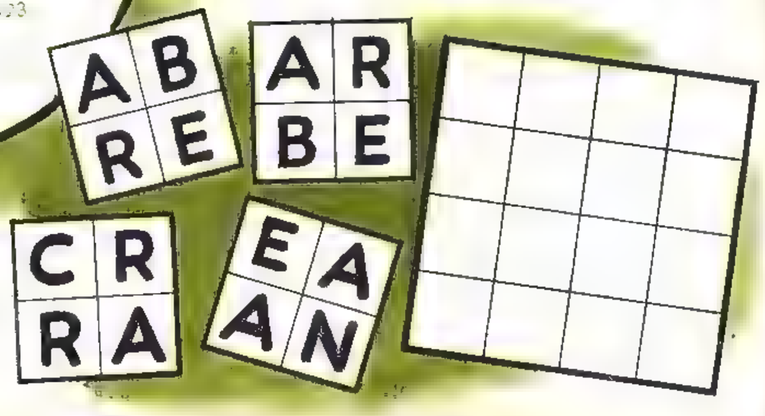
MY MIGHTY PUZZLE PAGES



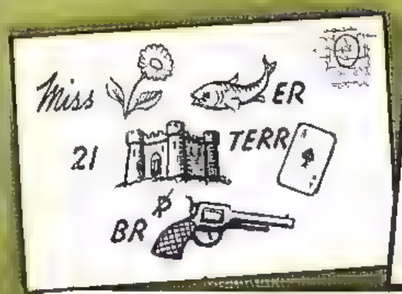
1. TAKE 5 USED MATCHES AND ARRANGE THEM TO MAKE 19 THEN TAKE 1 AWAY AND LEAVE 20.

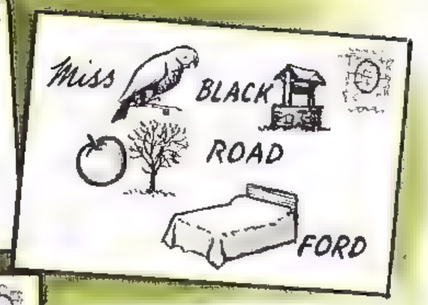
2. HOW MANY THINGS ARE DIFFERENT IN THIS PICTURE COMPARED TO THE ONE ABOVE IT ?

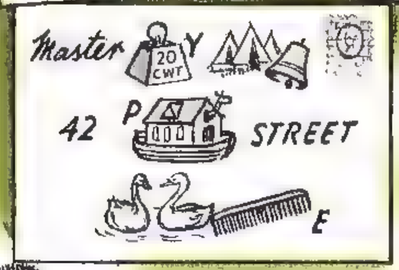
3. JUST JOIN THE DOTS FROM 1 TO 47 TO FIND THE SUBJECT OF OUR DOTTY PUZZLE.



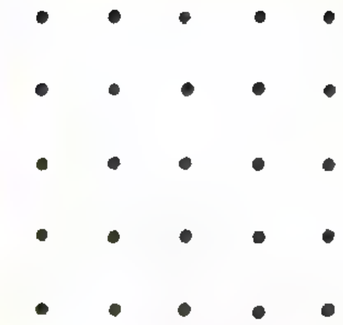
4. BY FITTING THESE SMALL FOUR LETTER SQUARES TOGETHER YOU CAN MAKE A WORD-SQUARE THAT READS THE SAME BOTH DOWN AND ACROSS.



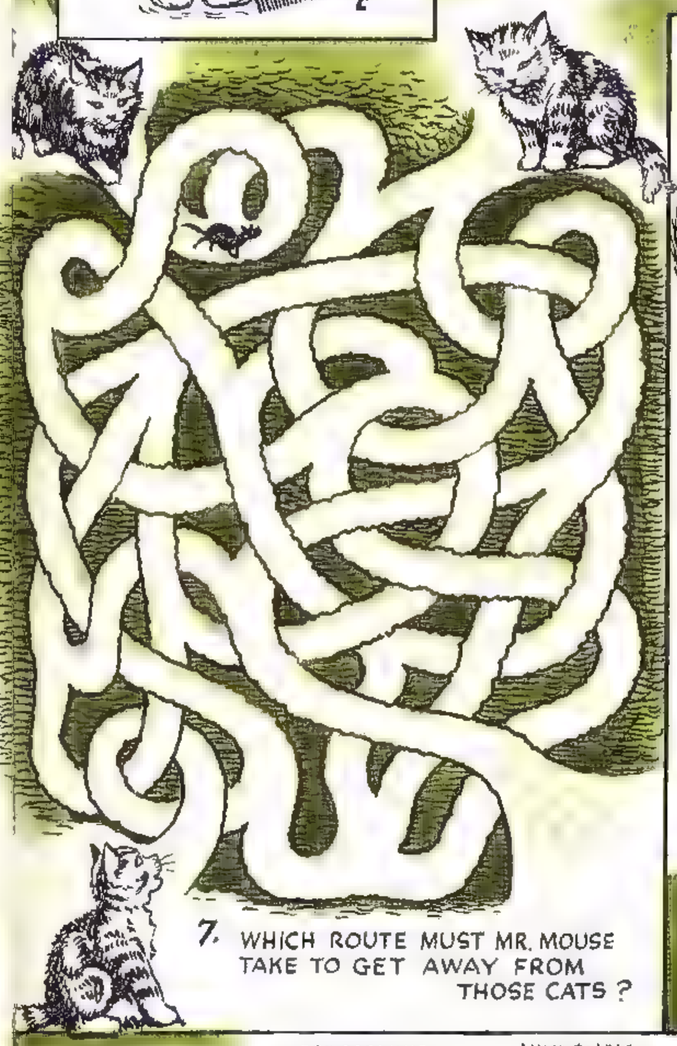




5. HERE ARE THE NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF THREE OF MY FRIENDS. CAN YOU READ THEM ?



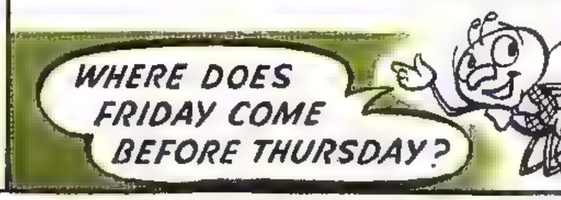
6. JOIN TWELVE OF THESE DOTS TO FORM A CROSS WITH FIVE DOTS INSIDE IT AND EIGHT OUTSIDE.



7. WHICH ROUTE MUST MR. MOUSE TAKE TO GET AWAY FROM THOSE CATS ?

E·R·E
L·D·E
T·N·E·
L·I·
S·T·
D·E·

8. FIRST FIND THE NAMES OF THESE CREATURES. THEN ADD THE MISSING LETTERS IN THE PANEL TO NAME THEIR DWELLINGS, AND SAY WHICH LIVES WHERE ?



ANSWERS

1. XIX = 19 IN ROMAN NUMERALS.
XX = 20 IN ROMAN NUMERALS.

2. "THERE ARE AT LEAST 10 THINGS THAT ARE DIFFERENT – PILLARS ON BUILDING, WINDOWS IN BACKGROUND, MONICA, CUTHBERT, SPOT, MANHOLE COVER, HOPPIT, PEOPLE IN BUS, BUTTONS AND ME -SEE IF YOU CAN FIND ANY MORE"

3. IS A SWAN AND TWO CYGNETS.
7 DID YOU FIND IT ?

4. CRAB
RARE
AREA
BEAN

5. MISS DAISY FISHER
21 CASTLE TERRACE
BR STOL

MISS POLLY BLACKWELL
1 APPLETREE ROAD
BEDFORD.

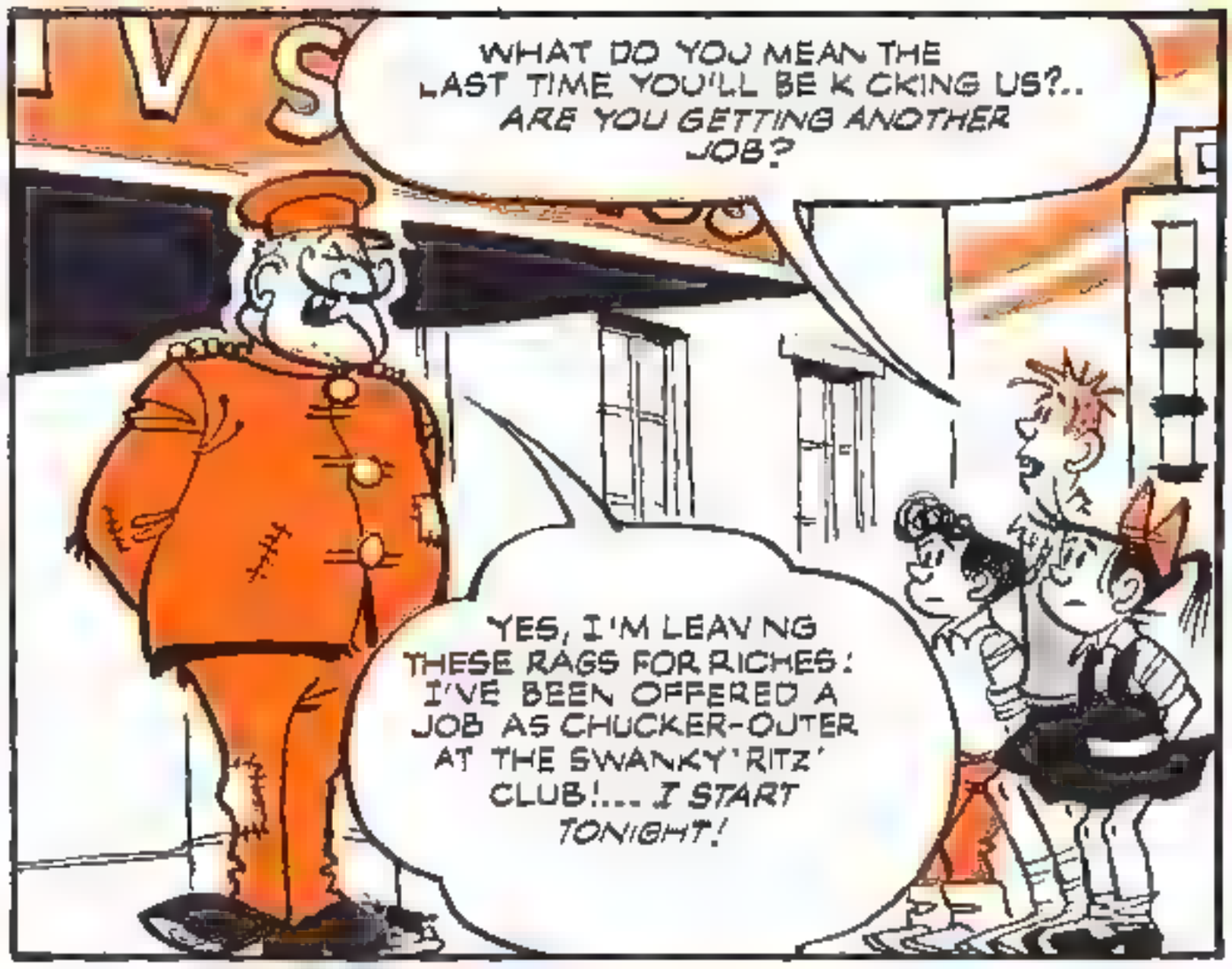
MASTER TONY CAMPBELL.
42 PARK STREET.
SWANSCOMBE

6. A-SOU RREL-DREY
B-BEAVER -LODGE
C-EAGLE -EYRIE
D-MOLE -TUNNEL
E-LION -LAIR
F-BADGER-SETT

RIDDLE-IN THE DICTIONARY

TV TERRORS

THAT S THE LAST TIME I LL BE K CKING YOU, TERRORS!
YIKE! EH?


WHAT DO YOU MEAN THE LAST TIME YOU'LL BE K CKING US?.. ARE YOU GETTING ANOTHER JOB?
YES, I'M LEAV NG THESE RAGS FOR RICHES: I'VE BEEN OFFERED A JOB AS CHUCKER-OUTER AT THE SWANKY 'RITZ' CLUB!... I START TONIGHT!

BAH! IT WON T BE ANY FUN WITHOJT OLD HOPPIT!
WE'LL HAVE TO FIND A WAY OF GETT NG HIM BACK!

I KNOW! WE'LL GO TO THE 'RITZ' TON.GHT AND GET HOPPIT FIRED SOMEHOW... THEN HE'LL HAVE TO TAKE HIS OLD JOB BACK AT THE STJDIO!

SO THAT EVENING AT THE 'RITZ'...
REMEMBER, HOPPIT! YOU'RE HERE TO KICK OUT ANY TOJGH TROUBLE MAKERS!
LEAVE 'EM TO ME, SAH.

NOW'S OUR CHANCE TO PUT HOPPIT IN HOT WATER SO THAT HE IS GIVEN THE SACK.
POP

EXCUSE ME! BUT THAT CHUCKER-OUTER OVER THERE TOLD ME YOU WERE A WEED.

/SSAT SO? I'LL SOON FIX HIM!

WEED AM I?.. I'LL SHOW YOU.

URK!

BOP!

TERRY THE TOUGH IS MAKING MINCE MEAT OF MY NEW MAN! HE'LL HAVE TO GO!

TAKE THAT!

OW!

OOOF!

GLUG!

SO WHEN TERRY THE TOUGH HAS FINISHED WITH HOPPIT, THE MANAGER TAKES OVER...

NOW IT'S MY TURN! I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU COULD HANDLE THE ROUGH CHARACTERS.

BLUBBER! MOAN!

Ritz

HERE COMES HOPPIT AGAIN!

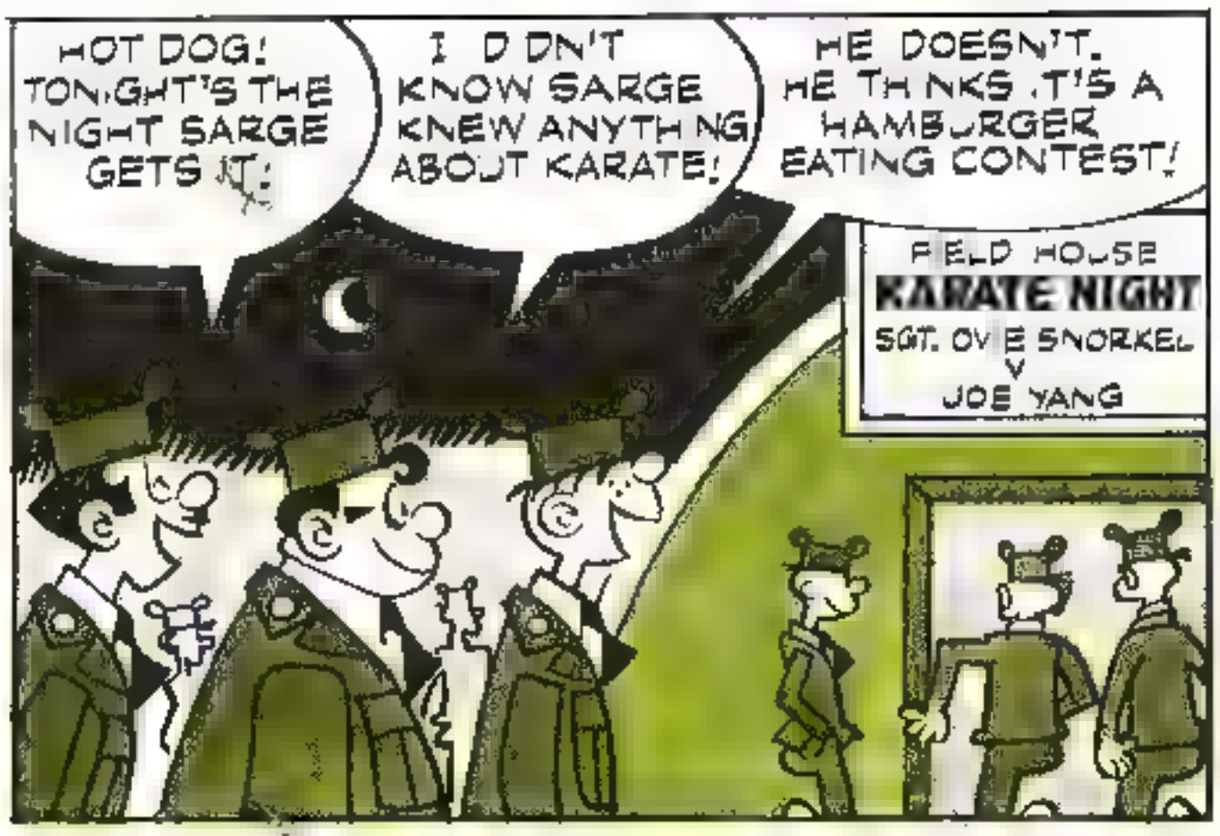
THUD!

GO BACK TO YOUR OLD JOB!... IF THEY'LL TAKE YOU IN THAT CONDIT ON!

LOOKS LIKE YOU WERE MEANT TO STAY IN *RAGS*, HOPPIT! STILL, WE'LL BE GLAD TO HAVE YOU BACK!

I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN I COULDN'T GET AWAY FROM YOU LOT!

BEETLE BAILEY

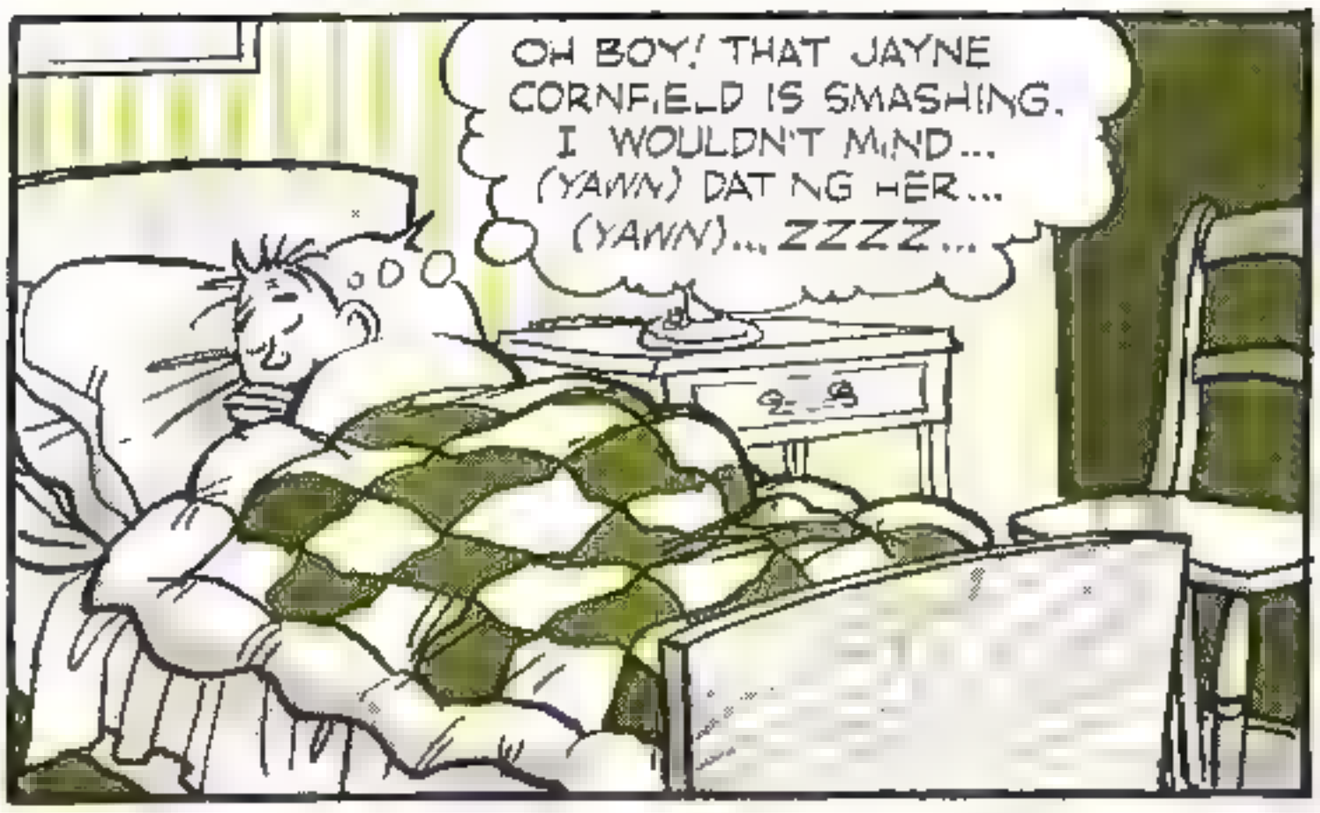

HOT DOG! TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT SARGE GETS IT!
I DON'T KNOW SARGE KNEW ANYTHING ABOUT KARATE!
HE DOESN'T. HE THINKS IT'S A HAMBURGER EATING CONTEST!
FIELD HOUSE
KARATE NIGHT
SGT. OVIE SNORKEL
V
JOE YANG

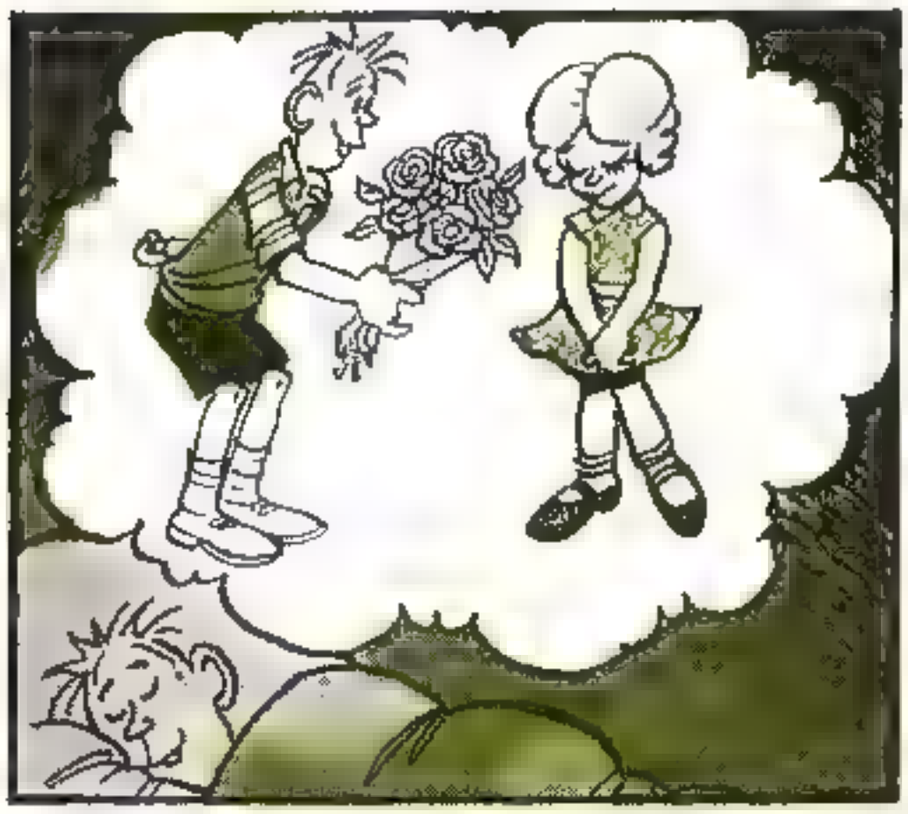
WHAT HAPPENED, JOE?
MAN, HE BLEW THAT ONION SMELL AT ME AND ZONK! THAT WAS IT!
I'LL TAKE ON SARGE AGAIN IF YOU GET HIM SOME MINTS. WHEEE!

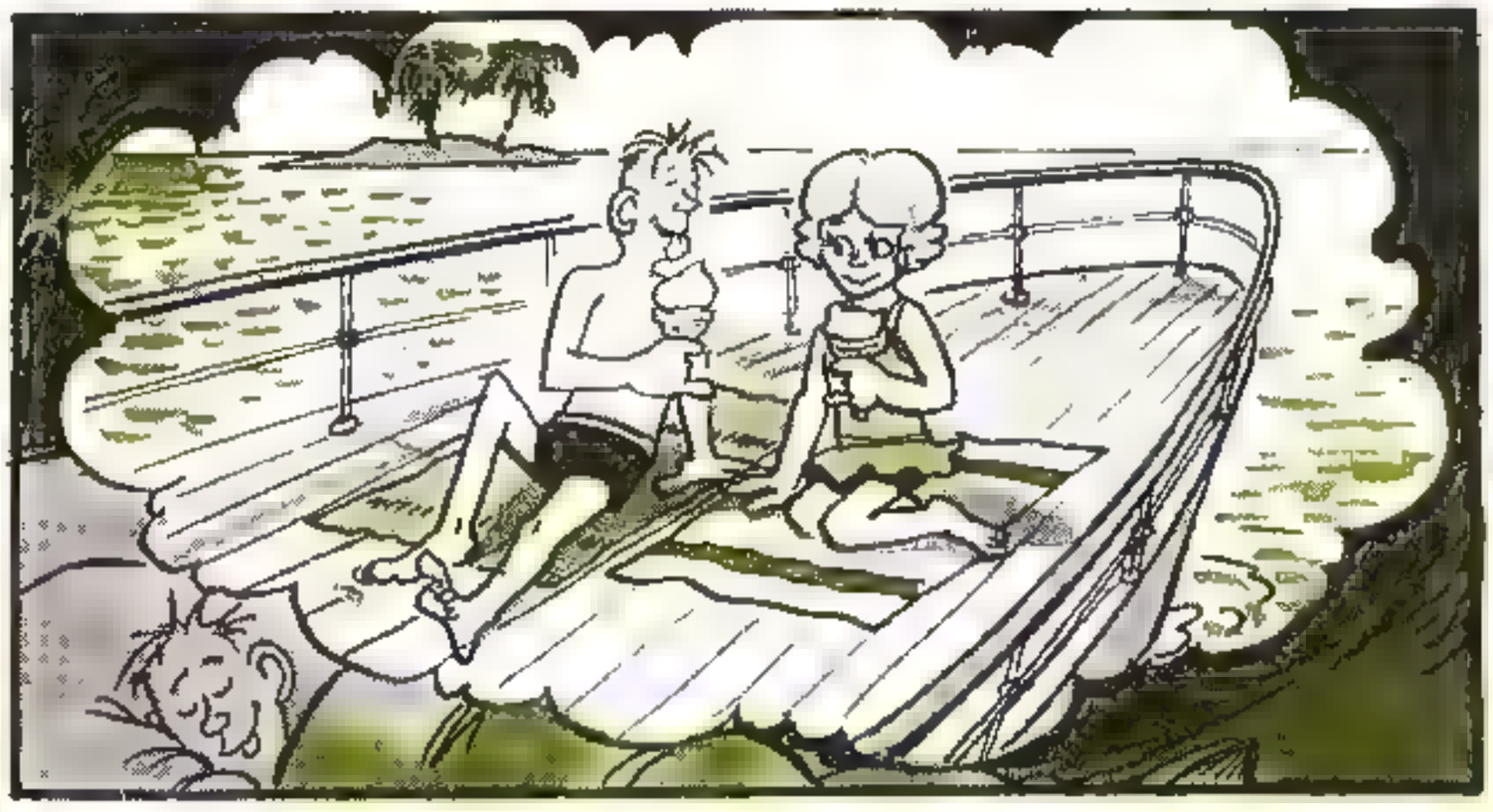
© 1967. King Features Syndicate Inc.

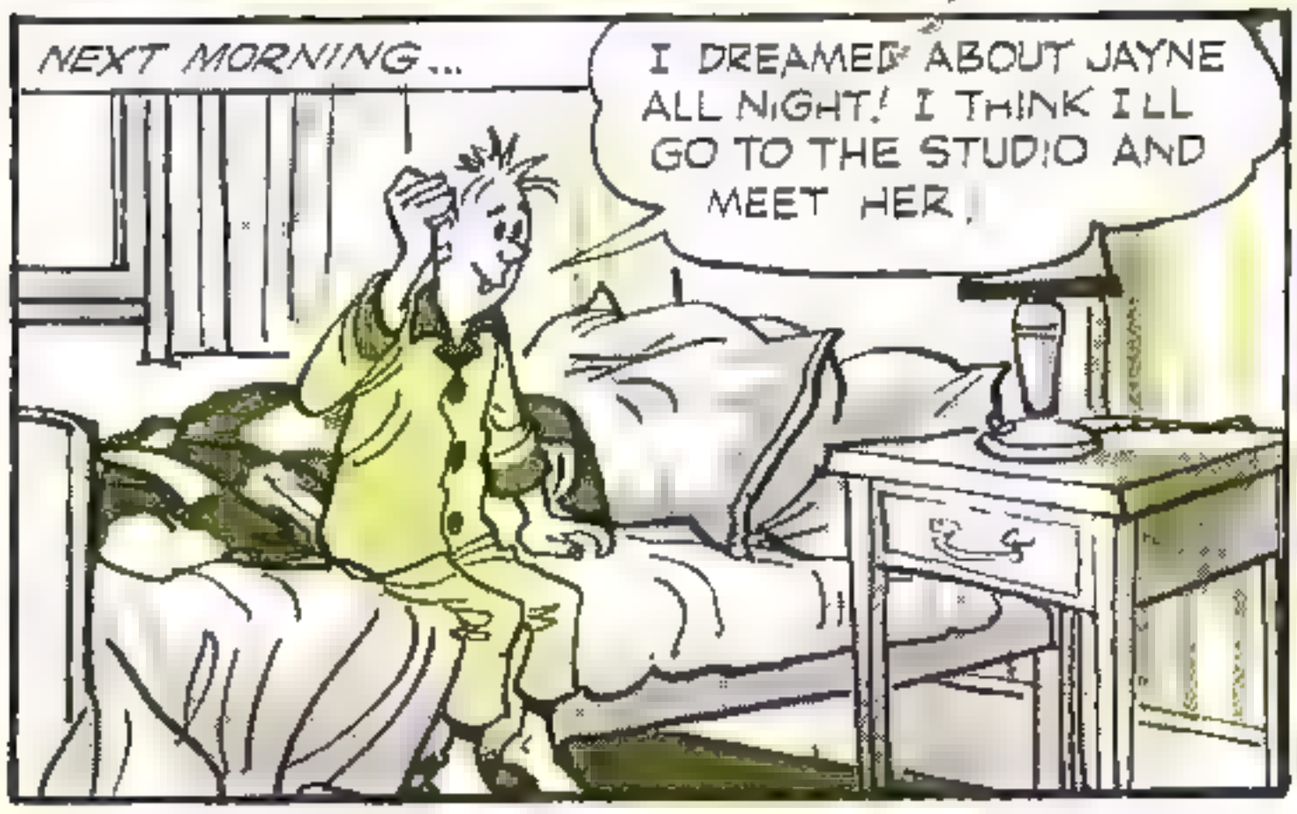
TV TERRORS

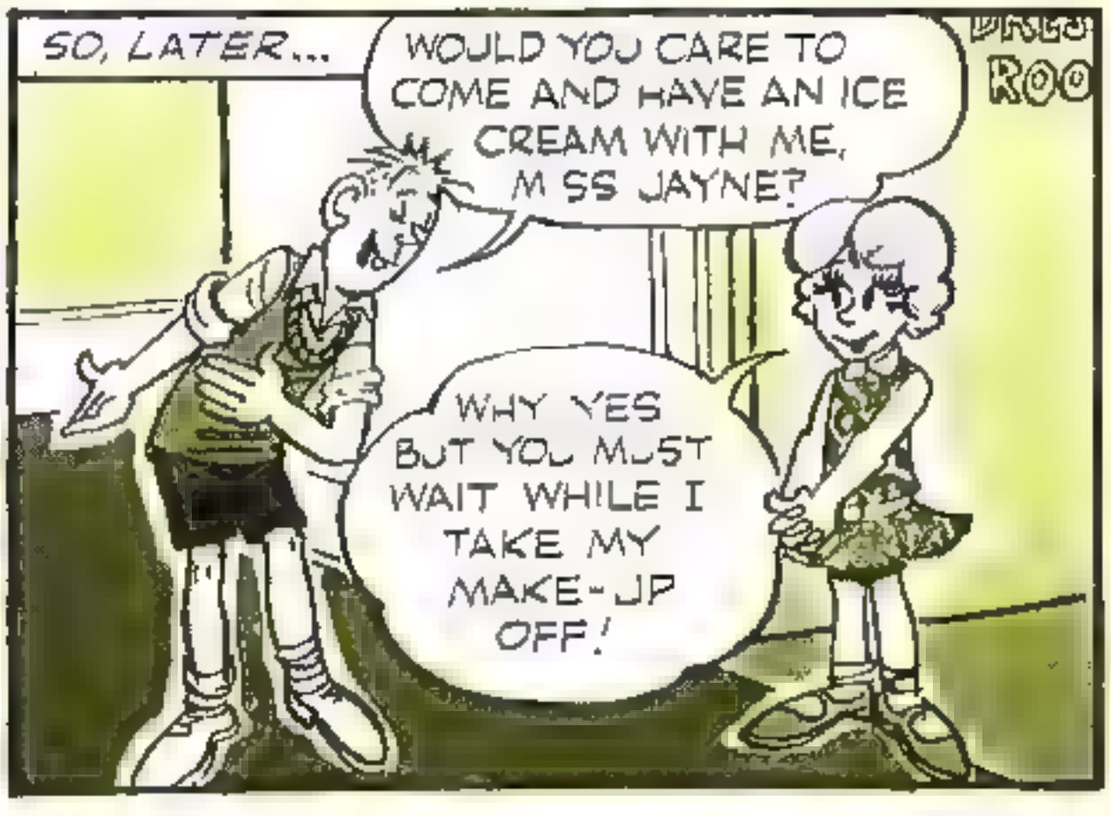
CHILD T V STAR JAYNE CORNFIELD IN TOWN FOR TV SHOW
COME ON, BUTTONS—IT'S TIME TO GO TO BED.


OH BOY! THAT JAYNE CORNFIELD IS SMASHING. I WOULDN'T MIND... (YAWN) DAT NG HER... (YAWN)... ZZZZ...



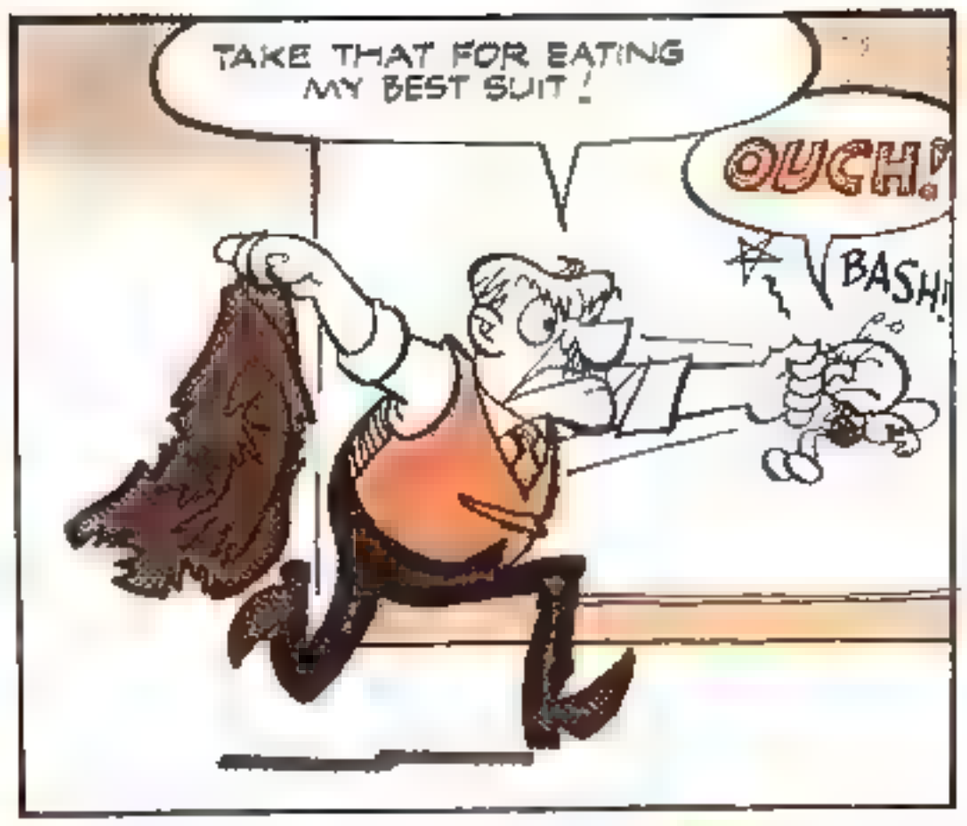


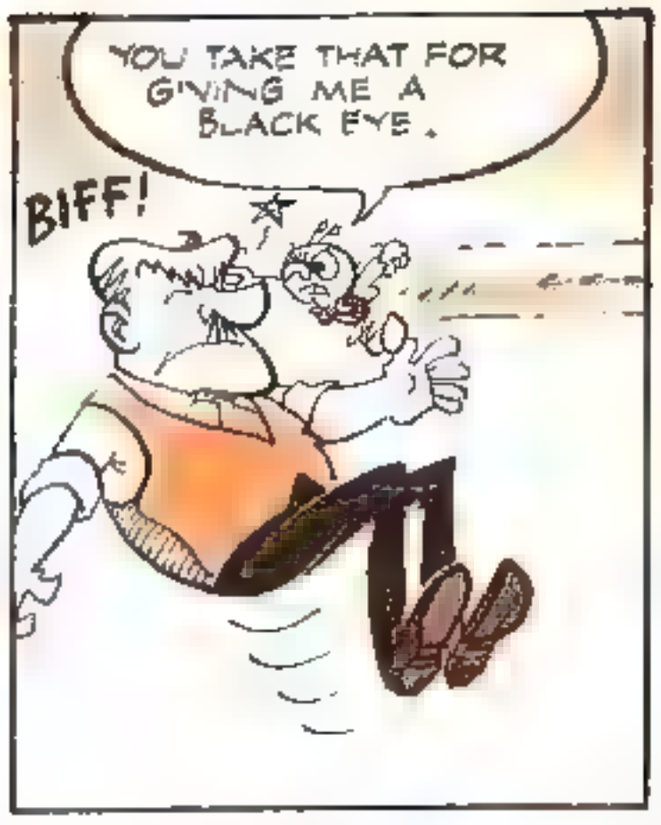

NEXT MORNING...
I DREAMED ABOUT JAYNE ALL NIGHT! I THINK I'LL GO TO THE STUDIO AND MEET HER!


SO, LATER...
WOULD YOU CARE TO COME AND HAVE AN ICE CREAM WITH ME, M SS JAYNE?
WHY YES BUT YOU MUST WAIT WHILE I TAKE MY MAKE-UP OFF!
DISCO ROO

FIRST MY WIG..
...THEN MY FALSE EYE-LASHES...
..THERE! I'M READY
GROAN... MY DREAM-BOAT HAS BEEN SHIPWRECKED!

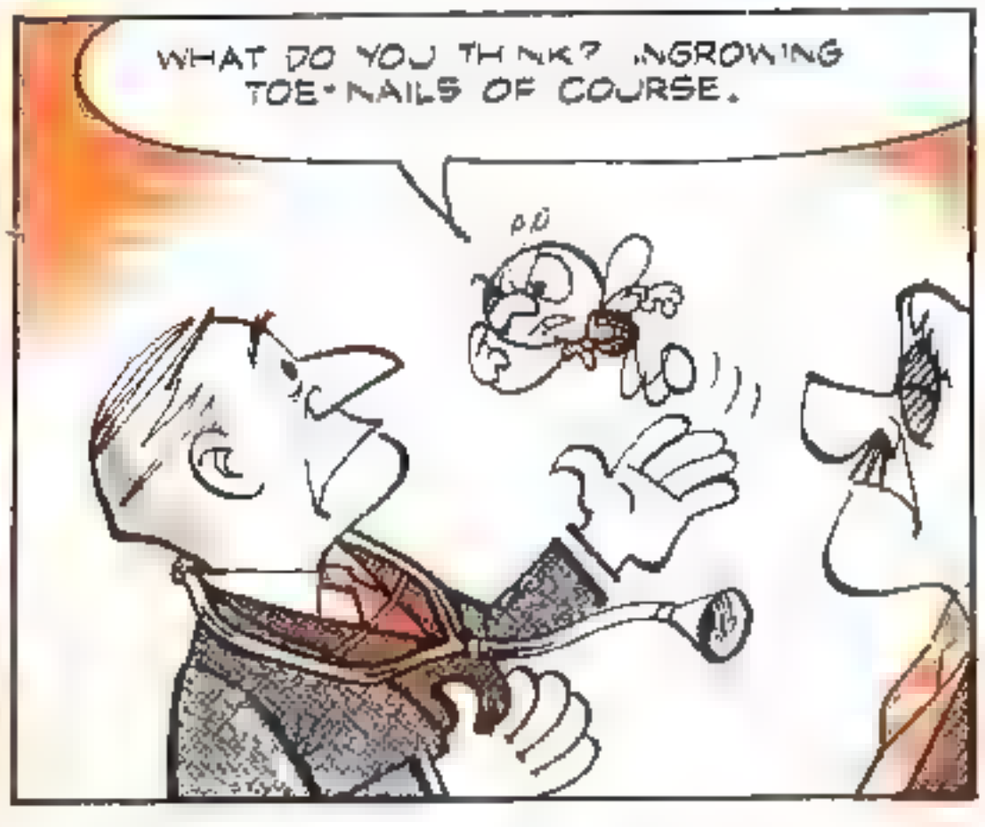
MIGHTY MOTH


TAKE THAT FOR EATING MY BEST SUIT!
OUCH!
BASH!


YOU TAKE THAT FOR GIVING ME A BLACK EYE.
BIFF!

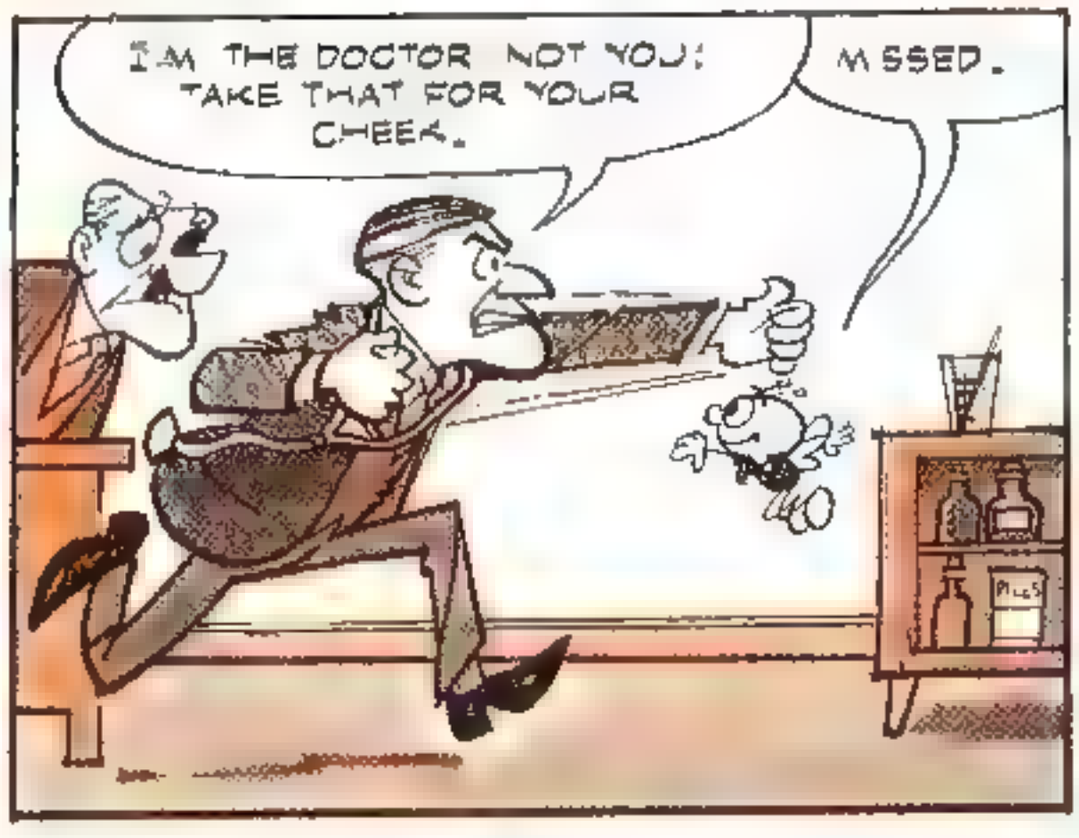
NOW WE'VE BOTH GOT BLACK EYES WE'D BETTER VISIT THE DOCTOR. HE'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO ABOUT THEM!

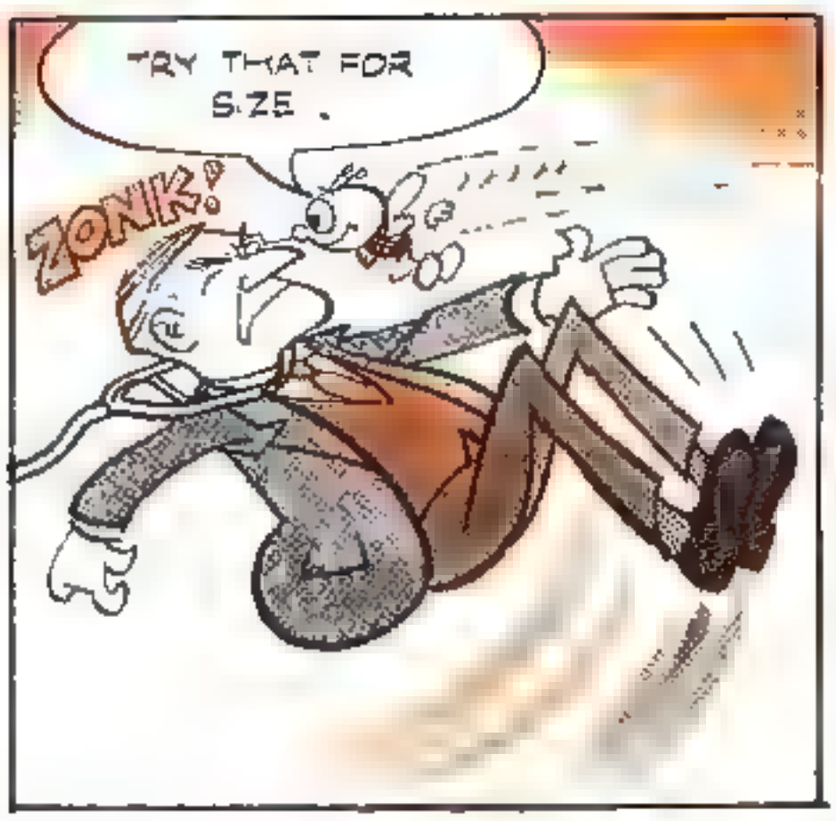
SO...
WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE?


WHAT DO YOU THINK? INGROWING TOE-NAILS OF COURSE.

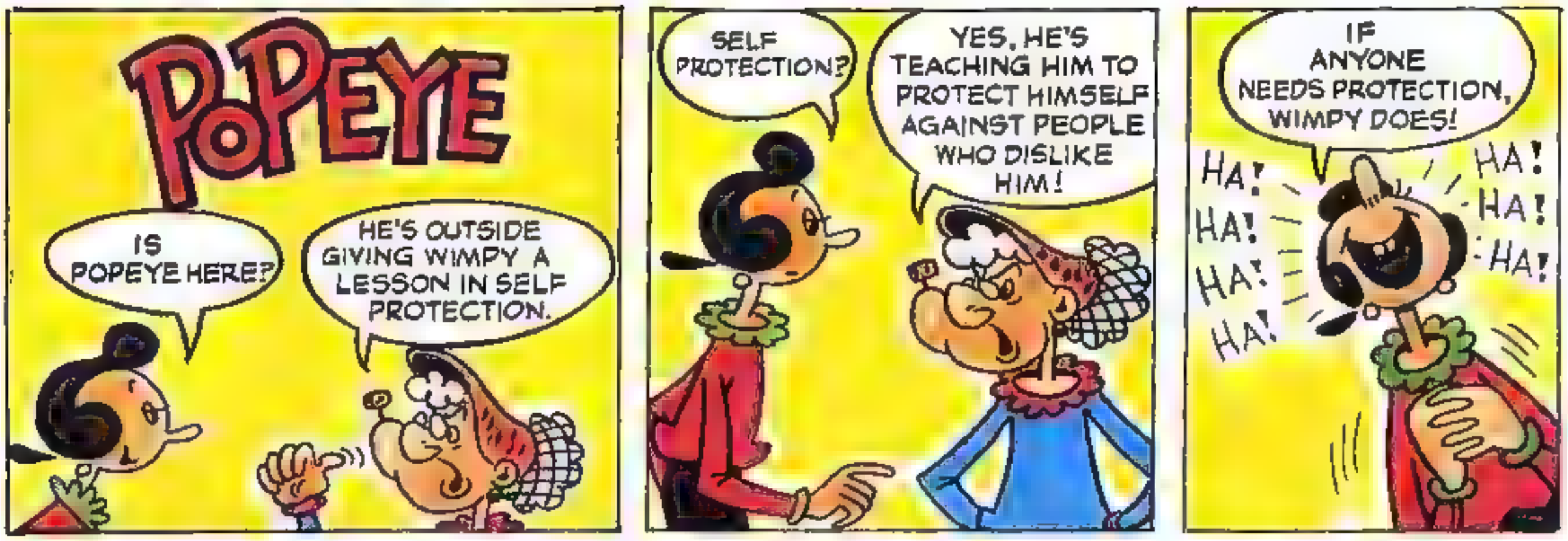
OH I SEE. YOU BOTH HAVE BLACK EYES. BATHE N WARM WATER AND THEY'LL SOON GET BETTER!

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? YOU BATHE BLACK EYES WITH COLD WATER!


I AM THE DOCTOR NOT YOU! TAKE THAT FOR YOUR CHEEK.
MISSED.


TRY THAT FOR SIZE.
ZONK!

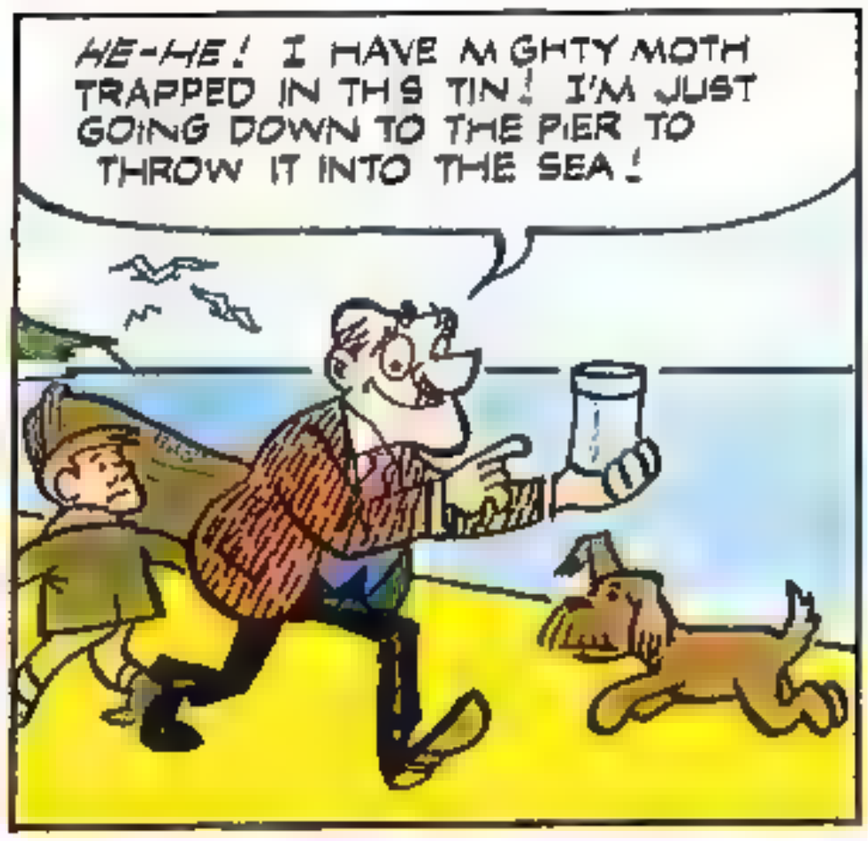
LATER...
HE'S RIGHT YOU KNOW. THIS COLD WATER HAS MADE MY BLACK EYE FEEL BETTER ALREADY.

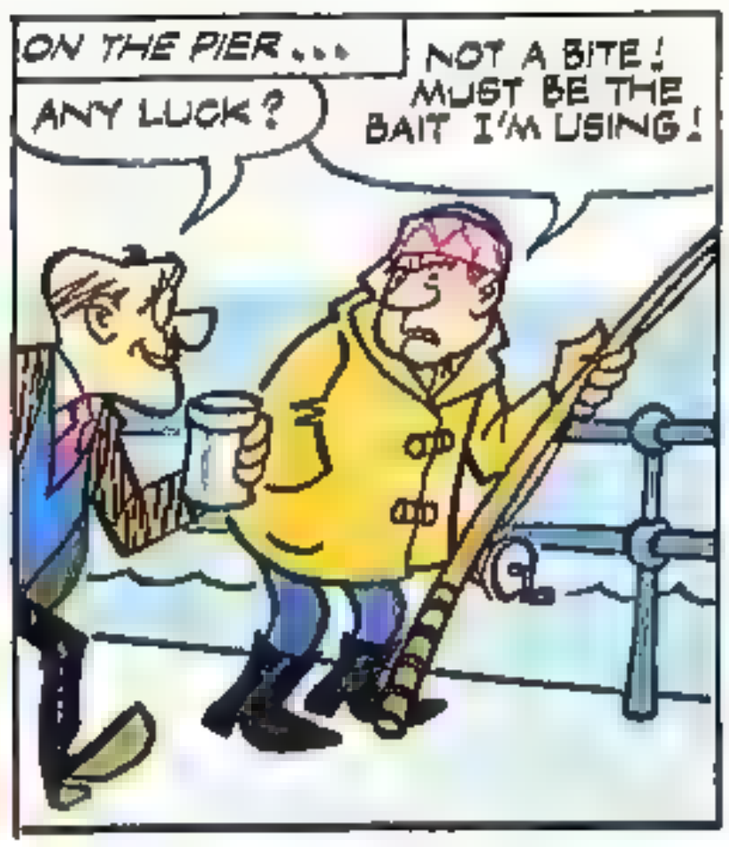

POPEYE
IS POPEYE HERE?
HE'S OUTSIDE GIVING WIMPY A LESSON IN SELF PROTECTION.
SELF PROTECTION?
YES, HE'S TEACHING HIM TO PROTECT HIMSELF AGAINST PEOPLE WHO DISLIKE HIM!
IF ANYONE NEEDS PROTECTION, WIMPY DOES!
HA!
HA!
HA!
HA!
HA!
IF YA IS GO'NER LEARN TO PROTECT YERSELF YA MUST LEARN TO KEEP YER LEFT UP!
LEFT UP!
GOOD HEAVENS, SIR! LOOK AT THAT SEAGULL!
HUH?
THERE AIN'T NO...
POW
WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?
YOUR SHOE IS UNTIED, SIR!
BLOW ME DOWN, WIMPY, YA IS MISTOOKED, IT AIN'T UNTIED!
?
ZAM
I WAS MERELY SHOWING HIM THAT SKILL CAN SOMETIMES BE OUT-CLASSED BY SNEAKY CUNNING!
?
I'LL KILL HIM!
N.M.

© 1967, King Features Syndicate Inc.

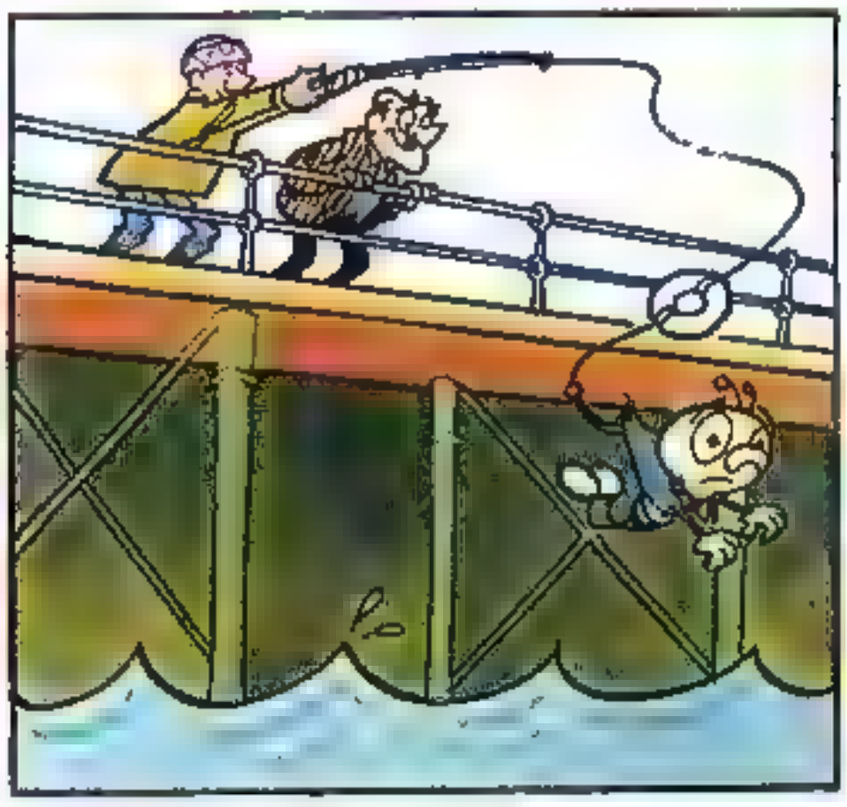
MIGHTY MOTH

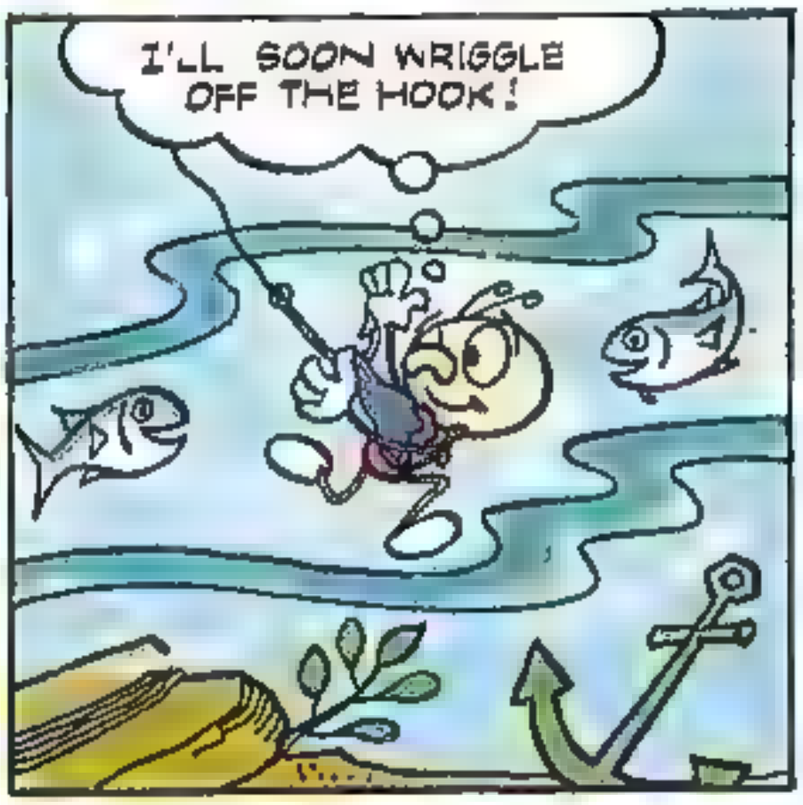
HELP!


HE-HE! I HAVE MIGHTY MOTH TRAPPED IN THIS TIN! I'M JUST GOING DOWN TO THE PIER TO THROW IT INTO THE SEA!

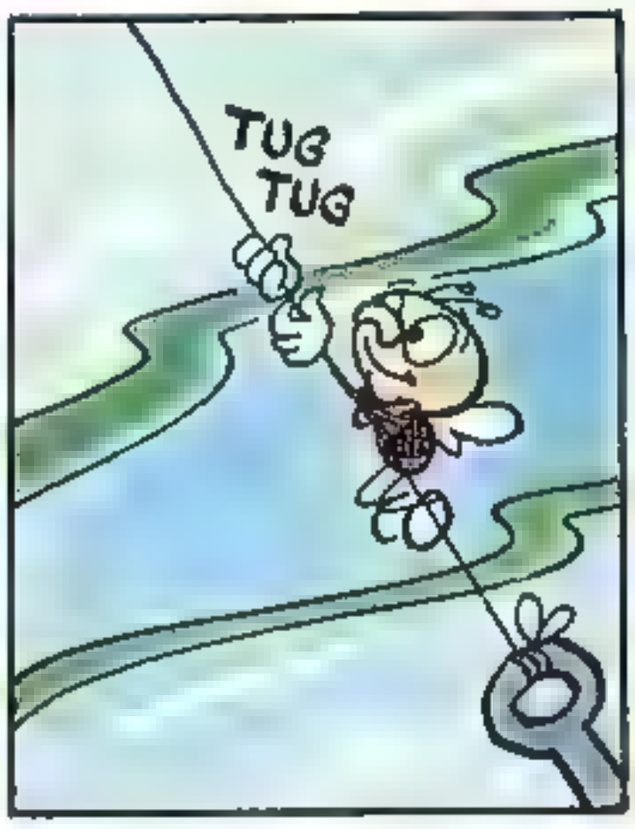

ON THE PIER...
ANY LUCK?
NOT A BITE! MUST BE THE BAIT I'M USING!

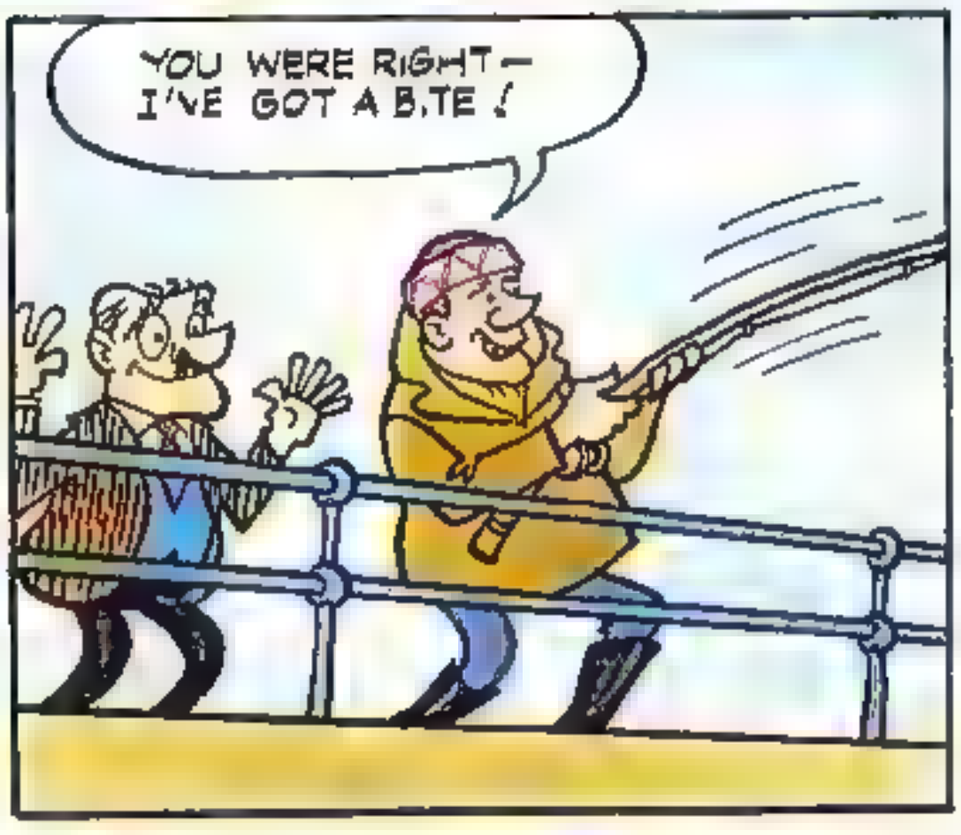
TRY THIS FOR BAIT!
OKAY!




I'LL SOON WRIGGLE OFF THE HOOK!

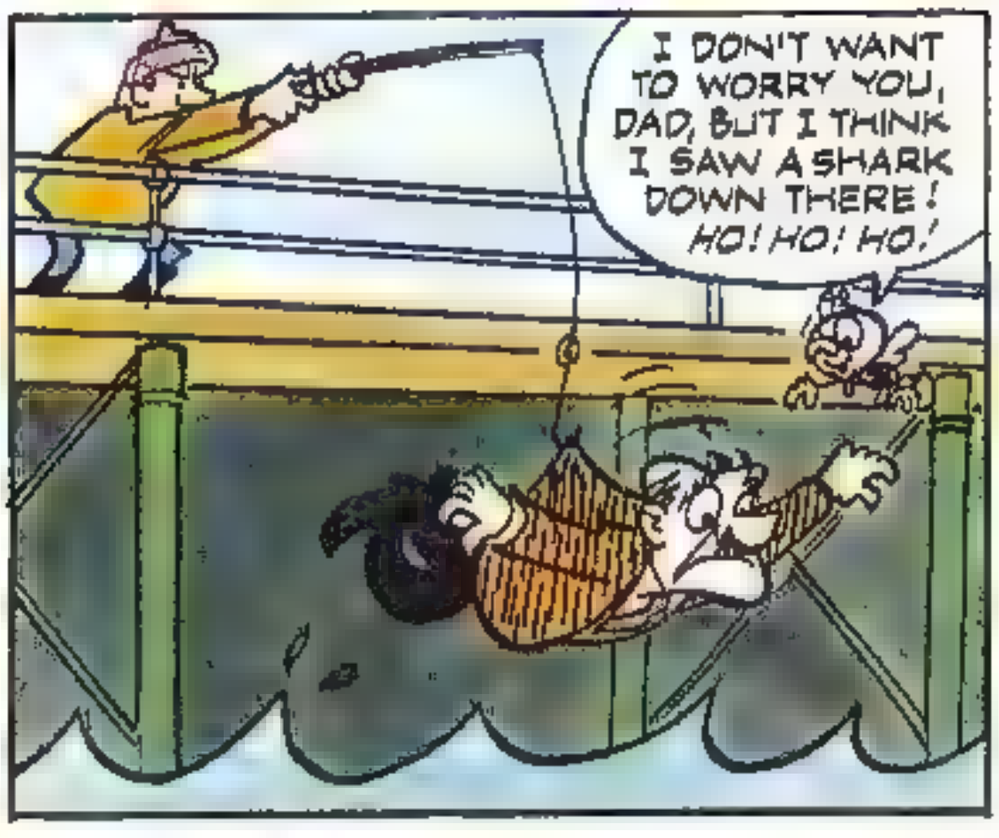
WHILE I'M DOWN HERE I'LL GET MY OWN BACK ON DAD!


TUG
TUG

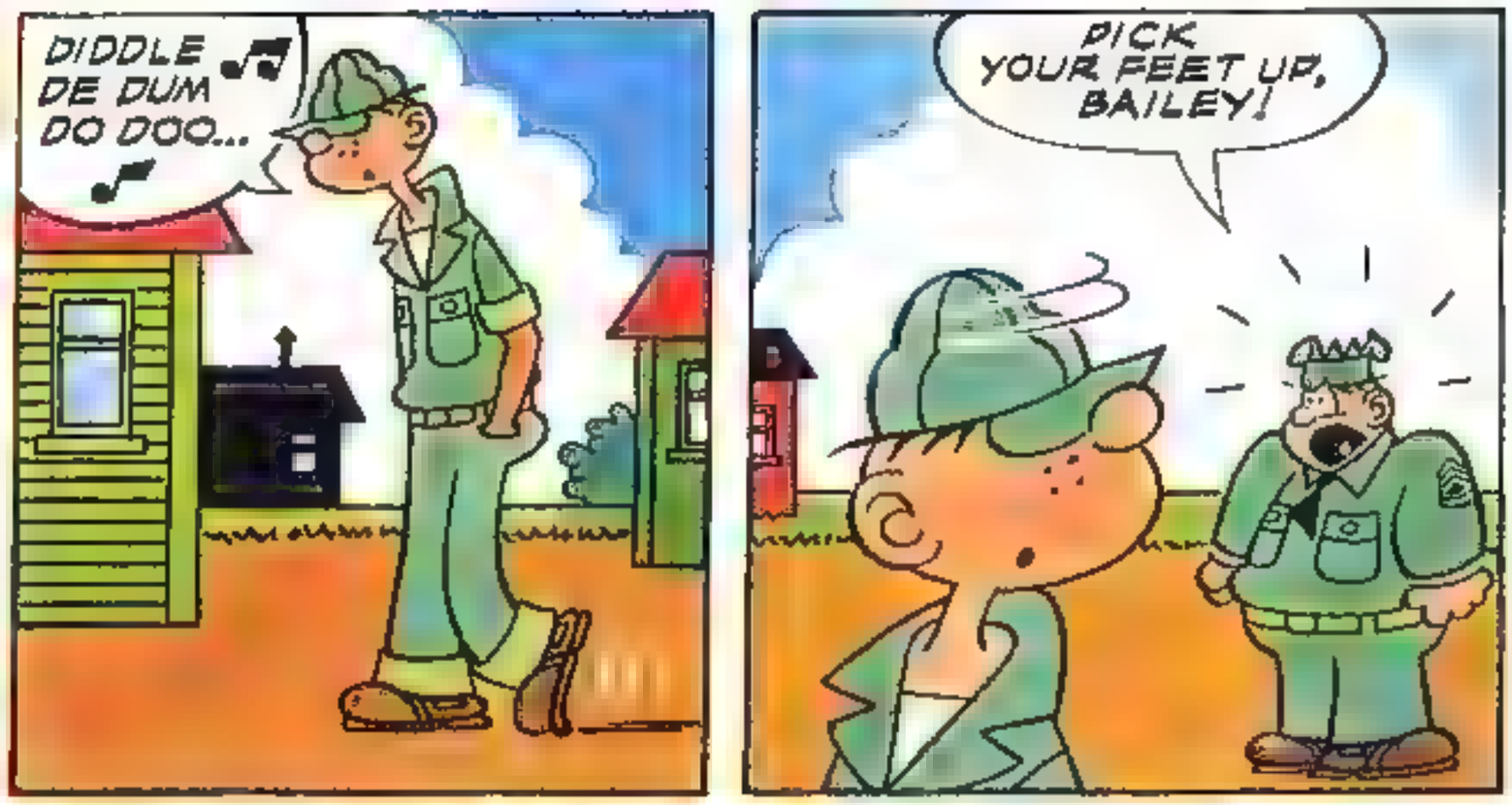

YOU WERE RIGHT— I'VE GOT A BITE!

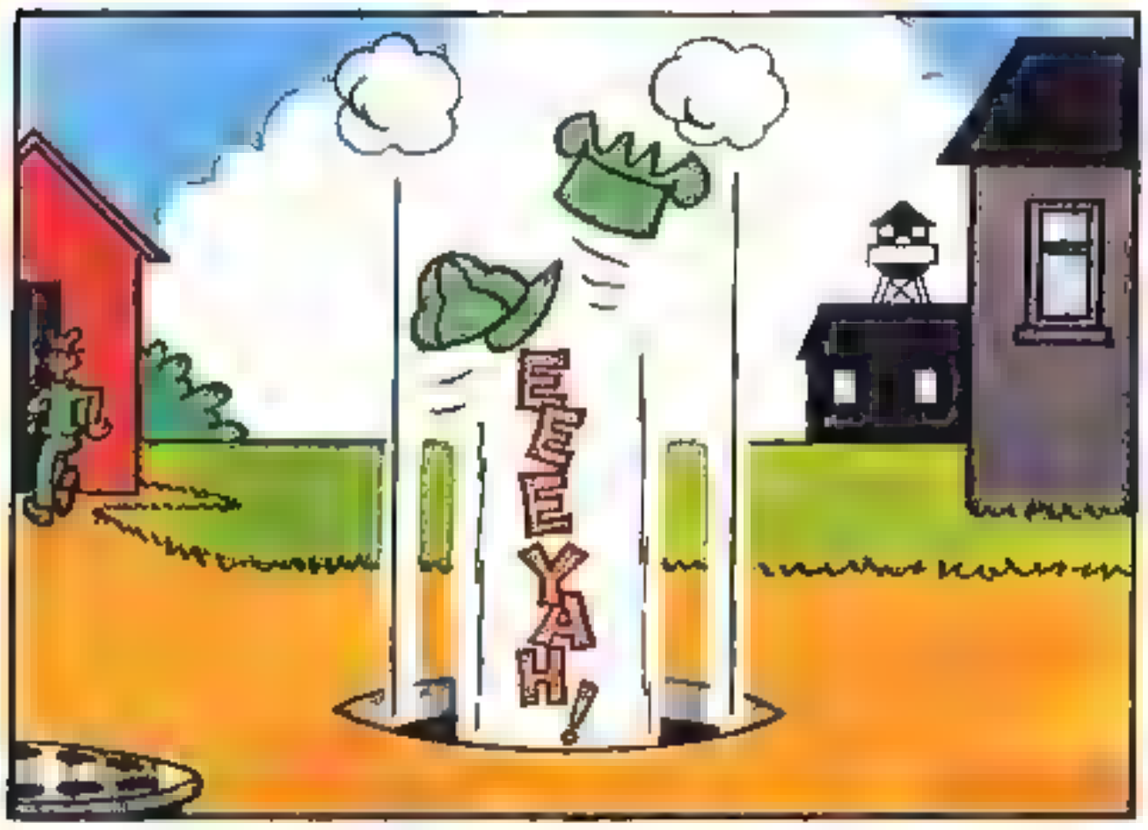
CLUNK!

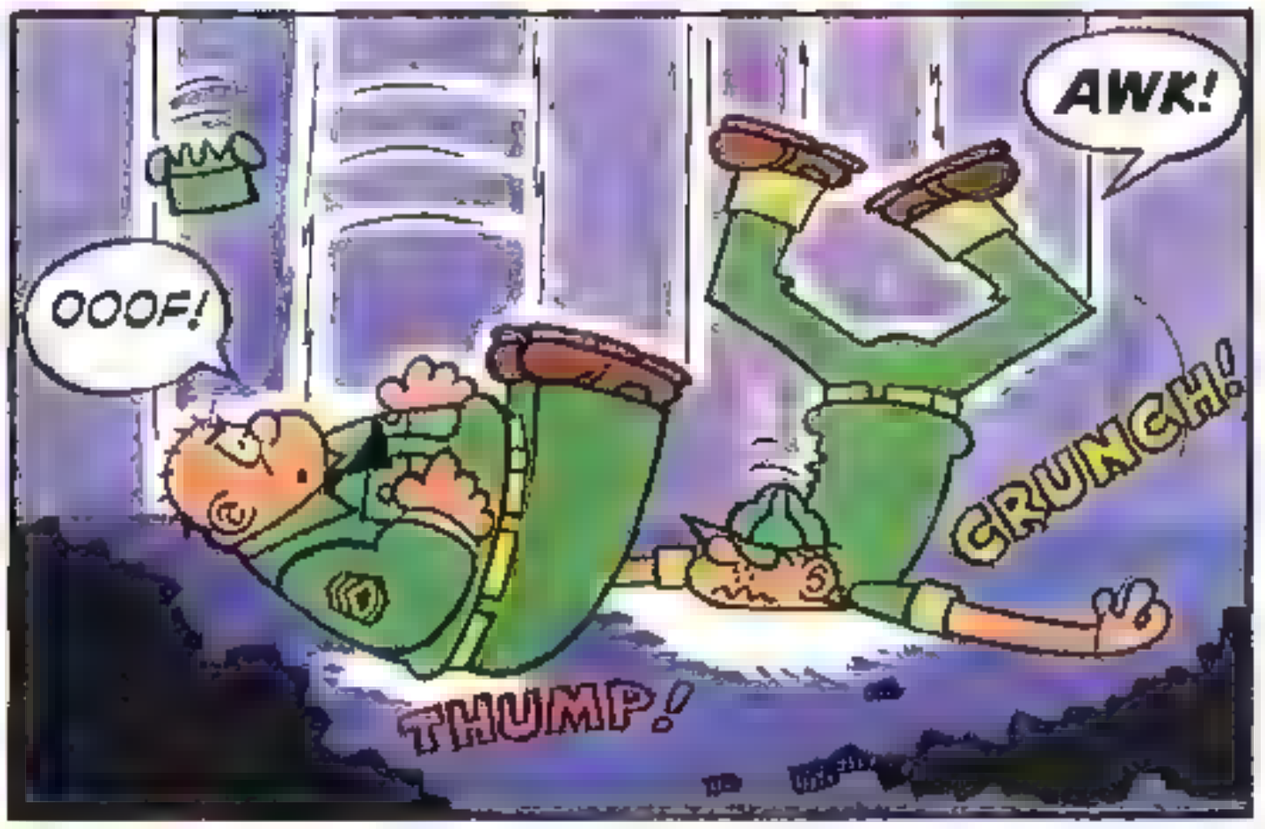
HUH! YOUR BAIT WAS NO GOOD. BUT I'VE A BETTER IDEA!

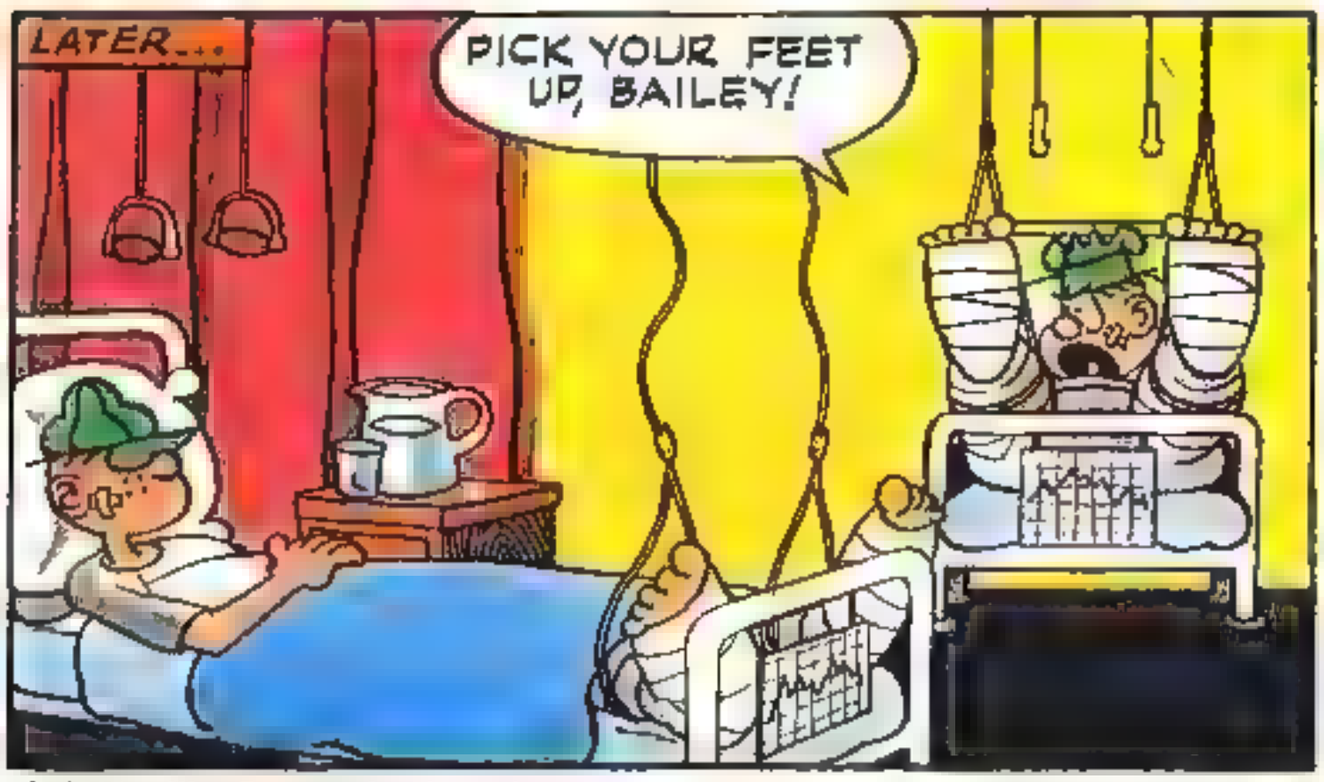

I DON'T WANT TO WORRY YOU, DAD, BUT I THINK I SAW A SHARK DOWN THERE! HO! HO! HO!

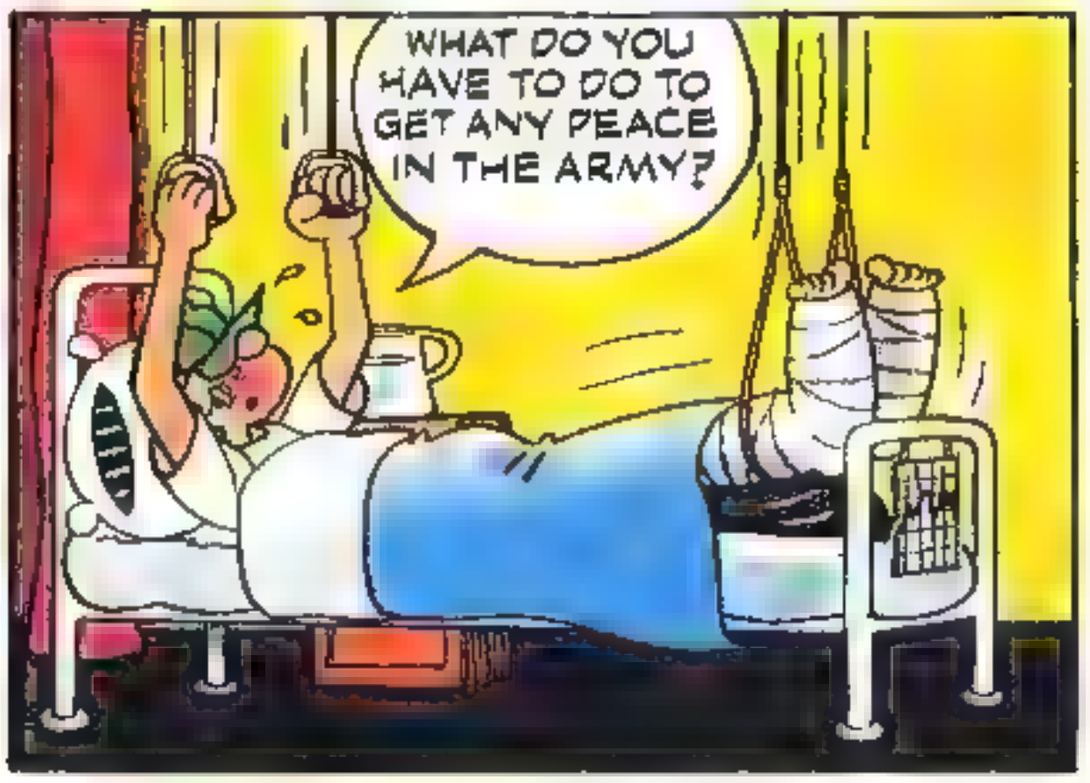
BEETLE BAILEY











© 1967 King Features Syndicate Inc.

TIVVY
I THINK I'LL GET MYSELF A SMART HAT!
MADD & CO LTD HATTERS
I'D LIKE A HAT TO FIT MY HEAD!
I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D WANT IT TO FIT YOUR FEET!
SIZE 8
TRY THIS ONE, SIR!
OKAY!
SIZE 14
IT'S A LITTLE LARGE!
THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH THE HAT --- YOUR HEAD IS TOO SMALL!
WAIT A MINUTE, SIR! I HAVE AN IDEA THAT WILL MAKE THE HAT FIT BETTER!
GOOD SHOW! I LIKE THIS ONE, IT'S JUST THAT I CAN'T SEE WHERE I'M GOING!
THESE LIBRARY BOOKS WILL PACK THE HAT OUT!
I'M SURE YOU'RE RIGHT!
IT DOESN'T LOOK VERY SMART!
DOES IT?

Tivvy created by Atelier Fauni, Finland

WHAT DO YOU TH NK?

HE LOOKS A PERFECT TWIT!

I THINK SIR LOOKS THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN!

OOOUCH! THE BOOKS HAVE FALLEN OJT!

MY POOR OLD FOOT... IT'S BEEN CRJSHED!

STOP JUMP NG AND BANG.NG! THE CHANDELIER S SHAKING LOOSE.

OH,NO!

CRASH

YOOUCH! THAT HURTS!

WOW! WHAT A BJMP!

MY HEAD S SWELLING UP LIKE A BALLOON!

THERE YOU ARE, S.R! T FITS PERFECTLY NOW! HAR!HAR!

AT LEAST T'LL COVER THE BUMP UP!

Costumes of the World

Here is a wide variety of costumes from different parts of the world. Can you name the country to which each belongs and the capital city of that country?

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

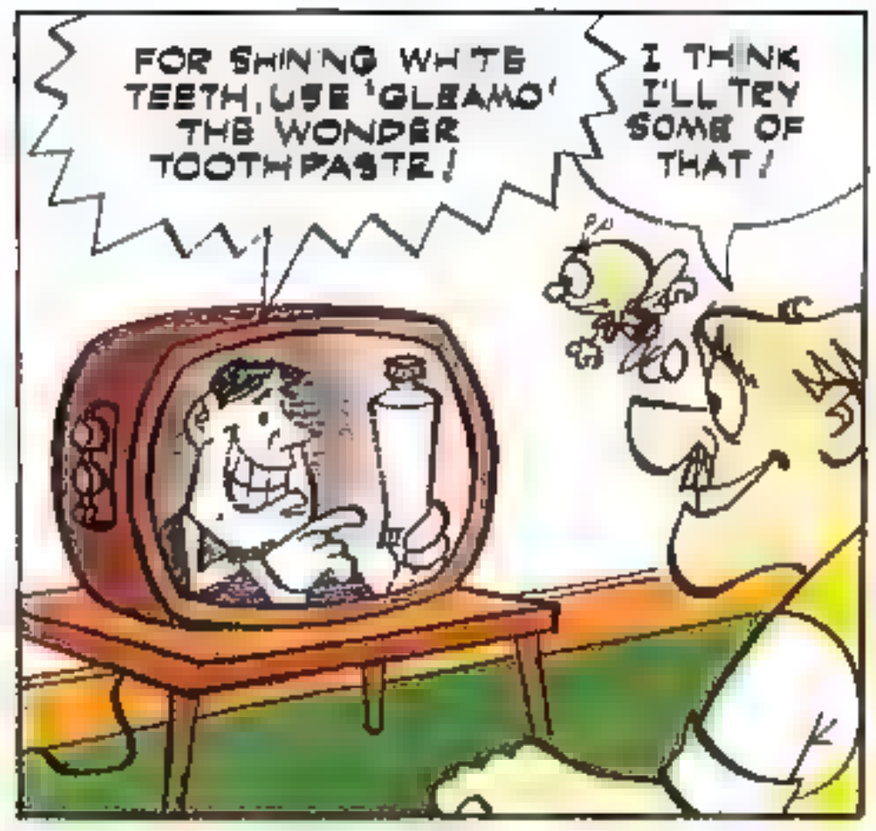
9

10

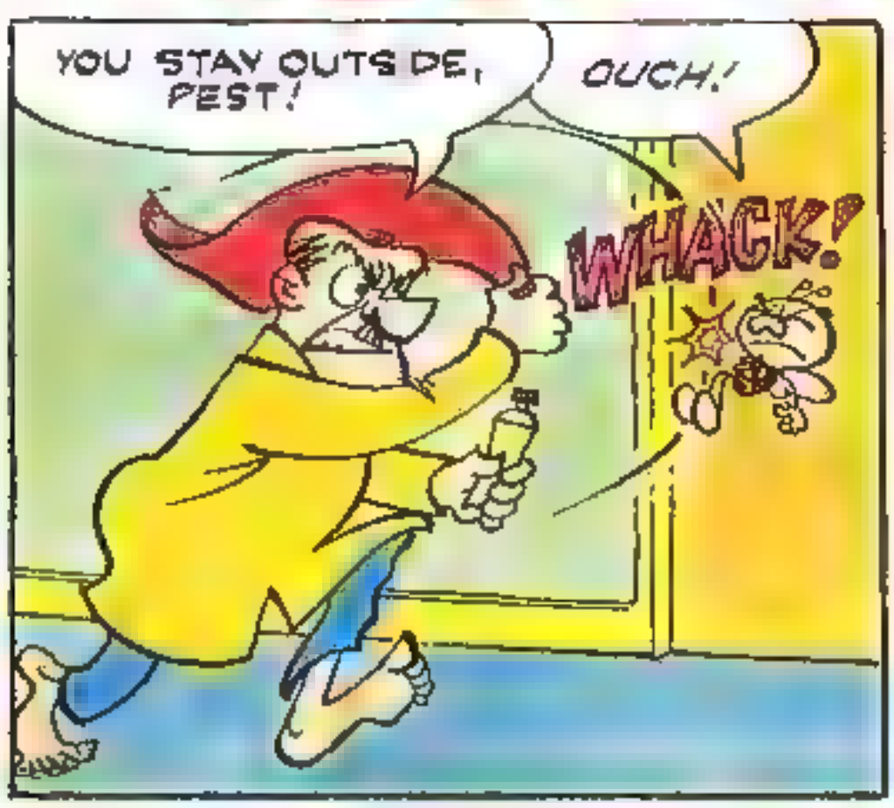
Answers

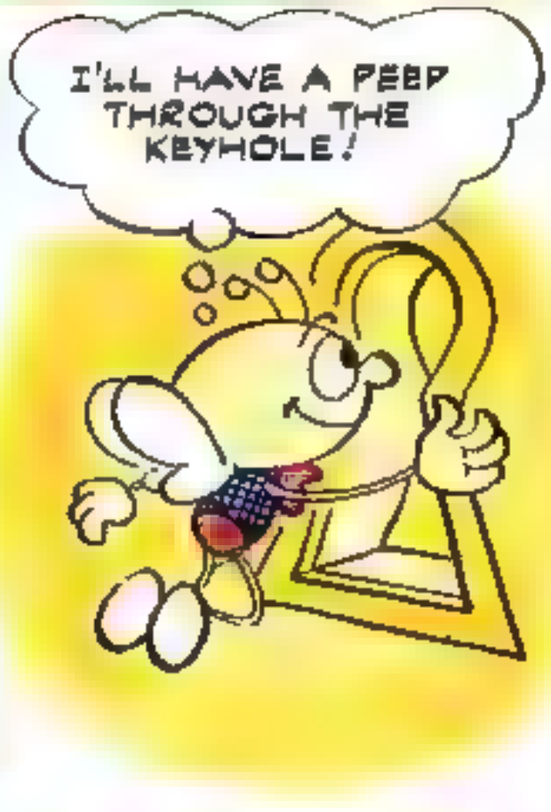
1. Argentina — Buenos Aires
2. Sweden — Stockholm
3. Switzerland — Berne
4. Spain — Madrid
5. Nigeria — Lagos
6. Hungary — Budapest
7. Japan — Tokyo
8. Greece — Athens
9. Burma — Rangoon
10. South Africa — Pretoria

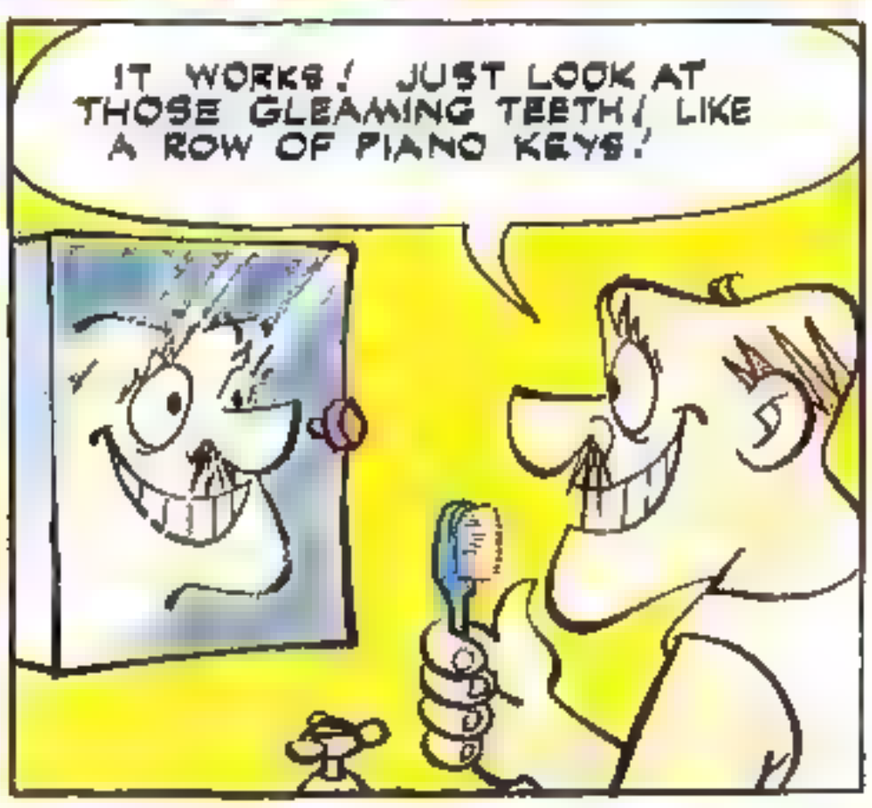
MIGHTY MOTH


FOR SHINING WHITE TEETH, USE 'GLEAMO' THE WONDER TOOTHPASTE!
I THINK I'LL TRY SOME OF THAT!

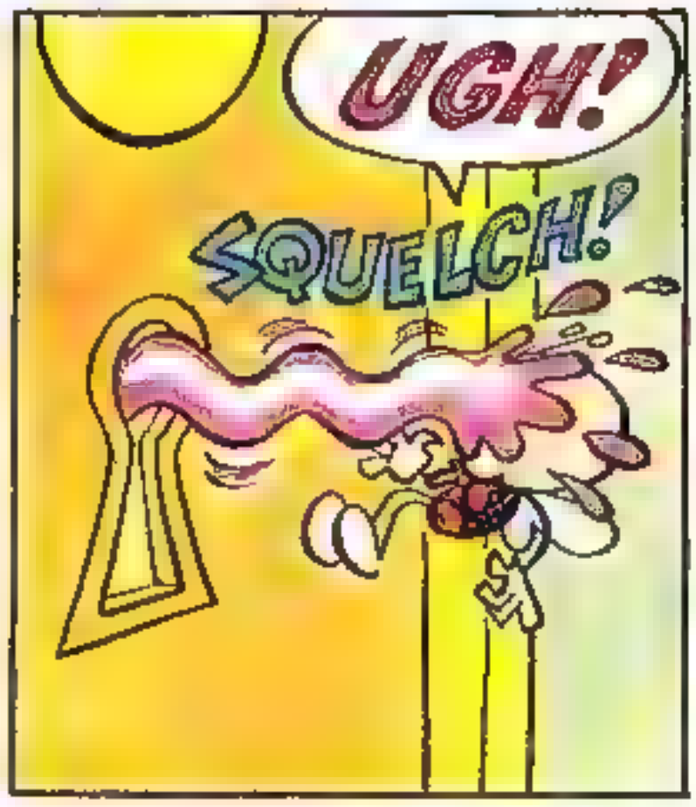
SO, NEXT MORNING...
LET'S SEE IF 'GLEAMO' MAKES MY TEETH SHINING WHITE!
I'LL TRY SOME TOO!

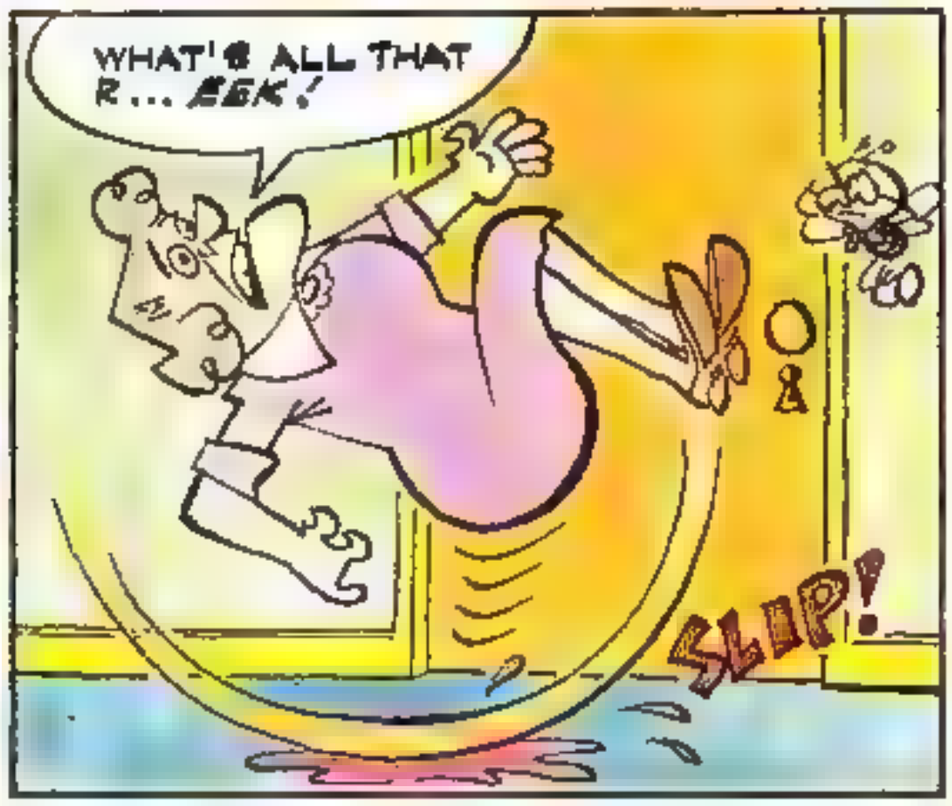

YOU STAY OUTSIDE, PEST!
OUCH!
WHACK!


I'LL HAVE A PEEP THROUGH THE KEYHOLE!

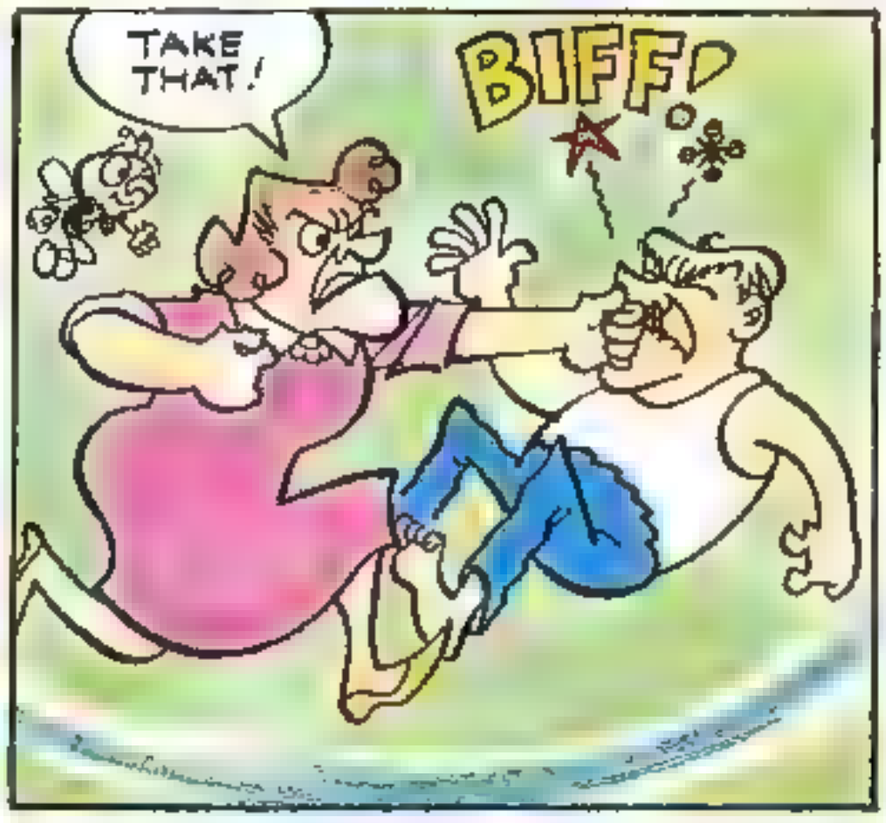

IT WORKS! JUST LOOK AT THOSE GLEAMING TEETH! LIKE A ROW OF PIANO KEYS!

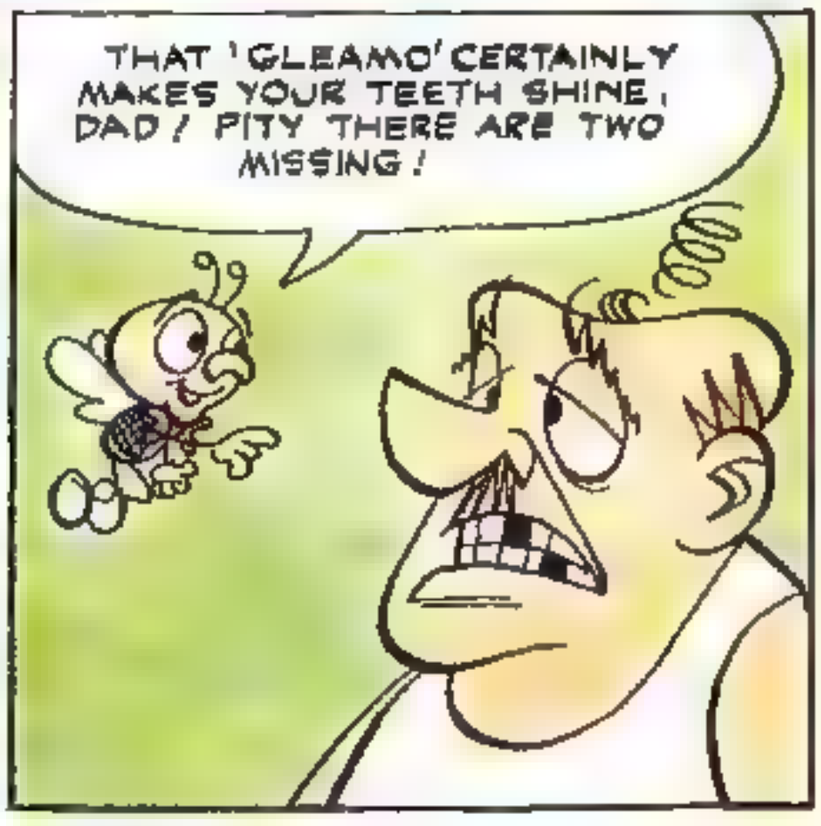
IF I KNOW THAT MOTH HE'LL BE PEEPING THROUGH THE KEYHOLE. I'LL LET HIM HAVE SOME 'GLEAMO'!


UGH!
SQUELCH!

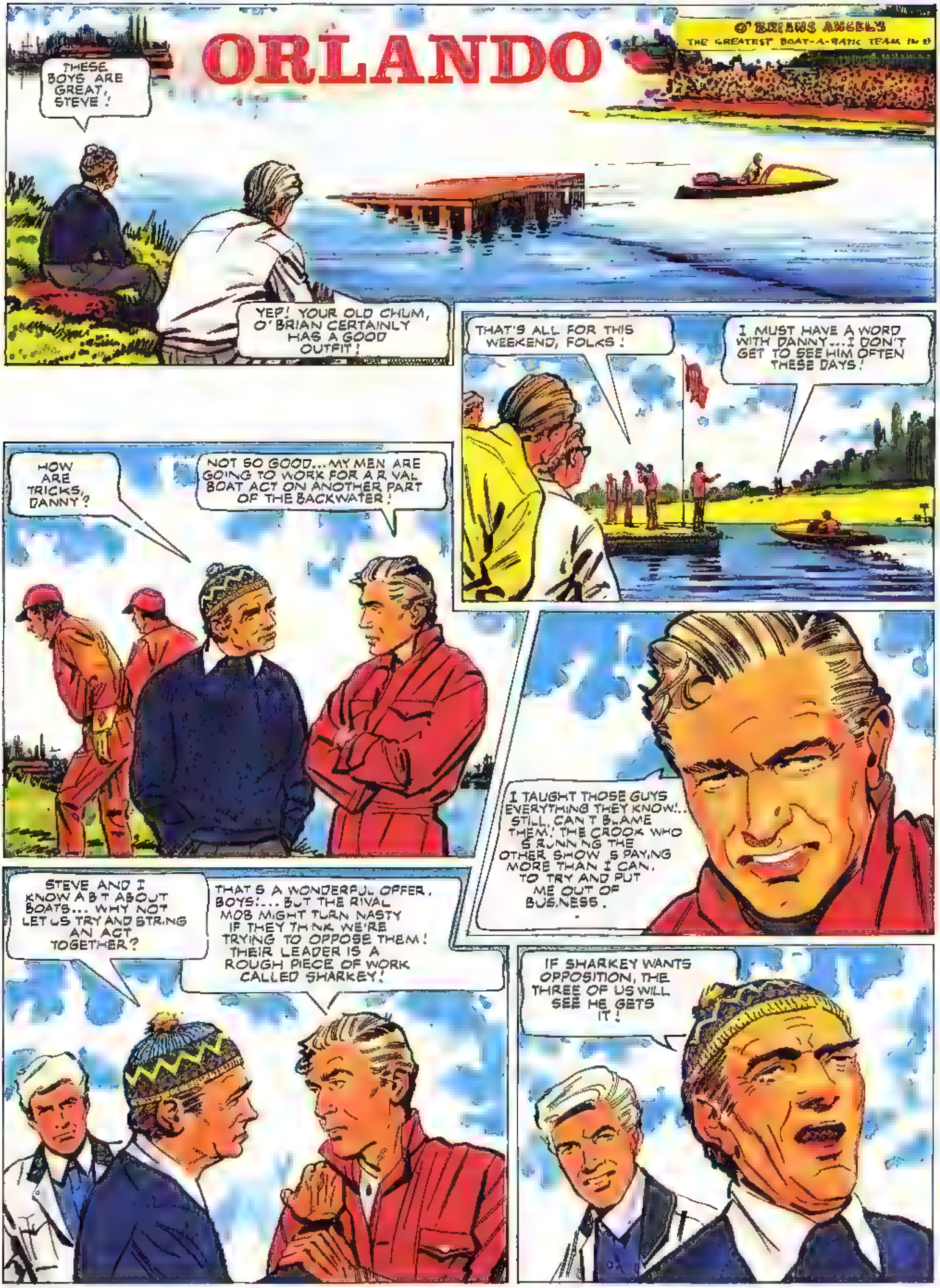

WHAT'S ALL THAT R... EEK!
SLIP!

SQUIRTING TOOTHPASTE ABOUT, EH? I'LL SHOW YOU!


TAKE THAT!
BIFF!


THAT 'GLEAMO' CERTAINLY MAKES YOUR TEETH SHINE, DAD! PITY THERE ARE TWO MISSING!

ORLANDO


THESE BOYS ARE GREAT, STEVE!
O'BRIANS ANGELS
THE GREATEST BOAT-A-RATIC TEAM IN E
YEP! YOUR OLD CHUM, O'BRIAN CERTAINLY HAS A GOOD OUTFIT!
THAT'S ALL FOR THIS WEEKEND, FOLKS!
I MUST HAVE A WORD WITH DANNY... I DON'T GET TO SEE HIM OFTEN THESE DAYS!
HOW ARE TRICKS, DANNY?
NOT SO GOOD... MY MEN ARE GOING TO WORK FOR A RIVAL BOAT ACT ON ANOTHER PART OF THE BACKWATER!
I TAUGHT THOSE GUYS EVERYTHING THEY KNOW!.. STILL, CAN'T BLAME THEM! THE CROOK WHO'S RUNNING THE OTHER SHOW'S PAYING MORE THAN I CAN, TO TRY AND PUT ME OUT OF BUSINESS.
STEVE AND I KNOW A BIT ABOUT BOATS... WHY NOT LET US TRY AND STRING AN ACT TOGETHER?
THAT'S A WONDERFUL OFFER, BOYS!... BUT THE RIVAL MOB MIGHT TURN NASTY IF THEY THINK WE'RE TRYING TO OPPOSE THEM! THEIR LEADER IS A ROUGH PIECE OF WORK CALLED SHARKEY!
IF SHARKEY WANTS OPPOSITION, THE THREE OF US WILL SEE HE GETS IT!

Based on the Rediffusion network production

SO, ORLANDO AND STEVE SET TO WORK, BUILDING UP AN ACT...

THIS IS WHAT I CALL THRILLS!

AFTER TWO HOURS OF PRACTICE...

I THINK WE CAN TELL O'BRIAN HE'S GOT AN ACT NOW!

YOU BET! WE'LL GIVE HIM A DISPLAY FIRST THING IN THE MORNING!

MEANWHILE, SOME OF SHARKEY'S HENCHMEN ARE WATCHING FROM THE REEDS...

THOSE CHARACTERS WILL HAVE TO BE NOBBLED...WITH AN ACT LIKE THAT THEY'LL PUT THE BOSS OUT OF BUSINESS!

THAT EVENING...

WE'LL KNOCK THESE SPIKES JUST BELOW THE SURFACE AND WHEN THOSE TWO INTERFERING DO-GOODERS LAND IN THEIR BOATS TOMORROW... THEY'LL BE OUT OF ACTION FOR SOME TIME!

ALL THE WEEKEND TOURISTS WILL BRING THEIR SPENDING MONEY TO SHARKEY'S BOAT SHOW... WHICH IS JUST WHAT THE BOSS WANTS!

NEXT MORNING, ORLANDO AND STEVE START TO DEMONSTRATE THEIR SKILLS TO O'BRIAN...

WE CALL THIS ONE THE DOUBLE-DECKER, DANNY!

MAGNIFICENT!

OH, NO!.. WHAT ON EARTH'S HAPPENING TO STEVE'S BOAT?

SPIKES!.. IT'S BEING RIPPED TO BITS!

BAH! WE ONLY GOT ONE OF THE BOATS... THE OTHER FLEW CLEAR!

LOOK THERE!.. I'LL GIVE YOU A HUNDRED TO ONE THEY'RE THE CULPRITS.

HOLD TIGHT, STEVE...I'VE GOT A LITTLE STUNT WHICH MAY APPEAL TO OUR TWO FRIENDS UP AHEAD!

STEP ON IT... THEY'RE AFTER US!

LOOK OUT! THEY'RE GOING TO LAND ON US!

YOU TWO ARE GOING TO CONFESS TO THE POLICE THAT SHARKEY PUT YOU UP TO THIS!

ANYTHING YOU SAY, GUV'NOR!

DIRECT HIT!

AH!

AT THE LOCAL POLICE STATION, THE TWO HENCHMEN ADMIT THAT THEIR BOSS PAID THEM TO PUT ORLANDO AND STEVE OUT OF ACTION AND SHARKEY IS SOON ARRESTED...

YOU'LL BE OUT OF BUSINESS FOR QUITE SOME TIME!

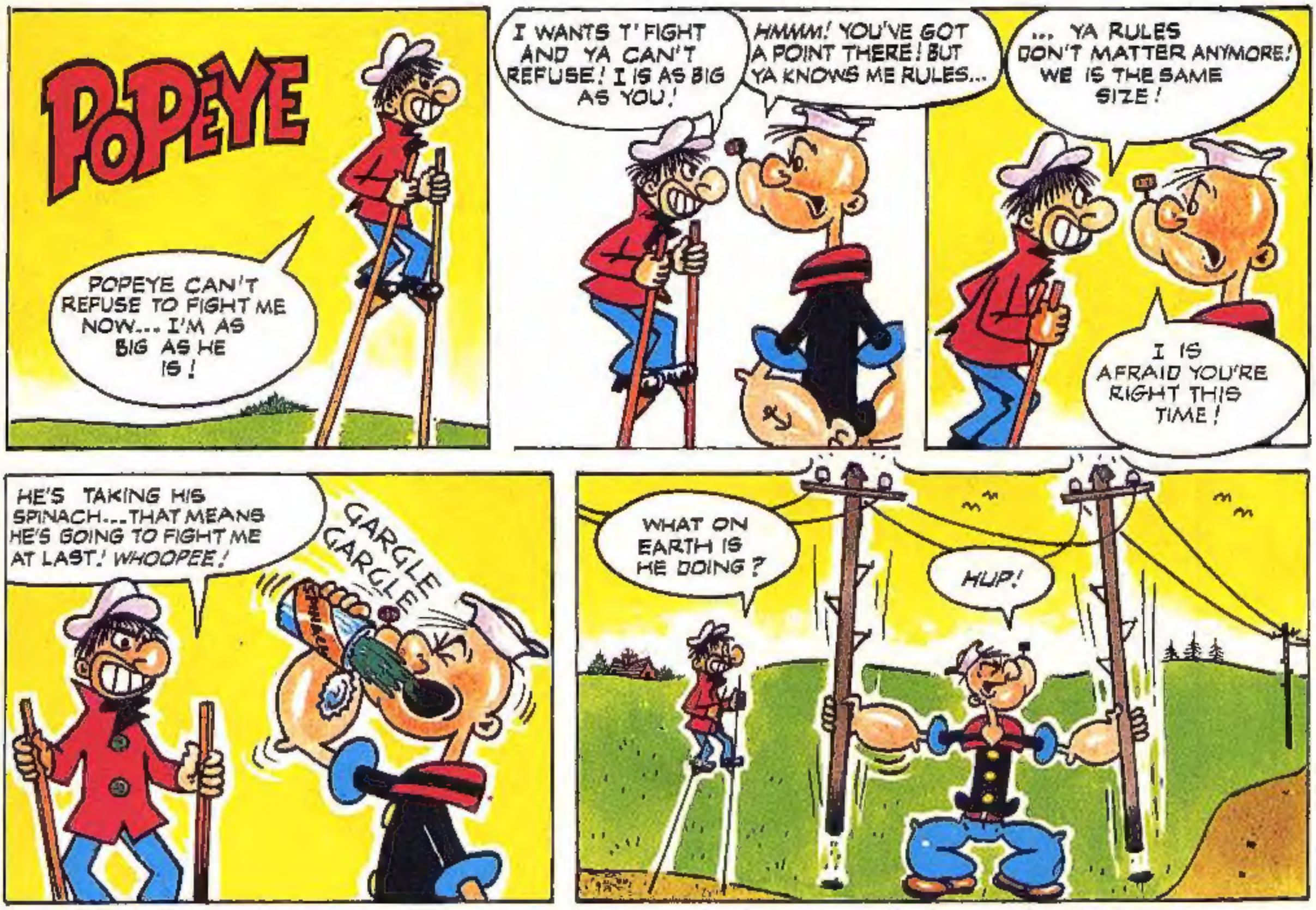
SHARKEY'S BOAT CIRCUS

WITH SHARKEY BEHIND BARS, YOU GUYS WILL BE OUT OF WORK... O'BRIAN SAYS HE'LL TAKE YOU ALL BACK AT THE OLD RATE OF PAY!

SUITS US... GOOD OLD O'BRIAN!

SO ON SATURDAY, O'BRIAN'S ANGELS PERFORM TO A HUGE CROWD, LED BY ORLANDO AND STEVE...

THANKS TO ORLANDO AND STEVE THE MONEY'S ROLLING IN AND I'M BACK IN BUSINESS!


POPEYE
POPEYE CAN'T REFUSE TO FIGHT ME NOW... I'M AS BIG AS HE IS!
I WANTS T' FIGHT AND YA CAN'T REFUSE! I IS AS BIG AS YOU!
HMMM! YOU'VE GOT A POINT THERE! BUT YA KNOWS ME RULES...
... YA RULES DON'T MATTER ANYMORE! WE IS THE SAME SIZE!
I IS AFRAID YOU'RE RIGHT THIS TIME!
HE'S TAKING HIS SPINACH...THAT MEANS HE'S GOING TO FIGHT ME AT LAST! WHOOPEE!
GARGLE GARGLE
WHAT ON EARTH IS HE DOING?
HUP!
I HAS AN IDEA THAT'LL GET ME OUT OF HAVING T' HIT THIS LITTLE GUY!
HERE GOES!
I WISH HE'D STOP FOOLING AND START FIGHTIN'!
I'M AFRAID YA IS STILL A LITTLE GUY, JIB BOOM! AND YA KNOWS ME RULES..?
YEAH, I KNOW! YA DOESN'T HIT LITTLE GUYS! BAH!
N.M.

© 1967. King Features Syndicate Inc.

SPACE GAME

Space craft starts to pitch . . . Go back to 1.

Take walk in space. Either go back to start or miss 3 turns.

In orbit . . . Wait until you throw five.

Take observations of moon . . . Wait until you throw three.

Re-entry . . . Wait until you throw six.

Instructions

Here is an exciting game for 2 or more players. All you need is a dice for scoring, and small counters. Each player must throw a six before starting. Any player landing on square 2 or 3 must start again.